There is nothing in all
the [illegible] for me to [illegible]
[illegible] the [illegible] is He
that is within me"

10 spades - Year card

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THE STUDENTS' HANDY EDITION

THE WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE:

THE TEXT CAREFULLY RESTORED ACCORDING TO
THE FIRST EDITIONS; WITH INTRODUCTIONS,
NOTES ORIGINAL AND SELECTED, AND
A LIFE OF THE POET;

BY THE

REV. H. N. HUDSON, A.M.

REVISED EDITION, WITH ADDITIONAL NOTES.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

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INTRODUCTION

TO

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

In 1598, under date of July 22, the following entry was made in the Stationers' Register by James Roberts: "A book of The Merchant of Venice, or otherwise called the Jew of Venice. Provided that it be not printed by the said James Roberts, or any other whatsoever, without licence first had from the right honourable the Lord Chamberlain." It was also included in the list given the same year by Francis Meres in his Wit's Commonwealth. These are the earliest *certain* notices of the play that have come down to us; though there is some ground for thinking that it was on the stage four years earlier. In Henslow's Diary, under date August 25, 1594, occurs an item relating to the performance of a play called The Venetian Comedy, which Malone conjectured might be the same as The Merchant of Venice. In 1594 the company to which Shakespeare belonged was playing at the theatre in Newington Butts; and, so far as can now be learned, Henslow's company was playing there at the same time: which lends some support to Malone's conjecture.

Touching the entry in the Stationers' books, it should be noted that the purpose of the proviso was, to prevent the printing of the play, till the company's permission were given through their patron "The book of the Merchant of Venice" was again entered in the same Register, by Thomas Heyes, October 28, 1600, the Lord Chamberlain's licence having probably been obtained by that time. The same year two editions were put forth, in quarto pamphlets, one of which had thirty-eight leaves, and a title-page reading as follows: "The most excellent History of the Merchant of Venice. With the extreme cruelty of Shylock the Jew towards the said Merchant, in cutting a just pound of his flesh: and the obtaining of Portia by the choice of three chests. As it hath been divers times acted by the Lord Chamberlain his servants. Written by William Shakespeare At London: Printed by J. R. fo.

Thomas Heyes, and are to be sold in Paul's Church-yard, at the sign of the Green Dragon. 1600." The other quarto was "printed by J. Roberts;" — the same J. R., most likely, who printed the edition for Heyes. But though both were by the same printer, and issued the same year, they were entirely distinct impressions. Of course Roberts was both printer and publisher; Heyes only the latter. Of these two editions it seems questionable which is to be preferred: both appear to have been equally authorized, and were probably from different manuscripts; at all events, neither was printed from the other. There was no other issue of the play, that we know of, till the folio of 1623, where it stands the ninth in the list of Comedies. The repetition of various misprints shows the folio to have been printed from the edition of Heyes. — Two other contemporary notices of the play are found in the account of expenses for the year 1605, as kept by the Master of the Revels, and preserved at the Audit Office: "By his Majesty's Players. On Shrove-Sunday a play of the Merchant of Venice." And "on Shrove-Tuesday a play called the Merchant of Venice again, commanded by the King's Majesty." Which argues that the play gave good satisfaction at court. *Shaxberd* is set down as "the poet which made the play;" the name having been written by the same hand, no doubt, which gave us a like specimen of orthography in the case of Measure for Measure.

The Merchant of Venice, then, was certainly written before the Author's thirty-fifth year, perhaps before his thirty-first. If it were clear that the notice in Henslow's Diary referred to this play, that of course would settle the question in favour of the earlier date. But the best that can be said on that side is, that no other play has come down to us which answers so well to the title there given; — a thing of little weight, considering how many dramas of that period are known to have been lost. And the play exhibits throughout such variety and maturity of power, as make strongly for the later date: the style is every where so equal and sustained; every thing is so perfectly in its place and fitted to its place; the word and the character are at all times so exactly suited to each other, and both to the paramount laws of dramatic proportion; and the work is so free from any jarring, or falling-out, or flying-off from the due course and order of art, as almost to compel the belief that the whole was written in the same stage of intellectual growth and furnishing. And the play evinces in a remarkable degree the easy, unlabouring freedom of conscious mastery; the persons being so entirely under his control and subdued to his hand, that he seems to let them talk and act just as they have a mind to.

Perhaps there is no one of his plays in which the Poet has drawn more largely from preceding writers: novelty of plot or story there is almost none; his mind being apparently so drawn off in creative exercise as to generate an utter carelessness of what is

usually termed invention. If any one infer from this that the play is lacking in originality, we can only advise him to think again and not to speak until he thinks differently. Some of the materials here used were so much the common stock of European literature before his time, and had been run into so many variations, that it is not easy to say what sources he was most indebted to for them. The incidents of the bond and the caskets are found separately in the *Gesta Romanorum*, a very ancient and curious collection of tales. To set this matter clear, it must be noted that there were two collections bearing this title, the one in Latin, the other in English; and that the incidents in question occur in both, though with considerable variations. Of the Latin *Gesta* no printed copy of so early a date as the Poet's time has been discovered; but Mr. Tyrwhitt gives some extracts from a manuscript in the British Museum, which he thinks may have been the *remote* originals of the play. The *immediate* originals were probably in the English *Gesta*. Of the story containing the choice of caskets a version was put forth by Robert Robinson as early as 1577, and has been lately reprinted in the Shakespeare Library. The Poet is clearly traced in this quarter, as will appear from the following abstract of so much as relates to the matter in hand, and especially from the inscriptions, which we give just as they stand in the old copy.

A marriage was proposed between the son of Anselme, emperor of Rome, and the daughter of the king of Ampluy. On her way to the prince's country the young lady was shipwrecked, none of the crew but herself escaping. In this condition an earl, named Parris, found her as he was walking by the sea-shore, and took her under his protection, and, having heard her story, made it known to the emperor. To ascertain whether she were worthy of his son, he set before her three vessels; the first of gold, filled with dead men's bones, and bearing the inscription,—"Whoso chooseth me shall find that he deserveth;" the second of silver, filled with earth, and inscribed,—"Whoso chooseth me shall find that his nature desireth;" the third of lead, full of precious stones, and having the motto,—"Whoso chooseth me shall find that God hath disposed to him." He then told her to choose one of the vessels and that if she made choice of that wherein was profit to herself and others, she should have his son; if not, she would lose him After praying to God for assistance, she made choice of the leaden casket. He then told her she had chosen wisely, and immediately gave order for the marriage.

There is also a choice of caskets in Boccaccio's Decameron, though not much like that in the play; nor does any one pretend that Shakespeare made any use of it.

In the story of the bond as told in the *Gesta*, the parties are simply a knight and a merchant, and therefore act from no such prejudices as move Antonio and Shylock. The knight undertakes

a love suit to the daughter of Selestinus, a wise emperor in Rome, and certain strange terms are agreed upon between them as the condition of her favour. As fast as he fulfils these terms, he is yet more strangely thwarted of his purpose, until, being thereby at length reduced to poverty, he applies to the merchant for a loan of money, to carry him through one more trial. The merchant agrees to furnish him "on condition that if thou keep not thy day of payment, it shall be lawful to me for to draw away all the flesh of thy body from the bone with a sharp sword." Accepting these terms, and binding himself accordingly, the knight, thus furnished, wins the lady, and, in the sweetness of wedlock, forgets the bond till the day of payment is past. When his wife learns how the case stands, she directs him to pay the merchant whatever sum he may ask. Upon this business he departs; but the merchant, refusing the money, insists upon the covenant, and judgment is rendered in his favour. The rest of the story must be given in good old English, as printed by Mr. Douce from a manuscript written in the time of Henry VI.

"Now, in all this time, the damsel his love had sent knights for to espy and enquire how the law was pursued against him. And, when she heard tell that the law passed against him, she cut off all the long hair of her head, and clad her in precious clothing like to a man, and went to the palace where her leman was to be judged, and saluted the justice, and all they trowed that she had been a knight. And the judge enquired of what country she was, and what she had to do there. She said, I am a knight, and come of far country, and hear tidings that there is a knight among you that should be judged to death for an obligation that he made to a merchant, and therefore I am come to deliver him. Then the judge said, It is a law of the emperor, that whosoever bindeth him with his own proper will and consent without any constraining, he shall be served so again. When the damsel heard this, she turned to the merchant, and said, Dear friend, what profit is it to thee that this knight, that standeth here ready to the doom, be slain? it were better to thee to have money than to have him slain. Thou speakest all in vain, quoth the merchant; for without doubt I will have the law, since he bound himself so freely; and therefore he shall have none other grace than law will, for he came to me, and I not to him. I desired him not thereto against his will. Then said she, I pray thee how much shall I give to have my petition? I shall give thee thy money double; and if that be not pleasing to thee, ask of me what thou wilt, and thou shalt have. Then said he, Thou heardest me never say but that I would have my covenant kept. Truly, said she; and thou shalt trow me afore you, sir judge, and afore you all, with a right wisdom of that that I shall say to you. Ye have heard how much I have proffered this merchant for the life of this knight, and he forsaketh all, and asketh the law, and that liketh me much; and therefore, lord

ngs that be here, hear me what I shall say. Ye know well that the knight bound him never by letter but that the merchant should have power to cut his flesh from the bones, but there was no covenant made of shedding of blood; thereof was nothing spoke; and therefore let him set hand on him anon; and, if he shed any blood with his shaving of the flesh, forsooth, then shall the king have good law upon him. And when the merchant heard this, he said, Give me my money, and I forgive my action. Forsooth, quoth she, thou shalt not have one penny; for afore all this company I proffered to thee all that I might, and thou forsook it, and saidst with a loud voice, I shall have my covenant; and therefore do thy best with him; but look that thou shed no blood, I charge thee, for it is not thine, and no covenant was thereof. Then the merchant, seeing this, went away confounded. And so was the knight's life saved, and no penny paid."

As this work is not known to have been in print till put forth by Mr. Douce, it appears not but that the Poet may have read it in manuscript. This, to be sure, is no proof that he did so, for many things in print then have been lost altogether: but perhaps it should make men cautious how they limit his reading to such printed books of that time as have come down to us.

The same incident is again met with in *Il Pecorone* of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, which was written as early as 1378, but not printed till 1550. The earliest known translation of this tale was made in 1755, which, together with the original, has been republished by Mr. Collier in his Shakespeare Library. No version of so early a date as the play having been heard of, we have no means of knowing whether the Poet read it in Italian or in English. In the novel the residence of the lady, who answers to Portia, is placed at Belmonte, an Italian seaport. Being mistress of the port and the country round, she offers herself and all that belongs to her in marriage upon certain conditions, which we cannot stay to repeat, and would not if we could. In the pursuit of this prize many gentlemen have been ruined, as all the wealth they brought with them was to be forfeited unless they fulfilled the conditions; which her wise ladyship still disabled them from doing by giving them sleeping potions. Her last suitor is a young Florentine named Giametto, who, first for his father's sake, then for his own, is greatly beloved by Ansaldo, the richest merchant in Venice. Three times Ansaldo fits him out with fine ships and rich cargoes to trade in company with several friends at Alexandria, and as often the young gentleman, though a miracle of virtue and talents, contrives to steal away from his companions into the port of Belmonte. Twice he falls a victim to the lady's potions, and returns poor and ashamed to Venice, but keeps up his credit by inventing such causes of his miscarriage as leave him unblamed. To complete his third outfit, Ansaldo was forced to borrow ten thousand ducats of a Jew, and gave a bond that if payment were not made

by a certain day, the Jew might take a pound of flesh from any part of his body he pleased. This time, upon his arrival at Belmonte, one of the lady's maids whispers in his ear how to succeed The intoxication of his new state drowns the memory of his benefactor till the very day of payment comes. Being then by an accident reminded of it, and greatly troubled thereat, he makes known the cause of his distress, and forthwith sets out for Venice, with ten times the sum due. No sooner is he gone than his wife follows him in the disguise of a lawyer, and, arriving in Venice, gives herself out as a graduate of the law-school at Bologna. Lawyers being then rather scarce, she is called in to the trial, which under her conduct turns out much the same as in the play In his fulness of gratitude Giannetto offers her the ten thousand ducats, and she refuses them, declaring she will accept nothing but his marriage ring, which he at last gives her. Afterwards she banters him upon the loss of it, and then discloses what she has done; and finally Giannetto rewards his benefactor with the hand of the servant-maid who whispered in his ear the way of success.

This outline is enough to certify the reader that Shakespeare had access to the novel in some form or other; though no one can well conceive the wealth of his adding without reading the original story. It should be remarked withal, that evident as are the Poet's obligations in this quarter, he varies from it in such a way as to show an acquaintance with the similar tale in the *Gesta Romanorum;* while his substituting the caskets for the unhandsome conditions, imposed by the heroine of the novel, illustrates how well he understood the moral laws of his art; that whatsoever offends against virtue and honour is so far forth offensive to nature and good taste.

The matter of the bond and its forfeiture is again found in The Orator, a book containing "a hundred several Discourses," translated from the French of Alexander Silvayn by Anthony Munday and published in 1598. A Christian merchant owed a Jew nine hundred crowns, which he bound himself to pay within three months, or to give him a pound of his flesh. The time being passed, the Jew refused the money, and stood upon the bond. The ordinary judge of the place appointed him to cut a pound of the merchant's flesh, and, if he cut either more or less, then his own head should be smitten off. The Jew appealed from this sentence to the chief judge and the Discourse in question is made up of the Jew's argument and the Christian's answer. Shakespeare has no signs of obligation in that quarter; so that the matter as there handled is of no consequence in this connection, save as showing the commonness of the incident. Mr. Douce indeed says, "Shylock's reasoning before the senate is evidently borrowed" from The Orator; which breeds some doubt whether he had ever read the latter.

In Percy's Reliques, among the "ballads that illustrate Shakespeare," we have "A new Song, showing the cruelty of Gernutus.

a Jew, who, lending to a merchant an hundred crowns, would have a pound of his flesh, because he could not pay him at the time appointed." Some question has been made whether the ballad or the play were written first; but we are satisfied, for reasons which need not be stated here, that the ballad was before the play; and the first stanza suggests the novel, of which we have given an outline, as the probable foundation of it:

> "In Venice towne not long agoe a cruel Jew did dwell,
> Which lived all on usurie, as *Italian writers* tell."

Here again the Poet is clearly traced by certain resemblances of expression: in the play we have,—"Go with me to a notary seal me there your single bond; and in *a merry sport*," &c.; and again,—"Why dost thou *whet thy knife* so earnestly?" and in the ballad,—"But we will have *a merry jest* for to be talked long;" and again,—"The blondie Jew now ready is with *whetted blade* in hand."—Some lines of the same story are traceable in various other quarters: in fact, it has been seen in so many places, that nobody can tell whence it came or where it was seen first. Probably it was of eastern origin; one of the many things which, originally set on foot by Arabian fiction or some neighbouring authority, have been happening from time to time ever since.

Thus far we have not seen the two incidents of the bond and the caskets united; yet it is by no means certain that Shakespeare was the first to unite them. In 1579, one Stephen Gosson, having, as would seem, been certified of his own election in such sort and manner as left him full leisure to hunt up and whip the faults of others, put forth a tract entitled "The School of Abuse, containing a pleasant invective against poets, pipers, players, jesters, and such like caterpillers of the commonwealth." He was pleased, however, to except from the general censure "The Jew shown at the Bull, representing the greediness of worldly choosers and the bloody minds of usurers." No performance answering to this description has in modern times been discovered; but the expressions, "worldly choosers" and "bloody minds of usurers," look as if the two incidents in question had been combined before The Merchant of Venice was written. The praise which has been, perhaps justly, bestowed upon this feature of the play, naturally makes us curious to know how far it was original with Shakespeare; but there is little prospect that such curiosity will ever be gratified. Most likely, however, the knowledge of the whole truth would cause no great abatement in the Poet's fame.

Mr. Verplanck has raised an interesting inquiry as to what may have put Shakespeare upon such a choice of subject. The old form of a bond for the payment of money was an obligation to pay a larger sum, generally double, unless payment were made at

the stipulated time. The common law held that on the forfeiture of the bond the whole penalty was recoverable; but here the courts of equity stepped in, and would not permit the lender to take more than "in conscience he ought;" that is, the sum lent, with interest and costs, and the damages, if any there were, caused by non-performance of some other contract. Hence a struggle between what were called the old-school and new-school lawyers, which began in the time of Henry VIII., and continued till the reign of Queen Anne, when it was settled by statute in favour of the equitable doctrine. This legal controversy was at its height in Shakespeare's time; and as it entered largely into the concerns of business, it became a matter of general popular interest. That there were many cases of hardship, in enforcing penalties, well known to the people of London, is quite probable; and something of the kind seems referred to in the ballad of Gernutus the Jew:

"Good people, that do hear this song, for truth I dare well say,
That many a wretch as ill as he doth live now at this day."

Mr. Verplanck thinks, and with great apparent reason, that this controversy may have suggested the subject of the play; not indeed that the Poet had any thought of writing a law-lecture or an argument on the point, but that he saw the advantage of using a traditionary plot involving a principle familiar to the minds of his audience, and pregnant with allusions of immediate interest.

The praise of The Merchant of Venice is in the mouth of nearly all the critics. That this praise is well deserved, appears in that, from the reopening of the theatres at the Restoration till the present day, the play has kept possession of the stage, while at the same time it is among the first of the Poet's works to be read, and the last to be forgotten, its interest being as inexhaustible in the closet as upon the stage. Well do we remember it as the very beginning of our acquaintance with Shakespeare; one of the dearest acquaintances that we have ever made, and which has been to us a source of more pleasure and profit than we should dare undertake to tell. Whatsoever local or temporary question may have suggested the theme, the work strikes at once upon cords of universal and perpetual interest: if it fell in with any prejudices or purposes of the time, this was to draw men's thoughts the more surely, because secretly, into the course and service of truth; to open and hold their minds, without letting them know it, to grave, solemn lessons of wisdom and humanity; thus, like a wise master-builder, using the transient and popular for the building up of the permanent and beautiful. It is this power of causing that men be really elevated while thinking they are but pleased; of raising us above our self-ends by seemingly ministering to them; that often renders poetry so much more effectual for moral instruction than lectures and sermons: these, by telling men they ought to be

better, are apt to foster in them the conceit that they are so; whereas the other, even because it does not tell them this, is more apt to make them so: in a word, it instructs them all the better forasmuch as it does not stir up in them any notion or fancy that they have been instructed.

Critics, no doubt, have too often entertained themselves and others with speculations as to the Poet's specific moral purpose in this play or that. Wherein their great mistake is the not duly bearing in mind, that the special proposing of this or that moral lesson is quite from or beside the purpose of art. As already hinted, a work of art, to be really deserving the name, must needs be moral, because it must be proportionable and true to nature, thus falling in with the preëstablished harmonies between our inward being and the measures of external order and law: otherwise it is at strife with the compact of things; a piece of dissonance; a part all out of concert and tune with itself; a jarring, unbalanced, crazy thing, that will die with the screechings and gratings of its own noise. If, therefore, a work be morally bad, this proves the author more a bungler than any thing else; and if any one admire it or take pleasure in it, he does so, not from reason, but from passion, or from something within him which his reason, in so far as he hath any, necessarily disapproves: so that he is rather to be laughed at as a dunce, than preached to as a sinner.

Touching the moral design of The Merchant of Venice, critics have differed greatly, some regarding it as teaching the most large and liberal toleration, others as caressing the narrowest and bitterest prejudices of the age. This difference among the critics is a strong argument of the Poet's impartiality; for where no one view is specially prominent, there is the more room for men to attribute such as they may severally prefer, and for each to show his own mind in the work of interpretation. For our own part, we are satisfied that in this case, as in others, the choice and treatment of the subject were mainly for poetic and dramatic effect; but for such effect in the largest and noblest sense, — the sense intended by Ben Jonson in that great and most apt expression, — "He was not of an age, but for all time." And the highest praise that the nature of the work might allow is justly his, in that he did not let the prejudices of his age sway him either way from the just measures and proportions of art. On this point, therefore, we do greatly approve the remarks of Mr. Verplanck: "When the subject expanded itself in his mind, he described and he reasoned from his own observation of man and society. He therefore painted men as he had seen them; — the wisest and kindest blinded by the prejudices of their education or their country, and becoming hardened to inflicting insolence and injury; — the injured, the insulted, the trampled upon, goaded by continual wrongs into savage malignity. Had the Poet invested the despised and injured man with the gentle and more amiable qualities of our nature, and

enlisted our sympathies wholly on his side, he would have painted a far less true view of human nature, and have conveyed a much less impressive and useful lesson of practical morality."

In point of characterization The Merchant of Venice is exceedingly rich, whether we consider the quantity or the quality; and the more we think and study the work, the more we cannot but wonder that so much of human nature in so great a variety of development should be crowded into so small a space. The persons naturally fall into three several groups, with each its several plot and action; yet the three are most skilfully complotted, each standing out clear and distinct in its place, yet concurring with the others in dramatic unity, so that every thing helps on every other thing, without either the slightest confusion or the slightest appearance of care to avoid it. Of these three groups it is hardly needful to add that Antonio, Shylock, and Portia are respectively the centres; while the part of Lorenzo and Jessica, though strictly an episode, seems, nevertheless, to grow forth as an element of the original germ, a sort of inherent superfluity, and as such essential, not indeed to the being, but to the well-being of the work: in short, a fine romantic undertone accompaniment to the other parts, yet contemplated and provided for in the whole plan and structure of the piece; itself in harmony with all the rest, and therefore perfecting their harmony with one another.

It is observable that the first entry in the Stationers' Register speaks of the play as "a book of the Merchant of Venice, or otherwise called the Jew of Venice;" as if it were then in question whether to name the piece from Antonio or Shylock. Individually considered, Shylock is altogether *the* character of the play, and exhibits perhaps more strength and skill of workmanship than all the others. So that, viewing the persons severally, it seems that the piece ought by all means to be called The Jew of Venice. But upon looking further into the principles of dramatic combination, we may easily discover cause why it should rather be named as it is. For if the Jew be the most important person individually, the Merchant is so dramatically. Thus it is the laws of art, not of individual delineation, that entitle Antonio to the pre-eminence, because, however inferior in himself, he is the centre and mainspring of the entire action: without him the Jew, great as he is in himself, had no business there; whereas the converse, if true at all, is by no means true in so great a degree.

Not indeed that the Merchant is a small matter in himself; far from it: he is every way a most interesting and attractive personage; insomuch that even Shylock away, still there were timber enough in him for a good dramatic hero. A peculiar interest attaches to him from the state of mind in which we first see him. He is deeply sad, not knowing wherefore: a dim, mysterious presage of evil weighs down his spirits, as though he felt afar off the coming on of some great calamity yet this strange unwonted

gloom, sweetened with his habitual gentleness and good-nature has the effect of showing how dearly he is held by such whose friendship is the fairest earthly purchase of virtue. This boding, presentimental state of mind lends a certain charm to his character, affecting us something as an instance of second-sight, and coalescing with the mind's innate aptitude to the faith that

> "powers there are
> That touch each other to the quick — in modes
> Which the gross world no sense hath to perceive,
> No soul to dream of."

And it is very considerable that upon spirits such as he even the smiles of fortune often have a strangely saddening effect; for in proportion as they are worthy of them they naturally feel that they are far otherwise, and the sense of so vast a discrepancy between their havings and deservings is apt to fill them with an indefinable oppressive dread of some reverse wherein present discrepancies shall be fully made up. So that wealth seldom dispenses such warnings save to its most virtuous possessors. And such is Antonio: a kind-hearted, sweet-mannered man; of a large and liberal spirit; affable, generous, and magnificent in his dispositions; patient of trial, indulgent to folly, free where he loves, and frank where he hates; in prosperity modest, in adversity cheerful; craving wealth for the uses of virtue, and as the organs and sinews of friendship, so that the more he is worth, the more he seems worthy, — his character is one which we never weary of contemplating. The only blemish we perceive in him is his treatment of Shylock: in this, though we cannot but see that it is much more the fault of the times than of the man, we are forced to side against him; than which it were not easy to allege a stronger case of poetical justice. Yet even this we blame rather as an abuse of himself than of Shylock, and think the less of it as wronging the latter, because, notwithstanding he has such provocations, he avowedly grounds his hate mainly on those very things which make the strongest title to a good man's love.

The friendship between Antonio and his companions is such a picture as Shakespeare evidently delighted to draw. And so noble a sentiment is not apt to inhabit ignoble breasts. Bassanio, Gratiano, and Salarino are each admirable in their way, and give a charming variety to the scenes where they move. Bassanio, though something too lavish of purse, is a model of a gentleman; in whose character and behaviour all is order and propriety; with whom good manners are the proper outside and visibility of a fair mind, the natural foliage and drapery of inward refinement, and delicacy, and rectitude. Well-bred, he has that in him which, even had his breeding been ill, would have raised him above it, and made him a gentleman. Gratiano and Salarino are two as

clever, sprightly, and voluble persons as any one need desire to be with, the chief difference between them being, that the former *lets* his tongue run on from good impulses, the other *makes* it do so for good ends. If not so wise as Bassanio, they are more witty, and as much surpass him in strength, as they fall short in beauty, of character. It is observable that of the two Gratiano is the more heedless and headstrong in thought and speech, with less subjection of the individual to the well-ordered forms of social decorum: so that, if he behave not quite so well as the others, he gives livelier proof that what good behaviour he has is his own; a growth from within, not an impression from without. It is rather remarkable that one so talkative and rattle-tongued should therewithal carry so much weight of meaning; and he often seems less sensible than he is, because of his trotting volubility. But he has no wish to be "reputed wise for saying nothing;" and he often makes a merit of talking nonsense when, as is often the case, nonsense is the best sort of sense; being willing to incur the charge of folly, provided he can thereby add to the health and entertainment of his friends.

Lorenzo and Jessica are in such a lyrical state of mind as naturally keeps their characters in the background. Both are indeed overflowing with beauty and sweetness of mind, but more as the result of nuptial inspiration than of inherent qualities; though the instrument had need be pretty well tuned and delicately strung, to give forth such tones, be it breathed upon never so finely. Jessica has been well described as a "child of nature, hurried along by the deep enthusiasm of Eastern love and passion." Her elopement in itself and its circumstances forces us to the alternative, that either she is a very bad child, or Shylock a very bad father; and there are enough other things to persuade us of the latter, though not in such sort but that some share of the reproach falls upon her. For if a woman have so bad a home as to justify her in thus deserting and robbing it, it can scarce be but that the qualities of its atmosphere will have wrought themselves somewhat into her temper and character; so that she will seem without spot or blemish only while in a condition to move our pity. Jessica's lover stands fair in our sight, negatively, because he does nothing unhandsome, positively, because he has such good men for his friends. It is a curious instance of the Poet's subtlety, that what they thus do for him should be in some measure done for her by such a person as Launcelot Gobbo. The better parts of Jessic and the Clown are reflected from each other: we think the better of her that she has kindled something of poetry in such a clod, and of him, that he is raised above himself by the presence of such an object. And her conduct is further justified to our feelings by the odd testimony he furnishes to her father's badness;—a testimony which, though of no great weight in itself, goes far to confirm all that is testified against him by others. We see that

the Jew is much the same at home as in the Rialto, that let him be where he will, it is his nature to snarl and bite. Such, in one view of the matter, is the dramatic propriety of this queer being's part, though often scouted as a hindrance by such critics as can see but one thing at a time, is necessary to the completeness of the work; since without him we could not so well have sufficient knowledge either of Jessica or of her father. But though his main title to the place he fills be on account of others, still he has a value in himself, quite independently of such reference; his own personal rights enter into the purpose of his introduction, and he carries in himself a part of the reason why he is so and not otherwise: for Shakespeare seldom if ever brings in a person *merely* for the sake of others. A mixture, indeed, of conceit and drollery, and hugely wrapped up in self, yet he is by no means a commonplace buffoon, but stands firm and secure in the sufficiency of his original stock. His elaborate nonsense, his grasping at a pun without catching it, yet feeling just as grand as if he did, is both ludicrous and natural: his jokes, to be sure, are mostly failures; nevertheless they are laughable, because he dreams not but that they succeed. Thus, as hath been well said, "he proves that the poverty of a jest may be enriched in a fool's mouth, owing to the complacency with which he deals it out; and because there are few things that provoke laughter more than feebleness in a great attempt at a small matter." In Launcelot, moreover, the principle and mother element of the whole piece runs out in broad humour and travestie; he exhibits under an intensely comic form the general aspect of surrounding humanity; his character being at the same time an integral part in that varied structure of human life, which it is the genius and office of the Romantic Drama to represent. On many accounts, indeed, he might not be spared.

In Portia Shakespeare seems to have tried what he could do in working out a scheme of an amiable, intelligent, and accomplished woman. And the result is a fine specimen of beautiful nature enhanced by beautiful art. Eminently practical in her tastes and turn of mind, full of native, homebred sense and virtue, she unites therewith something of the ripeness and dignity of a sage, a rich, mellow eloquence, and a large, noble discourse, the whole being tempered with the best grace and sensibility of womanhood. As intelligent, therefore, as the strongest, she is at the same time as feminine as the weakest, of her sex: she talks like a poet and a philosopher, yet, strange to say, she talks for all the world just like a woman. Nothing can be more fitting and well-placed than her demeanour, now bracing her speech with grave maxims of moral and practical wisdom, now unbending her mind in playful sallies of wit, or innocent, roguish banter. Partly from condition, partly from culture, she has grown to live more in the understanding than in the affections; for which cause she is a little more self-conscious than we exactly like; yet her character is scarce the less

lovely on that account: she talks considerably indeed of herself, yet always so becomingly that we hardly wish she would choose any other subject; for we are rather agreeably surprised, that one so fully aware of her gifts should still bear them so meekly. Mrs Jameson, with Portia in her eye, intimates plainly enough that she considers Shakespeare about the only artist, except nature, who could make women wise without turning them into men. And it may be worth remarking, that honourable as the issue of her course at the trial would be to a man, she shows no unwomanly craving to be in the scene of her triumph: as she goes there prompted by the feelings and duties of a wife, for the saving of her husband's honour and peace of mind, so she gladly leaves when these causes no longer bear in that direction. Being to act for once the part of a man, it would seem as though she could scarce go through the undertaking without more of self-confidence than were becoming in a woman; and the student may find plenty of matter for thought in the skill wherewith the Poet has managed to prevent such an impression. It is no drawback upon Portia's strength and substantial dignity of character, that her nature is all overflowing with romance: rather, this it is that glorifies her and breathes enchantment about her; it adds that precious seeing to the eye which conducts her to such winning beauty and sweetness of deportment, and makes her the "rich-souled" creature that Schlegel so aptly describes her to be.

Shylock is a standing marvel of power and scope in the dramatic art; at the same time appearing so much a man of nature's making, that we scarce know how to look upon him as the Poet's workmanship. In the delineation Shakespeare had no less a task than to inform with individual life and peculiarity the broad, strong outlines of national character in its most fallen and revolting state. Accordingly Shylock is a true representative of his nation; wherein we have a pride which for ages never ceased to provoke hostility, but which no hostility could ever subdue; a thrift which still invited rapacity, but which no rapacity could ever exhaust; and a weakness which, while it exposed the subjects to wrong, only deepened their hate, because it left them without the means or the hope of redress. Thus Shylock is a type of national sufferings, sympathies, and antipathies. Himself an object of bitter insult and scorn to those about him; surrounded by enemies whom he is at once too proud to conciliate and too weak to oppose; he can have no life among them but money; no hold on them but interest; no feeling towards them but hate; no indemnity out of them but revenge. Such being the case, what wonder that the elements of national greatness became congealed or petrified into malignity? As avarice was the passion in which he mainly lived, of course the Christian virtues that thwarted this were the greatest wrong that could be done him.

With these strong national traits are interwoven personal traits

equally strong. Thoroughly and intensely Jewish, he is not more a Jew than he is Shylock. In his hard, icy intellectuality, and his "dry, mummy-like tenacity" of purpose, with a dash now and then of biting sarcastic humour, we see the remains of a great and noble nature, out of which all the genial sap of humanity has been pressed by accumulated injuries. With as much elasticity of mind as stiffness of neck, every step he takes but the last is as firm as the earth he treads upon. Nothing can daunt, nothing disconcert him; remoustrance cannot move, ridicule cannot touch, obloquy cannot exasperate him: when he has not provoked them, he has been forced to bear them; and now that he does provoke them, he is proof against them. In a word, he may be broken; he cannot be beat.

These several elements of character are so complicated in Shylock, that we cannot distinguish their respective influence. Even his avarice has a smack of patriotism. Money is the only defence of his brethren as well as himself, and he craves it for their sake as much as his own; feels indeed that wrongs are offered to them in him, and to him in them. Antonio has scorned his religion, thwarted him of usurious gains, insulted his person: therefore he hates him as a Christian, himself a Jew; as a lender of money gratis, himself a griping usurer; as Antonio, himself Shylock. Moreover, who but a Christian, one of Antonio's faith and fellowship, has stolen away his daughter's heart, and drawn her into revolt, loaded with his ducats, and his precious, precious jewels? Thus his religion, his patriotism, his avarice, his affection, all concur to stimulate his enmity; and his personal hate, thus reënforced, for once overcomes his avarice, and he grows generous in the prosecution of his design. The only reason he will vouchsafe for taking the pound of flesh is, "if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge;"—a reason all the more satisfactory to him, forasmuch as those to whom he gives it can neither allow nor refute it: and until they can rail the seal from off his bond, all their railings are but a foretaste of the revenge he seeks. In his eagerness to taste that morsel sweeter to him than all the luxuries of Italy, his recent afflictions, the loss of his daughter, his ducats, his jewels, and even the precious ring given him by his departed wife, all fade from his mind. In his cool, resolute, unrelenting, imperturbable hardness at the trial, there is something that makes our blood to tingle. It is the sublimity of malice! We feel, and tremble as we feel, that the yearnings of revenge have silenced all other cares and all other thoughts. Fearful, however, as is his malignity, he comes not off without moving our pity. In the very act whereby he thinks to avenge his own and his brethren's wrongs, the national curse overtakes him: in standing up for the law he has but strengthened his enemies' hands, and sharpened their weapons against himself; and the terrible Jew sinks at last into the poor, pitiable heart-broken Shylock.

The Merchant of Venice is justly distinguished among Shakespeare's dramas for the beauty of particular scenes and passages. For descriptive power, the opening scene between the Merchant and his friends is not easily rivalled, and can hardly fail to live in the memory of any one that has an eye for such things. Equally fine in its way is the scene between Tubal and Shylock, where the latter is so torn with the struggle of conflicting passions, his heart now sinking with grief at the account of his fugitive daughter's expenses, now leaping with malignant joy at the report of Antonio's losses at sea. The trial scene, with its tugging vicissitudes of passion and its hush of terrible expectation, now ringing with the Jew's sharp, spiteful snaps of malice, now made musical with Portia's strains of eloquence, now holy with Antonio's noble gushes of friendship, is hardly surpassed in tragic power any where; and as it forms the catastrophe, so it concentrates the interest of the whole play. Scarce inferior in its kind is the night scene of Lorenzo and Jessica, bathed as it is in love, moonlight, "touches of sweet harmony," and soul-lifting discourse, followed by the grave moral reflections of Portia, as she approaches her home, and sees its lights, and hears its music. The bringing in this passage of ravishing lyrical sweetness, so replete with the most soothing and tranquillizing effect, close upon the intense dramatic excitement of the preceding scene, is such a transition as we may find nowhere but in Shakespeare, and shows his unequalled mastery over the mind's capacities of delight. The affair of the rings, with the harmless perplexities growing out of it, is a well-managed device for letting the mind down from the tragic height, whereon it lately stood, to the merry conclusion which the play requires. Critics, indeed, may easily quarrel with this merry after-piece; but it stands justified by the tribunal to which criticism itself must bow, the spontaneous feelings of all such as are willing to be made happier and wiser, without beating their brains about the how and wherefore.

Before leaving this fruitful theme, it may be worth the while to consider, for a moment, what a wide diversity of materials are here drawn up and moulded into unity of life and impression. Ben Jonson, in his preface to The Alchemist, sets it down as "the disease of the unskilful to think rude things greater than polished, or scattered more numerous than composed." A principle very well illustrated in the play before us. One can hardly realize how many things are there brought together, they are ordered in such perfect concert and harmony; the greatness of the work being thus hidden in its fine proportions. In many of the Poet's dramas we are surprised at the great variety of character: here, besides this, we have also a remarkable variety of plot; and, admirable as may be the skill displayed in the characters, severally considered, the interweaving of so many several plots, without the least confusion or embarrassment, evinces a still higher mastership. For many and various as are the forms and aspects of life, they all

emphatically live together, as though they had but one circulation So that the play is like a large, full-grown, fair-spreading tree, which we know is made up of divers smaller trees, all developed from and cohering in one common life.

Now, admitting the excellence of workmanship shown in the several plots and characters, there is a further question, namely, What business have they here? by what law or principle are they thus brought together? A question that has been handled with so much of ingenuity, or of something better, by Ulrici the German critic, as may well entitle his view to a place in this connection. He regards the whole play as a manifold working out of the principle, that all forms of right and justice, if pushed beyond a certain point, pass over into their opposites, so that extreme right becomes extreme wrong, thus verifying the old maxim, *summum jus summa injuria*. Which is best exemplified in Shylock, who has formal right on his side, in that he claims no more than Antonio has freely bound himself to pay; but in the strict rigid exacting of this claim he runs into the foulest wrong, because in his case justice is not justice unless it be tempered with mercy; that is, to keep its own nature, it must be an offshoot from the higher principle of charity. So, also, the tying up of Portia's hand to the disposal of chance, and robbing her of all share in the choice of a husband, rests ultimately on paternal right; yet this extreme right is an extreme wrong, because it might involve her in misery for life, but that chance, a lucky thought of the moment, leads to a happy result. Likewise in case of Jessica; her conduct were exceedingly wrong, but that she has good cause for it in the approved malignity of her father's temper; for justice cannot blame her for forsaking both the person and the religion of one, even though her father, whose character is so steeped in cruelty. Again, in the matter of the rings, the same principle is reflected, right and wrong being here driven to that extreme point where they pass over into each other: only Portia understands or feels this truth, because her mind lives in the harmonies of things, and is not poisoned with any self-willed abstraction. Which yields a further justification of the fifth act: "it effaces the tragic impression which still lingers on the mind from the fourth act; the last vibrations of the harsh tones which were there struck here die away; in the gay and amusing trifling of love the sharp contrarieties of right and wrong are playfully reconciled." Thus while the several parts are disposed with clearness and precision, each proceeding so naturally of itself, and alongside the others, that we never lose the thread, at the same time a free living principle pervades them all, rounding them off into a perfect organic whole. And the several parts and persons not only cohere with one another, but with the general circumstances wherein they occur. Thus in the character of Portia, for example, the splendour of Italian skies, and scenery, and art, is reproduced; their spirit lives in her imagination, and is complicated with all she does and says.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE of Venice.
Prince of Morocco, } Suitors to Portia.
Prince of Arragon, }
ANTONIO, the Merchant of Venice.
BASSANIO, his Friend.
SOLANIO, }
SALARINO, } Friends to Antonio and Bassanio
GRATIANO, }
LORENZO, in love with Jessica.
SHYLOCK, a Jew.
TUBAL, a Jew, his Friend.
LAUNCELOT GOBBO, a Clown, Servant to Shylock.
OLD GOBBO, Father to Launcelot.
SALERIO, a Messenger from Venice.
LEONARDO, Servant to Bassanio.
BALTHAZAR, } Servants to Portia
STEPHANO, }

PORTIA, a rich Heiress.
NERISSA, her Waiting-woman.
JESSICA, Daughter to Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice
Jailors, Servants, and other Attendants

SCENE, partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Venice. A Street.

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, *and* SOLANIO.[1]

Ant. IN sooth, I know not why I am so sad
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

[1] In the old copies there is much confusion in the printing of these names, especially in this first scene; and as no list of the Persons is there given, we are not a little puzzled how to put them. In the folio the first stage-direction is,— *Enter Antonio, Salarino, and Salanio.* In the dialogue, however, the abbreviation for *Salanio* presently becomes *Sola.*, which is soon changed to *Sol.*, and then comes the stage-direction,— *Exeunt Salarino, and Solanio.* And the names are spelt the same way in several other stage-directions; and after the first scene the abbreviated prefixes to the speeches uniformly are *Sal.* and *Sol.* So that we have abundant authority for reading *Solanio* instead of Salanio, as it is in most modern editions. As to the distribution of the first few speeches, we have to go partly by conjecture, the names being so perplexed as to afford no sure guidance. The last two speeches before the entrance of Bassanio, which are usually assigned to *Solanio*, we agree with Knight and Verplanck in transferring to *Salarino*, not only because he is the more lively and talkative person, but as according best with the general course of the dialogue and with his avowed wish to make Antonio merry, and especially because the quartos favor that arrangement. H.

Sal. Your mind is tossing on the ocean,
There, where your argosies [2] with portly sail, —
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea, —
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That courtesy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Sol. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind;
Peering in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object, that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me sad.

Sal. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats;
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Vailing [3] her high-top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,

[2] *Argosies* are large ships either for merchandise or for war The name was probably derived from the classical ship Argo, which carried Jason and the Argonauts in quest of the golden fleece. Readers of Milton will of course remember the passage describing Satan's voyage through chaos:

"Harder beset
And more endanger'd than when *Argo* pass'd
Through Bosphorus betwixt the justling rocks." H.

[3] To *vail* is to *lower*, to *let fall*: from the French *avaler*. The Venetian merchants, it would seem, were much used to name their ships for Andrew Doria the great admiral. H.

Would scatter all her spices on the stream;
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this; and shall I lack the thought,
That such a thing bechanc'd would make me sad?
But, tell not me: I know Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore, my merchandise makes me not sad.

Sal. Why, then, you are in love.

Ant. Fie, fie!

Sal. Not in love neither? Then let's say, you are sad,
Because you are not merry; and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots at a bag-piper;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, *and* GRATIANO.

Sol. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo: Fare ye well:
We leave you now with better company.

Sal. I would have stay'd till I had made you merry
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Sal. Good morrow, my good lords.

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? Say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: Must it be so?

Sal. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.
[*Exeunt* SALAR. *and* SOLAN.

Lor. My lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
We two will leave you; but at dinner time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

Bass. I will not fail you.

Gra. You look not well, signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano,
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Gra. Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio, —
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks; —
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;

As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"
O, my Antonio! I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; when,[4] I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool-gudgeon, this opinion.—
Come, good Lorenzo.—Fare ye well, awhile:
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you, then, till dinner time.

I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Ant. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.[5]

Gra. Thanks, i'faith; for silence is only commendable

[4] All the old copies read *when* here; and as in such cases the Poet often leaves the subject of a verb understood, the changing of *when* into *who*, though common, is hardly admissible. The following lines apparently refer to the judgment pronounced in the Gospel against him who "says to his brother, Thou fool." The meaning, therefore, is, that if those who "only are reputed wise for saying nothing" should go to talking, they would be apt to damn their hearers, by provoking them to utter this foul reproach. *Fool-gudgeon*, a little below, appears to mean such a fish as any fool might catch, or none but fools would care to catch. *Gudgeon* was the name of a small fish very easily caught. The expression is commonly, but injuriously, changed to *fool's-gudgeon*. H.

[5] *Gear*, from the Anglo-Saxon *gearwe*, and originally meaning any thing *prepared* or made ready, was formerly used for any matter or business in hand. Thus, in an old ballad, entitled The Merry Puck, or Robin Goodfellow:

Now Robin Goodfellow, being plac'd with a tailor, as you heare
He grew a workman in short space, so well he ply'd his *geare*.

B

In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible. [*Exeunt* GRATIA. *and* LOREN

Ant. Is that any thing now?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice: His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well; tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gag'd. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money, and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots, and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the selfsame flight
The selfsame way with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both

I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well, and herein spend but time,
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then, do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest[6] unto it: therefore, speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues: sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors: and her sunny locks

[6] *Prest* is *prompt, ready;* from an old French word. Thus in The Faerie Queene, B. iv. Can. 8, stan. 41:

"Who as he gan the same to him aread,
Loe! hard behind his backe his foe was *prest,*
With dreadful weapon aymed at his head."

And again, B. vi. Can. 7, stan. 19:

"The whyles his salvage Page, that wont be *prest*
Was wandred in the wood another way,
To doe some thing, that seemed to him best."

Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O, my Antonio! had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Ant. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore, go forth;
Try what my credit can in Venice do:
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.

Belmont. A Room in PORTIA'S House.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a-weary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: And yet, for aught I see, they are as sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. It is no small happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs,[1] but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.

[1] That is, superfluity sooner *acquires* white hairs; becomes old We still say, how did he *come by* it?

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness, the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel, the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. — O me! the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father: Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one whom you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee over-name them, and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.[2]

Por. Ay, that's a colt,[3] indeed, for he doth noth-

[2] The Neapolitans, in the time of Shakespeare, were eminently skilled in all that belongs to horsemanship.

[3] *Colt* is used for a witless, heady, gay youngster; whence the phrase used for an old man too juvenile, that he still retains his *colt's tooth.*

ing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself: I am much afraid, my lady his mother play'd false with a smith.

Ner. Then, is there the county [4] Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, "An if you will not have me, choose." He hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker: But he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine: he is every man in no man: if a throstle sing, he falls straight a-capering; he will fence with his own shadow: If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him; for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; [5] and you will come into

[4] This may be an allusion to the *Count* Albertus Alasco, a Polish Palatine, who was in London in 1583.

[5] "A satire on the ignorance of young English travellers in Shakespeare's time." So says Warburton: whereupon Knight justly remarks that "authors are not much in the habit of satirizing themselves; and yet, according to Farmer and his school Shakespeare knew 'neither Latin, French nor Italian.'" H.

the court and swear, that I have a poor penny-worth in the English. He is a proper man's[6] picture. But, alas! who can converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish[7] lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again, when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety, and seal'd under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German,[8] the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast: An the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket: for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

[6] A *proper* man is a *handsome* man.

[7] So in the quartos. In the folio *Scottish* was changed to *other*; doubtless on account of King James. H.

[8] The Duke of Bavaria visited London, and was made a Knight of the Garter, in Shakespeare's time. Perhaps, in this enumeration of Portia's suitors, there may be some covert allusion to those of Queen Elizabeth.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determination; which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes; it was Bassanio: as I think, so was he call'd.

Ner. True, madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes look'd upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise. — How now! what news?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition[9] of a saint, and the complexion of a

[9] That is, *temper, disposition.* So, in Othello: "And then of so gentle a *condition!*" Likewise, in Tyndall's Works: "Let every man have his wyfe, and thinke her the fayrest and the best *conditioned*, and every woman her husband so too." H

devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa. — Sirrah, go before. —

Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III. Venice. A public Place.

Enter BASSANIO *and* SHYLOCK.

Shy. Three thousand ducats, — well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months, — well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound, — well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho! no, no, no, no: — my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England; and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad:[1] But ships are but boards, sailors but men:

[1] *Squandered* is not to be taken in a bad sense here: it means simply *scattered, dispersed.* Thus, in Howell's Letters: "The Duke of Savoy, though he pass for one of the princes of Italy, yet the least part of his territories lie there, being *squander'd* up

there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves; I mean, pirates: and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is notwithstanding, sufficient:—three thousand ducats;—I think I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and that I may be assured, I will bethink me: May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO.

Bass. This is signior Antonio.

Shy. [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian;
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance[2] here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,[3]

and down amongst the Alps." And, again, he speaks of the Jews as a people "*squander'd* all the earth over." H.

[2] "It is almost incredible what gain the Venetians receive by the usury of the Jews, both privately and in common. For in every city the Jews keep open shops of usury, taking gages of ordinary for fifteen in the hundred by the yeare; and if at the year's end the gage be not redeemed, it is forfeit, or at least done away to a great disadvantage; by reason whereof the Jews are out of measure wealthy in those parts."—Thomas's History of Italy 1561.

[3] This phrase seems to have originated from hunting, because

I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest:[4] Cursed be my tribe.
If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store;
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats: What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me: But soft! how many months
Do you desire?—[*To* ANT.] Rest you fair, good signior;
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,

when the animal pursued is seized upon the hip, it is finally disabled from flight. Dr. Johnson once thought the phrase was taken from the art of wrestling, but he corrected his opinion at a subsequent period, and in his Dictionary derives it from hunting.

[4] *Usance, usury,* and *interest* were all terms of precisely the same import in Shakespeare's time; there being then no such law or custom whereby *usury* has since come to mean the taking of interest above a certain rate. How the taking of interest, at what soever rate, was commonly esteemed, is shown in Lord Bacon's Essay of Usury, where he mentions the popular arguments against it: "That the usurer is the greatest Sabbath-breaker, because his plough goeth every Sunday; that the usurer breaketh the first law that was made for mankind after the fall, which was, 'in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread;' that *usurers should have orange-tawny bonnets, because they do Judaize;* that it is against nature for money to beget money, and the like." The words in Italic show that usury was regarded as a badge of Judaism; and perhaps nothing but the popular hatred of the Jews on other scores could account for the fast-rooted prejudice against a thing so firmly grounded in the laws of trade. These laws, like others, of course benefit those who observe them; and as no trading community could thrive unless they were observed, and as none but Jews would observe them, they of course had a monopoly of the benefit arising therefrom. H.

By taking, nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom. — Is he yet possess'd,[5]
How much you would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot: — three months; you told me so.
Well, then, your bond; and, let me see, — But hear you:
Methought, you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,—
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest; not, as you would say.
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromis'd,
That all the eanlings which were streak'd, and pied,
Should fall as Jacob's hire; the ewes, being rank,
In end of autumn turned to the rams:
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd pill'd[6] me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,[7]

[5] Informed.

[6] We here restore the original spelling, because it is the same as in the passage of Scripture referred to; Genesis xxx. 37 H

[7] *Kind* in Shakespeare's time was often used for *nature*. Thus in Fairfax's Tasso, B. xiv. stan. 42 and 48:

"But of all herbs, of every spring and well,
The hidden power I know and virtue great,
And all that *kind* hath hid from mortal sight."

"And fair adorn'd was every part
With riches grown by *kind*, not fram'd by art." H

He stuck them up before the fulsome[8] ewes;
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of Heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:—
But note me, signior.

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outside falsehood[9] hath!

Shy. Three thousand ducats;—'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto[10] you have rated me

[8] *Fulsome* is here apparently used in the sense of *rank, lusty, wtish.* The word often occurs in the sense of *filthy, nauseous;*—a sense which might very well come from *full,* though some derive it from *foul.*— *Fall,* in the second line below, is for *let fall;* a common usage of the word in the Poet's time. H.

[9] *Falsehood* here means knavery, treachery, as *truth* is sometimes used for honesty.

[10] In this scene we have already had "*on* the Rialto," and "*upon* the Rialto." Concerning the place meant Rogers thus speaks in one of the notes to his poem on Italy: · Rialto is the name, not of the bridge, but of the island from which it is called

About my monies, and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me — misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spet[11] upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well, then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say,
"Shylock, we would have monies:" You say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: monies is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
"Hath a dog money? is it possible,
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this:
"Fair sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me — dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies?"

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,

and the Venetians say *il ponte di Rialto*, as we say Westminster bridge. In that island is the exchange; and I have often walked there as on classic ground. In the days of Antonio and Bassanio it was second to none. It was there that the Christian held discourse with the Jew; and Shylock refers to it when he says,—

'Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me.'"

Mr. Knight says the "name is derived from *riva alta*, high shore, and its being larger, and somewhat more elevated than the others, accounts for its being first inhabited. The most ancient church of the city is there, and there were erected the buildings for the magistracy and commerce of the infant settlement." H.

[11] We concur with Knight and Verplanck in restoring this word as it is in all the old copies. It is the form which the Poet seems in this case to have chosen H.

To spet on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; (for when did friendship take
A breed [12] of barren metal of his friend?)
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

Ant. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show:—
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, in faith; I'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me
I'll rather dwell [13] in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond

Shy. O, father Abraham! what these Christians are,

[12] That is, *interest*, money *bred* from the principal
[13] That is, *continue*, or *abide*

Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this:
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's:
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful[14] guard
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently
I will be with you. [*Exit*

Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.
The Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind.

Bass. I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.

Ant. Come on: in this there can be no dismay,
My ships come home a month before the day.
[*Exeunt*

[14] *Fearful guard* is a guard that is not to be trusted, but gives cause of fear. To *fear* was anciently to *give* as well as *feel* terrors.

ACT II.

SCENE I. Belmont.

A Room in PORTIA'S House.

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the Prince of Morocco, and his Train; PORTIA, NERISSA, *and other of her Attendants.*

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision [1] for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd [2] the valiant: by my love I swear,
The best-regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too. I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing;
But, if my father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit, to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,

[1] To understand how the tawny prince, whose savage dignity is well supported, means to recommend himself by this challenge, it must be remembered that *red* blood is a traditionary sign of courage. Thus Macbeth calls one of his frighted soldiers a *lily-liver'd* boy; again, in this play, cowards are said to have *livers as white as milk;* and an effeminate man is termed a *milksop.*

[2] That is, terrified.

Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair,
As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you:
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—
That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince,
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,—
I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady: But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance;
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear, before you choose, if you choose wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage: therefore, be advis'd.

Mor. Nor will not: come, bring me unto my chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple: after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then! [*Cornets*
To make me blest, or cursed'st among men.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II. Venice. A Street.

Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.[1]

Laun. Certainly, my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew, my master: The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, "Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away:" My conscience says, — "No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo;" or, as aforesaid, "honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels." Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack; "*Via!*" says the fiend; "away!" says the fiend; "for the heavens,[2] rouse up a brave mind," says the fiend, "and run." Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, — "My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son," — or rather an honest woman's son; for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste: — well, my conscience says, "Launcelot, budge not." "Budge," says the fiend; "budge not," says my conscience: Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well: to be rul'd by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be rul'd by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the

[1] The old copies read, — *Enter the Clown alone;* and throughout the play this character is called the *Clown* at most of his *entrances* or *exits*.

[2] *For the heavens* was merely a petty oath. To make the fiend conjure Launcelot to do a thing for *heaven's* sake, is a specimen of that "acute nonsense" which Barrow makes one of the species of wit, and which Shakespeare was sometimes very fond of.

devil himself. Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew: The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment; I will run.

Enter old GOBBO, *with a basket.*

Gob. Master, young man, you; I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [*Aside.*] O heavens! this is my true begotten father, who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not: — I will try confusions with him.[3]

Gob. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sonties,[4] 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

Laun. Talk you of young master Launcelot? — [*Aside.*] Mark me now; now will I raise the waters: — [*To him.*] Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his

[3] That is, I will try to *confuse*, perplex him, by misdirecting him. It is usually printed *conclusions*, following one of the quartos. The other quarto and the folio have *confusions*. Of course we interpret his speech by his act H.

[4] God's *sonties* was probably a corruption of God's *saints*, in old language *saunctes*. Oaths of this kind are not unfrequen among our ancient writers. To avoid the crime of profane swearing, they sought to disguise the words by abbreviations, which ultimately lost even their similarity to the original phrase.

father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what a' will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.[5]

Laun. But I pray you, *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you, talk you of young master Launcelot.

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

Laun. Ergo, master Launcelot. Talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman, according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning, is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. [*Aside.*] Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop? — [*To him.*] Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day! I know you not, young gentleman; but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy (God rest his soul!) alive, or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack! sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. [*Kneels.*] Give me your

[5] So, in Love's Labour's Lost, Costard says, — "Your servant and Costard." It appears that old Gobbo himself was named Launcelot: hence in the next speech Launcelot junior beseeches him to talk of *young* master Launcelot. The sense here is commonly defeated by making the speech interrogative. The reader will of course see that Launcelot senior scruples to give his son the title of *master*

blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up: I am sure, you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have[e] no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and, I am sure, Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord! worshipp'd might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my phill-horse[6] has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord! how art thou chang'd! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How agree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest[7] to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very

[6] That is, *shaft*-horse, or horse that goes in the shafts. *Phill* is usually printed *thill*; the editors probably not knowing that *phill* or *fill* was a common form of *thill*. In our boyhood we knew *shafts* by no name but *fills*. H.

[7] That is, determined. In Romeo and Juliet, Act iv. sc. 5, Shakespeare has again quibbled upon *rest*. "The County Paris hath *set up his rest*, that you shall *rest* but little."

Jew: Give him a present! give him a halter: I am famish'd in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries: If I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.[8] — O, rare fortune! here comes the man: — to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO, *with* LEONARDO, *and other Followers.*

Bass. You may do so; — but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock: See these letters delivered, put the liveries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [*Exit a Servant.*

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy! Would'st thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy, —

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man, that would, sir, — as my father shall specify.

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve —

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and I have a desire, — as my father shall specify.

Gob. His master and he (saving your worship's reverence) are scarce cater-cousins.

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, — as

[8] To understand the appropriateness of these words, we must remember that in Venice it was not easy to find ground enough to run upon

my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you.

Gob. I have here a dish of doves,[9] that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is, —

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both: — What would you!

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well; thou hast obtain'd thy suit:

Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee; if it be preferment,
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well: Go, father, with thy son. —
Take leave of thy old master, and inquire

[9] There has been no little speculation among the later critics whether Shakespeare ever visited Italy Mr. Ch. A. Brown argues strongly that he did, and refers to this passage among others in proof of it. His argument runs thus: "Where did he obtain his numerous graphic touches of national manners? where did he learn of an old villager's coming into the city with 'a dish of doves' as a present to his son's master? A present thus given, and in our days too, and of doves, is not uncommon in Italy. I myself have partaken there, with due relish, in memory of poor old Gobbo, of a dish of doves, presented by the father of a servant." To the same purpose this ingenious writer quotes other passages, as inferring such a knowledge of the country as could hardly have been gained from books. Of course it does not follow but that the Poet may have gained it by conversing with other travellers; and it is well known that Kemp, a fellow-actor, visited Italy.

My lodging out. — [*To his followers.*] Give him a livery
More guarded [10] than his fellows': see it done.

Laun. Father, in: — I cannot get a service, no; — I have ne'er a tongue in my head. — Well; — [*Looking on his palm.*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table! [11] which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune. Go to here's a simple line of life! here's a small trifle of wives: Alas! fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows, and nine maids, is a simple coming-in for one man: and then, to 'scape drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed: — here are simple 'scapes! [12] Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear. [13] — Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye. [*Exeunt* LAUNCELOT *and old* GOBBO.

[10] That is, ornamented. *Guards* were trimmings, facings, or other ornaments, such as gold and silver lace.

[11] Mr. Tyrwhitt thus explains this passage: "Launcelot, applauding himself for his success with Bassanio, and looking into the palm of his hand, which by fortune-tellers is called the *table*, breaks out into the following reflection: — "Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table! which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune' — that is, a *table* which doth *not only* promise *but* offer to swear upon a book *that* I shall have good fortune. He omits the conclusion of the sentence."

[12] Launcelot was an adept in the art of chiromancy, which in his time had its learned professors and practitioners no less than astrology. Relics of this superstition have floated down to our day: well do we remember to have seen people trying to study out their fortune from the palms of their hands. Launcelot Gobbo, however, was more highly favoured than they: in 1558 was put forth a book by John Indagine, entitled "Briefe introductions, both natural, pleasaunte, and also delectable, unto the Art of Chiromancy, or manuel divination, and Physiognomy: with circumstances upon the faces of the Signes." "A simple line of life" written in the palm was cause of exultation to wiser ones than young Gobbo. His huge complacency, as he spells out his fortune, is in laughable keeping with his general skill at finding causes to think well of himself. H

[13] See Act i. sc. 1, note 5

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this
These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee; go.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Where is your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit* LEONARDO.

Gra. Signior Bassanio,—

Bass. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it

Gra. You must not deny me: I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then, you must:—But hear thee Gratiano;
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;—
Parts, that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they show
Something too liberal:—Pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconster'd [14] in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;

[1] So in all the old copies; generally but unwarrantably altered to *misconstrued* in modern editions. See Twelfth Night, Act iii sc. 1, note 5.

Nay, more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat,[15] and sigh, and say amen;
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent[16]
To please his grandam, never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night: you shall not gage me
By what we do to-night.

Bass. No, that were pity:
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well;
I have some business.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo, and the rest;
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in SHYLOCK'S House.

Enter JESSICA *and* LAUNCELOT.

Jess. I am sorry, thou wilt leave my father so:
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness:
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee.
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly,
And so farewell: I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.

[15] It was anciently the custom to wear the hat on during the time of dinner.

[16] That is, grave appearance; *show* of staid and serious behaviour. *Ostent* is a word very commonly used for *show* among old dramatic writers.

Laun. Adieu! — tears exhibit my tongue. — Most beautiful pagan, — most sweet Jew! If a Christian did not play the knave, and get thee, I am much deceived: But adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit; adieu! [*Exit.*

Jess. Farewell, good Launcelot. —
Alack! what heinous sin is it in me,
To be asham'd to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo!
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit*

SCENE IV. The same. A Street.

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, *and* SOLANIO.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Sal. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

Sol. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd;
And better, in my mind, not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock: we have two hours
To furnish us. —

Enter LAUNCELOT, *with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify.

[1] That is, get *possession* of thee. *Do* is the reading of both the quartos and the first folio. The second folio has *did*, which gives a very different sense; and its unhandsomeness has caused it to be generally received. H.

Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand
And whiter than the paper it writ on,
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this: — Tell gentle Jessica, I will not fail her; — speak it privately; Go. — Gentlemen, [*Exit* LAUNCELOT
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Sal. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

Sol. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me and Gratiano,
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Sal. 'Tis good we do so.

[*Exeunt* SALAR. *and* SOLAN

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all: She hath directed
How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold, and jewels, she is furnish'd with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake;
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse, —
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me: peruse this, as thou goest.
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt*

SCENE V. The same. Before SHYLOCK's House.

Enter SHYLOCK *and* LAUNCELOT.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see; thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—
What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize,
As thou hast done with me,—What, Jessica!—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out:—
Why, Jessica, I say!

Laun. Why, Jessica!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me, I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

Jes. Call you? What is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:
There are my keys.—But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house:—I am right loth to go;
There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go: my young master doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together:—I will not say you shall see a mask; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black-Monday[1] last, at six o'clock

[1] Easter-Monday. The origin of the name is thus explained by Stowe, the chronicler: "In the 34th of Edward III., [1360,]

i'the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

Shy. What! are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,[2]
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street,
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces:
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements;
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house. — By Jacob's staff, I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night;
But I will go. — Go you before me, sirrah:
Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir. — Mistress, look out at window for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye.[3] [*Exit* LAUN.

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring? ha!

the 14th of April, and the morrow after Easter-day, King Edward, with his host, lay before the city of Paris: which day was full dark of mist and hail, and so bitter cold, that many men died on their horses' backs with the cold. Wherefore unto this day it hath been called *Black-Monday.*" — *Bleeding at the nose* was anciently considered ominous. H.

[2] One of the quartos and the folio have *squealing:* the other quarto has *squeaking*, which, though neither so appropriate nor so well authorized, has been generally retained in modern editions. There has been some dispute whether *wry-neck'd fife* mean the instrument or the musician. Boswell cited a passage from Barnabe Rich's Aphorisms, 1618, which appears to settle the matter: "*A fife* is a *wry-neckt musician*, for he always looks away from his instrument." H.

[3] The worth of a Jew's eye was the price with which the Jews used to buy themselves off from mutilation. The expression became proverbial, and was kept up long after its original meaning was lost. The quibble in this case is one of the best that Launcelot gets off H.

Jes. His words were, farewell, mistress; nothing else.

Shy. The patch[4] is kind enough; but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat: drones hive not with me:
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse. — Well, Jessica, go in:
Perhaps, I will return immediately.
Do, as I bid you; shut doors after you:
Fast bind, fast find;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*

Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter lost. [*Exit*

SCENE VI. The same.

Enter GRATIANO *and* SALARINO, *masqued.*

Gra. This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo
Desir'd us to make stand.

Sal. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Sal. O! ten times faster Venus' pigeons[1] fly
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gra. That ever holds: Who riseth from a feast,
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again

[4] That is, fool, or simpleton. See A Midsummer-Night's Dream Act iii. sc. 2, note 2.

Johnson thought that lovers, who are sometimes called *turtles* or *doves* in poetry, were meant by Venus's *pigeons*. The allusion, however, seems to be to the *doves* by which Venus's chariot is drawn.

His tedious measures, with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker, or a prodigal,
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like a prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Enter LORENZO.

Sal. Here comes Lorenzo: — more of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then. — Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew: — Ho! who's within?

Enter JESSICA *above, in boy's clothes.*

Jes. Who are you? Tell me for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed,
For whom love I so much? And now who knows,
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witness that thou art.

Jes. Here, catch this casket: it is worth the pains.
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much asham'd of my exchange;
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;

For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer

Jes. What! must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscur'd.

Lor. So are you, sweet
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the run-away,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.
[*Exit, from above.*

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile,[2] and no Jew

Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA, *below.*

What, art thou come? — On, gentlemen; away!
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.
[*Exit, with* JESSICA *and* SALARINO

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Who's there?

Gra. Signior Antonio?

Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock; our friends all stay for you: —

[2] A jest arising from the ambiguity of *Gentile*, which signifies both a *heathen* and *one well born*.

No masque to-night; the wind is come about;
Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I am glad on't: I desire no more delight,
Than to be under sail, and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. Belmont.

A Room in PORTIA's House.

Flourish of Cornets. Enter PORTIA, *with the Prince of Morocco, and both their Trains.*

Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince: —
Now make your choice.

Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears; —
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
The second, silver, which this promise carries; —
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt; —
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
How shall I know if I do choose the right?

Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince:
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

Mor. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see,
I will survey the inscriptions back again:
What says this leaden casket?
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
Must give — For what? for lead? hazard for lead!
This casket threatens. Men, that hazard all,

Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.
What says the silver, with her virgin hue?
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
As much as he deserves? — Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand:
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady;
And yet to be afeard of my deserving,
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve! — Why, that's the lady.
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no further, but chose here? —
Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold:
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her:
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.
The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as through-fares now,
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spets in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture
Is't like, that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation
To think so base a thought: it were too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.

Or shall I think in silver she's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold,[1] but that's insculp'd upon;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within.—Deliver me the key;
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

Por. There, take it, prince, and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*

Mor. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll: I'll read the writing.

All that glisters is not gold;
Often have you heard that told:

[1] This is the angel referred to by Falstaff in his interview with the Chief Justice: "Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light." It appears to have been the national coin in Shakespeare's time. The custom of stamping an angel upon the coin is thus explained by Verstegan in his Restitution of Decayed Intelligence: "The name of *Engel* is yet at this present in all the Teutonic tongues as much as to say, an Angel; and if a Dutchman be asked how he would in his language call an Angel-like-man, he would answer, *ein English-man*. And such reason and consideration may have moved our former kings, upon their best coin of pure and fine gold, to set the image of an angel, which hath as well been used before the Norman Conquest, as since." Readers of Wordsworth will be apt to remember, in this connection, a fine passage in one of his Ecclesiastical Sonnets:

"A bright-haired company of youthful slaves,
Beautiful strangers, stand within the pale
Of a sad market, ranged for public sale,
Where Tiber's stream the immortal City laves:
ANGLI by name; and not an ANGEL waves
His wing, who could seem lovelier to man's eye
Than they appear to holy Gregory;
Who, having learnt that name, salvation craves
For Them, and for their Land."

Many a man his life hath sold,
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold.

Cold, indeed, and labour lost:
Then, farewell, heat; and welcome, frost. —
Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part. [*Exit.*

Por. A gentle riddance. — Draw the curtains; go:
Let all of his complexion choose me so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. Venice. A Street.

Enter SALARINO *and* SOLANIO.

Sal. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail:
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.

Sol. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the Duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Sal. He came too late, the ship was under sail;
But there the Duke was given to understand,
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:
Besides, Antonio certified the Duke,
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Sol. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
"My daughter! — O my ducats! — O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian? — O my Christian ducats! —
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,

Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter!
And jewels! two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stol'n by my daughter! Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!"

Sal. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying, — his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Sol. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

Sal. Marry, well remember'd.
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, — in the narrow seas, that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country, richly fraught:
I thought upon Antonio, when he told me,
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

Sol. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Sal. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
Of his return: he answer'd — "Do not so;
Slubber not[1] business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry; and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship and such fair ostents[2] of love
As shall conveniently become you there."
And even there, his eye being big with tears,

[1] To *slubber* is to do a thing carelessly. Thus, in Fuller's Worthies of Yorkshire: "Slightly *slubbering* it over, doing something for show, and nothing to purpose." Likewise, in Song 21 of Drayton's Poly-Olbion:

"Not such as basely soothe the humour of the time,
And *slubberingly* patch up some slight and shallow rhyme." H

[2] Shows, tokens. See sc. 2, note 16.

Turning his face, he put his hand behind him.
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.

Sol. I think he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go, and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness [3]
With some delight or other.

Sal. Do we so. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IX. Belmont.

A Room in Portia's House.

Enter Nerissa, *with a Servant.*

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee; draw the curtain straight:
The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the Prince of Arragon, Portia, *and their Trains.*

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

[3] The heaviness he is fond of, or cherishes.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear,
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I address'd[1] me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope! — Gold, silver, and base lead
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see: —
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
What many men desire: — that many may be meant
By[2] the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force[3] and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump[4] with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:"
And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit! Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O! that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover, that stand bare!

[1] Prepared.
[2] *By* and *of*, being synonymous, were used by our ancestors indifferently.
[3] Power.
[4] To *jump* is to *agree* with

How many be commanded, that command!
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour! and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
I will assume desert: — Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule. I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings!
"Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves."
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

The fire seven times tried this:
Seven times tried that judgment is,
That did never choose amiss:
Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss.
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,[b]
I will ever be your head:
So be gone; you are sped.

[b] The Poet had forgotten that he who missed Portia was never to marry any other woman.

Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.—
Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroath.[6]

[*Exeunt Arragon and Train.*

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.
O, these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy:—
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my lady?

Por. Here; what would my lord?

Mess. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets;[8]
To wit, (besides commends, and courteous breath,)
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love.
A day in April never came so sweet,

[6] "*Wroath* is used in some of the old writers for *misfortune*. Thus, in Chapman's Version of the 22d Iliad: 'Born all to *wroth* of woe and labour.'" So says the Chiswick. But indeed the original meaning of *wrath* is pain, grief, anger, any thing that makes one *writhe*; and the text but exemplifies a common form of speech, putting the effect for the cause. H.

[7] An humorous reply to the Messenger's "Where is *my lady*." So, in Richard II., Act v. sc. 5, the Groom says to the King,—"Hail, royal *prince!*" and he replies, "Thanks, noble *peer*." And in 1 Henry IV., Act ii. sc. 4, the Hostess says to Prince Henry,—"O Jesu! *my lord*, the prince;" and he replies, "How now, *my lady*, the hostess!" H.

[8] Salutations

To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee; I am half afeard,
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.—
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post, that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be!

[*Exeunt*

ACT III.

SCENE I. Venice. A Street.

Enter SOLANIO *and* SALARINO.

Sol. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Sal. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place: a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip, report, be an honest woman of her word.

Sol. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapp'd [1] ginger, or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband: But it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O, that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

[1] To *knap* is to *break short*. The word occurs in the Book of Common Prayer: "He *knappeth* the spear in *sunder*."

Sal. Come, the full stop.

Sol. Ha! — what say'st thou? — Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Sal. I would it might prove the end of his losses!

Sol. Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew. —

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Sal. That's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Sol. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Sal. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Sol. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Sal. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and Rhenish: — But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; — a beggar, that us'd to come so smug upon the mart: — let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer; — let him look to his bond:

he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; — let him look to his bond.

Sal. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: What's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgrac'd me, and hinder'd me half a million;[2] laugh'd at my losses, mock'd at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Sal. We have been up and down to seek him.

Sol. Here comes another of the tribe: a third cannot be match'd, unless the devil himself turn Jew. [*Exeunt* SOLAN., SALAR., *and Servant.*

[2] So in all the old copies. Modern editions generally encumber the passage by thrusting *a of* before *half*. E.

Enter TUBAL.

Shy. How now, Tubal? what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would she were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so;—and I know not what's spent in the search: Why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too: Antonio as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub.—hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God! I thank God!—Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal:—Good news good news! ha, ha!—Where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me.—I shall

never see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him: I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise;[3] I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true: Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before: I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue: go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt*

[3] The *Turquoise* is a well known precious stone found in the veins of the mountains on the confines of Persia to the east. In old times its value was much enhanced by the magic properties attributed to it in common with other precious stones, one of which was that it faded or brightened its hue as the health of the wearer increased or grew less. This is alluded to by Ben Jonson in his Sejanus: "And true as *Turkise* in my dear lord's ring, look well or ill with him." Other virtues were also imputed to it. Thomas Nicols, in his translation of Anselm de Boot's Lapidary, says this stone "is likewise said to take away all enmity, and to reconcile man and wife." This quality may have moved Leah to present it to Shylock.

SCENE II. Belmont.

A Room in PORTIA's House.

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, *and Attendants. The caskets are set out.*

Por. I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two,
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company; therefore, forbear a while:
There's something tells me, (but it is not love,)
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
But lest you should not understand me well,
(And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,)
I would detain you here some month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;
So will I never be: so may you miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'erlook'd[1] me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,—
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours.
And so all yours: O! these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights;
And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so,
Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.
I speak too long; but 'tis to peize[2] the time,
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

[1] To be *o'erlook'd*, forelooked, or eye-bitten, was a term for being *bewitched* by an *evil eye*. It is used again in The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act v. sc. 5, note 13.

[2] To *peize* is from *peser*, Fr.; to weigh or balance. So, in Richard III.: "Lest leaden slumber *peize* me down to-morrow." In the text it is used figuratively for to *suspend*, to *retard*, or *delay* the time.

Bass. Let me choose;
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio? then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but, I fear, you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth

Por. Well, then, confess, and live.

Bass. Confess, and love
Had been the very sum of my confession
O, happy torment! when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away, then: I am lock'd in one of them:
If you do love me, you will find me out. —
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof. —
Let music sound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,[3]
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,
And watery death-bed for him. He may win,
And what is music then? then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,

[3] Alluding to the opinion which long prevailed, that the swan uttered a plaintive musical sound at the approach of death. There is something so touching in this ancient superstition, that one feels loth to be undeceived.

With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice,
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live: — With much, much more dismay
I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

Music, whilst BASSANIO *comments on the caskets to himself.*

Song.

Tell me, where is fancy[4] bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it, — Ding, dong, bell.
All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves:
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,

[4] The Poet, in common with other writers of the time, often uses *fancy* for *love*

Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk!
And these assume but valour's excrement,[5]
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them, in the sepulchre.[6]
Thus ornament is but the guiled[7] shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf

[5] *Excrement*, from *excresco*, is used for every thing which appears to grow or vegetate upon the human body, as the hair, the beard, the nails. See Love's Labour's Lost, Act v. sc. 1, note 12.

[6] The Poet has often expressed a strong dislike of the custom, then in vogue, of wearing false hair. Several instances of this have already occurred. See Much Ado about Nothing, Act ii. sc. 3, note 4. And his 68th Sonnet has a passage very like that in the text:

"Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,
When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were borne,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head;
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay." H

[7] *Guiled* for *guiling*, that is, *beguiling*. The Poet often thus uses the passive form with an active sense, and *vice versa*. In Act i. sc. 3, of this play, we have *beholding* for *beholden*. See, also, Measure for Measure, Act iii. sc. 1, note 20. H

Veiling an Indian; beauty, in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threatenest, than dost promise aught,
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I: Joy be the consequence!

Por. How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair
And shuddering fear, and green-ey'd jealousy!
O love! be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;
In measure rain thy joy; scant this excess:
I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

Bass. [*Opening the leaden casket.*] What find I here?
Fair Portia's counterfeit? [8] What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends: Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider; and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: But her eyes,—
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnish'd: [9] Yet look, how far

[8] *Counterfeit* anciently signified a *likeness*. a *resemblance*. So, in The Wit of a Woman, 1634: "I will see if I can agree with this stranger for the drawing of my daughter's *counterfeit*." And Hamlet calls the pictures he shows to his mother,—"The *counterfeit* presentment of two brothers."

[9] That is, unfurnished with a companion or fellow. In Fletch

The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance. — Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

> You that choose not by the view,
> Chance as fair, and choose as true!
> Since this fortune falls to you,
> Be content and seek no new.
> If you be well pleas'd with this,
> And hold your fortune for your bliss,
> Turn you where your lady is,
> And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave;
I come by note, to give, and to receive.
[*Kissing her*
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause, and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me, lord Bassanio, where I stand,

er's Lover's Progress, Alcidon says to Clarangé, on delivering Lidian's challenge, which Clarangé accepts:

> "You are a noble gentleman.
> Will't please you bring a friend? we are two of us,
> And pity either, sir, should be *unfurnish'd*."

The hint for this passage appears to have been taken from Greene's History of Faire Bellora; afterwards published under the title of A Paire of Turtle Doves: "If Apelles had beene tasked to have drawne her *counterfeit*, her two bright burning lampes would have so dazzled his quick-seeing sences, that, quite despairing to expresse with his cunning pensill so admirable a worke of nature, he had been inforced to have staid his hand, and left this earthly Venus *unfinished*."

Such as I am: though, for myself alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
more rich;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing; [10] which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, in that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words:
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
And there is such confusion in my powers,

[10] So in the folio: the quartos read *something;* which would put *nothing* out of the question, but that the improbability of either word being misprinted for the other seems to infer an authorized correction in the folio. We lay no stress on the reason assigned by Mason for following the folio, that "Portia's intention is to undervalue herself;" because either word seem o agree well enough with the drift of her speech K.

As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd, and not express'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence:
O! then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy: Good joy, my lord and lady!

Gra. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For, I am sure, you can wish none from me;
And, when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife

Gra. I thank your lordship, you have got me one
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls;
For wooing here, until I sweat again,
And swearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last,—if promise last,—
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, 'faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them, the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What! and stake down?

Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.—

But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?
What! and my old Venetian friend, Salerio?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* SALERIO.

Bass. Lorenzo, and Salerio, welcome hither!
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome: — By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord:
They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour: For my part, my lord
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Sale. I did, my lord,
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives* BASSANIO *a letter.*

Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

Sale. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind:
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.

Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salerio: What's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?

I know he will be glad of our success:
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

Sale. 'Would you had won the fleece that he hath lost!

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper,
That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek;
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What! worse and worse?—
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O! sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper. Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins—I was a gentleman:
And then I told you true; and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood.—But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Sale Not one, my lord
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the Duke at morning, and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The Duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him, I have heard him swear
To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh,
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend, that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more!
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First, go with me to Church, and call me wife,

And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over;
When it is paid, bring your true friend along:
My maid Nerissa and myself, mean time,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away!
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer;[11]
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear. —
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [*Reads.*] Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since in paying it it is impossible I should live, all debts are clear'd between you and I, if I might but see you at my death: Notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O love! despatch all business, and be gone.

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste; but, till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Venice. A Street.

Enter SHYLOCK, SOLANIO, ANTONIO, *and Jailor.*

Shy. Jailor, look to him: tell not me of mercy —
This is the fool that lent out money gratis: —
Jailor, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:

[11] A merry countenance. For this use of *cheer* see A Midsummer-Night's Dream. Act iii. sc. 2, note 9.

I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog, before thou hadst a cause;
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The Duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,
Thou naughty jailor, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shy I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond.

[*Exit* SHYLOCK

Sol. It is the most impenetrable cur,
That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone:
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers
He seeks my life; his reason well I know:
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

Sol. I am sure, the Duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The Duke cannot deny the course of law,
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice: if it be denied,
'Twill much impeach the justice of the state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations.[1] Therefore, go:

[1] For the due understanding of this passage, it should be borne in mind, that Antonio was one of the citizens, while Shylock was reckoned among the strangers of the place. And since the city was benefited as much by the trade and commerce of foreigners as of natives, justice evidently required that the law should give equal advantages to them both. But to stop the course of law in behalf

These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor. —
Well, jailor, on. — Pray God, Bassanio, come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!

[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV. Belmont.

A Room in Portia's House.

Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, *and* Balthazar.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work,
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,

of citizens against strangers, would be putting the latter at a disadvantage, and so would clearly impeach the justice of the state. We give the passage as proposed by Capell and approved by Knight. In this reading *for* means the same as *because of*, — a sense in which it is often used by the Poet. The passage is usually printed thus:

> "The Duke cannot deny the course of law;
> For the commodity that strangers have
> With us in Venice, if it be denied,
> Will much impeach the justice of the state."

Where *commodity* is obviously the subject of *impeach*. Which greatly clogs and obscures the passage, though perhaps it may still be made to yield the same meaning. H

Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think, that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover[1] of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd,
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty!
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.—
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return.
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition,
The which my love, and some necessity,
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of lord Bassanio and myself.
So, fare you well, till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts, and happy hours, attend on you.

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

[1] *Lover* was much used by Shakespeare and other writers for his time for *friend*. His sonnets are full of examples in point.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica. —
Now, Balthazar, [*Exeunt* JESSICA *and* LORENZO
As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still: Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man,
In speed to Padua: see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Ballario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed [2]
Unto the tranect,[3] to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.
[*Exit*

Por. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And speak between the change of man and boy,

[2] That is, with the celerity of imagination. So in the Chorus preceding the third act of Henry V.: "Thus with *imagin'd* wing our swift scene flies."

[3] This word evidently implies the name of a place where the passage-boat set out, and is in some way derived from *tranare*, to draw. No other instance of its use has yet occurred. The Poet had most likely heard or read of, if indeed he had not seen, the place on the Brenta, about five mi'es from Venice, where a boat was *drawn* over a dam by a crane. H.

With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not do withal:[4] — then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them:
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear, I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie! what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter!
But come; I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to day.

[*Exeun.*

SCENE V. The same. A Garden.

Enter LAUNCELOT *and* JESSICA.

Laun. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children: therefore, I

[4] A phrase of the time, signifying *I could not help it.* So, in the *Morte Arthur:* "None of them will say well of you, nor none of them will doe battle for you, and that shall be great slaunder for you in this court. Alas! said the queen, *I cannot doe withall.*" And in Beaumont and Fletcher's Little French Lawyer, Dinant, who is reproached by Clerimont for not silencing the music, which endangered his safety, replies: "*I cannot do withal;* I have spoke and spoke; I am betrayed and lost too." And in Palsgrave's Table of Verbes, quoted by Mr. Dyce: "I can not *do withall,* a thyng lyeth not in me, or I am not in faulte that a thyng is done.

promise you, I fear you.[1] I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore, be of good cheer; for, truly, I think, you are damn'd. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good; and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not; that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed: so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly, then, I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother: Well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be sav'd by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enough before; e'en as many as could well live one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs: if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter LORENZO.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say: here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

[1] That is, fear *for* you, or on your account. So, in Richard III., Act I. sc. 1:

> "The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
> And his physicians *fear* him mightily."

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo: Launcelot and I are out: He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much, that the Moor should be more than reason; but if she be less than an honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots.[2] — Go in, sirrah: bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then, bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir: only, cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover, then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be serv'd in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your

[2] A shrewd proof that the Poet rightly estimated the small wit the puns and verbal tricks, in which he so often indulges. He did it to please others, not himself.

coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [*Exit* LAUNCELOT

Lor. O, dear discretion, how his words are suited
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words: and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter.[3] How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion;
How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing: It is very meet
The lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And, if on earth he do not mean it, then,
In reason he should never come to heaven.[4]
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion, too, of that.

[3] Probably an allusion to the habit of wit-snapping, the constant straining to speak out of the common way, which then filled the highest places of learning and of the state. One could scarce come at the matter, it was so finely flourished in the speaking. But such an epidemic was easier to censure than to avoid Launcelot is a good satire upon the practice, though the satire rebounds upon the Poet himself. See our Introduction to Love's Labour's Lost. H.

[4] Such is the reading of one of the quartos. The common reading is that of the folio:

> "And, if on earth he do not mean it, *it*
> *Is* reason he should never come to heaven."

The meaning is the same either way. H

Lor. I will anon; first let us go to dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk; Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. [*Exeunt*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Venice. A Court of Justice.

Enter the DUKE; *the Magnificoes;* ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SOLANIO, *and others.*

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Ant. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard,
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's[1] reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

[1] *Envy* in this place means *hatred* or *malice;* a frequent use of the word in Shakespeare's time, as every reader of the English Bible *ought* to know H.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.
Sol. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face. —
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse,[2] more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty:
And where[3] thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,[4]
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back;
Enough to press a royal[5] merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.
Shy. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,

[2] *Remorse* in Shakespeare's time generally signified *pity, tenderness;* the *relentings* of compassion.

[3] Whereas.

[4] So in the old copies, but generally printed *lose*. *Loose* is plainly used in the sense of *release*. H.

[5] This epithet was striking and well understood in Shakespeare's time, when Gresham was dignified with the title of the *royal merchant*, both from his wealth, and because he constantly transacted the mercantile business of Queen Elizabeth. And there were similar ones at Venice, such as the Giustiniani and the Grimaldi. The "*princely* merchants of Boston" are well known in our time H

To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats? I'll not answer that:[6]
But, say, it is my humour:[7] is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it ban'd? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;[8]
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe sings i'the nose,
Cannot contain their urine: for affection,[9]

[6] The Jew, being asked a question which the law does not require him to answer, stands upon his right and refuses; but afterwards gratifies his own malignity by such answers as he knows will aggravate the pain of the inquirer.

[7] In Shakespeare's time the word *humour* was used, much as *conscience* often is now, to excuse or justify any eccentric impulse of vanity, opinion, or self-will, for which no common ground of reason or experience could be alleged. Thus, if a man had an individual crotchet which he meant should override the laws and conditions of our social being, it was his *humour*. Corporal Nym is a burlesque on this sort of affectation. And the thing is well illustrated in one of Rowland's Epigrams:

"Aske *Humors*, why a fether he doth weare?
It is his humour, by the Lord, heele sweare." H.

[8] A pig prepared for the table is most probably meant, for in that state is the epithet *gaping* most applicable to this animal. So, in Fletcher's Elder Brother: "And they stand *gaping* like a *roasted pig*." And in Nashe's Peirce Pennylesse: "The causes conducting unto wrath are as diverse as the actions of a man's life. Some will take on like a madman if they see *a pig come to the table*."

[9] This passage has occasioned a vast deal of controversy. In the old copies it is printed thus:

"And others, when the bag pipe sings i'the nose,
Cannot contain their urine for affection.
Masters of passion *sways* it to the mood," &c.

Where the discrepancy of *Masters* and *sways* is obvious enough. There had been a very general agreement in the reading we have

Master of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loaths. Now, for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woollen[10] bag-pipe; but of force
Must yield to such nevitable shame,
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

given, until Mr. Collier broke in upon it. Against his, and in favour of the received lection, Mr. Dyce remarks: "The preceding part of the passage clearly shows that there must be a pause at *urine;* and also that *for affection* must be connected with the next line. Shylock states three circumstances; first, that some men dislike a gaping pig; secondly, that some are mad if they see a cat; thirdly, that some, at the sound of the bagpipe, cannot contain their urine: and he then accounts for these three peculiarities on a general principle." To this we may add that it seems hardly correct to say,—"Masters of passion sway it to the mood of what *it* likes or loaths;" for unless they sway it to the mood of what *they* like or loath, they can scarce be said to be its *masters*, or to *sway* it at all. The difficulty is avoided by making *affection* the subject of *sways*, and the second *it* refer to *affection*. All which may be deemed reason enough for the reading in the text. Mr. Collier is obliged to leave the final *s* out of *sways;* and there seems no reason but that it may as well be left out of *masters*. Of course *affection* is here used for natural disposition, or constitutional tendency. H.

[10] It was usual to cover with *woollen cloth* the bag of this instrument. The old copies read *woollen*, the conjectural reading *swollen* was proposed by Sir J. Hawkins.

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What! wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood 'bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretten[11] with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart: — Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no further means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
would not draw them; I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them: — Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates

[11] So in both the quartos, but usually printed *fretted*. *Fretten* is apparently an old form of the word, like *wa.ren* in A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act ii. sc. 1 note 14.

Be season'd with such viands? You will answer.
The slaves are ours. — So do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power, I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Sal. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters: Call the messenger

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man! courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, *dressed like a lawyer's clerk.*

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my lord: Bellario greets your grace. [*Presents a letter.*

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew
Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can,

No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy.[12] Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog![13]
And for thy life let justice be accus'd.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court:—
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart:—some three or four of you,

[12] Malice. See note 1, of this scene. This passage is well illustrated by one in 2 Henry IV., Act iv. sc. 4:

> "Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
> Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
> To stab at half an hour of my life."

[13] The quartos and first folio all read *inexecrable;* which is adopted by Knight, and defended by some others, on the ground of *in* being, as it sometimes is, intensive, and thus giving the sense of *most execrable*. That this is good cannot well be denied. Nevertheless, we adhere to the ordinary reading. H.

Go, give him courteous conduct to this place. —
Mean time, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[*Clerk reads.*] Your grace shall understand, that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthazar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turn'd o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion; which, better'd with his own learning, the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come. —

Enter PORTIA, *dressed like a doctor of laws.*

Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed throughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn[14] you, as you do proceed. —

[14] To *impugn* is to oppose, to controvert.

[*To* ANT.] You stand within his danger,[15] do you not?

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond!

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway:
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.[16] I have spoke thus much,

[15] Richardson says,—"In French and old English law, *danger*, seems equivalent to *penalty, damages*, commissi pœna. Thus,—'Narcissus was a bachelere that love had caught in his *daungere*;' that is, within the reach of hurtful, mischievous power. Thus also,—'*In danger* hadde he at his owen gise the yonge girles of the diocise.' And in R. Brunne,—'All was in the erle's *dangere*.' And again,—'He was never wedded to woman's *danger*;' that is, woman's dangerous power." Shakespeare has a like use of the word in his Venus and Adonis: "Come not within his *danger* by your will." H.

[16] 'Portia, referring the Jew to the Christian doctrine of Salvation, and the Lord's Prayer, is a little out of character:' So says

To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there
Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law;
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?
Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth.[17] And, I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.
Por. It must not be: There is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state. It cannot be.
Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel! —
O, wise young judge, how I do honour thee!
Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.
Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor; here it is.

the Chiswick editor, following Sir William Blackstone; forgetting that the Lord's Prayer was itself but a compilation, all the petitions in it being taken out of the ancient euchologies or prayer-books of the Jews. "So far," says Grotius, "was the Lord Himself of the Christian Church from all affectation of unnecessary novelty." So in Ecclesiasticus, xxviii. 2: "Forgive thy neighbour the hurt that he hath done unto thee, so shall thy sins also be forgiven when thou prayest." H.

[17] That is, *honesty*. *A true* man in old language is an *honest* man. We now call the jury good men and *true*.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart: — Be merciful;
Take thrice thy money: bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour. —
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law; your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: By my soul, I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Por. Why, then, thus it is: —
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. O, noble judge! O, excellent young man!

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true: O, wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast;
So says the bond: — doth it not, noble judge? —
Nearest his heart: those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here, to weigh
The flesh?

Shy. I have them ready

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so express'd; but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to say?

Ant. But little: I am arm'd, and well prepar'd. —
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.
Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love:
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.
Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.
Shy. [*Aside.*] These be the Christian husbands! I have a daughter;
'Would any of the stock of Barrabas [18]
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian!
[*To* PORTIA.] We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.
Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Shy. Most rightful judge!
Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:
The law allows it, and the court awards it.
Shy. Most learned judge! — A sentence! Come, prepare.
Por. Tarry a little: — there is something else. —
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh:
Take, then, thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are by the laws of Venice confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.
Gra. O, upright judge! — Mark, Jew! — O, learned judge!

[18] Shakespeare seems to have followed the pronunciation usual to the theatre, *Barabbas* being sounded *Barabas* throughout Marlowe's Jew of Malta.

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shalt see the act
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest

Gra. O, learned judge! — Mark, Jew; — a learned judge!

Shy. I take this offer, then: — pay the bond thrice
And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft!
The Jew shall have all justice: — soft! — no haste.—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge

Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound, — be it but so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair, —
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court:
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel. —
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it
I'll stay no longer question.
Por. Tarry, Jew:
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—
If it be prov'd against an alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts,
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament I say thou stand'st:
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That, indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.
Gra. Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.
Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.
Por. Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.
Shy. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
You take my house, when you do take the prop

That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake!

Ant. So please my lord the Duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods;
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more: That, for this favour
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this; or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well; send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christening thou shalt have two god fathers:
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,[19]
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit* SHYLOCK

[19] That is, a jury of *twelve* men to condemn him. This appears to have been an old joke. So, in the Devil is an Ass by

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner

Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon:
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt* DUKE, *Magnificoes, and Train.*

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,[20]
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope[21] your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid:
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me, when we meet again
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Ben Jonson: "I will leave you to your godfathers in law. Let *twelve men* work."

[20] In consideration whereof, or in return for which. For this use of *lieu*, see The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act ii. sc. 7, note 5. H.

[21] The only instance, that we remember to have met with, of the word *cope* being used in the sense of to *pay*, or *reward*. A like use of the word in composition, however, occurs in Ben Jonson's play, The Fox, Act. iii. sc. 5:

> "Assure thee, Celia, he that would sell thee,
> Only for hope of gain, and that uncertain,
> He would have sold his part of Paradise
> For ready money, had he met a *cope-man*.

Junius thinks the word is from the Anglo-Saxon *Ceap-an*, to traffic, to buy or sell; and that it may have been applied to any kind of *exchange*, and hence to the exchanging of *blows*, or fighting in which sense it is generally used. H

Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further:
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee: Grant me two things, I pray you;
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you: —
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more,
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This ring, good sir? — alas, it is a trifle;
I will not shame myself to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

Bass. There's more depends on this, than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg; and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife,
And, when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[*Exeunt* PORTIA *and* NERISSA

Ant. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring:
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.

Bass. Go, Gratiano; run and overtake him,
Give him the ring, and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house: — away! make haste.
[*Exit* GRATIANO.
Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: Come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The same. A Street.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,
And let him sign it: We'll away to-night,
And be a day before our husbands home.
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en:
My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.
Por. That cannot be.
His ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so, I pray you, tell him: Furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.
Gra. That will I do.
Ner. Sir, I would speak with you. —
[*To* POR.] I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.
Por. Thou may'st, I warrant. We shall have old swearing,[1]

[1] *Old* was a common augmentative in the colloquial language of Shakespeare's time. See Much Ado about Nothing, Act v. sc. 2, note 7

That they did give away the rings to men;
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.
Away! make haste: thou know'st where I will tarry.

Ner. Come, good sir; will you show me to this house? [*Exeunt*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Belmont. Avenue to PORTIA's House.

Enter LORENZO *and* JESSICA.

Lor. The moon shines bright: — In such a night as this,[1]
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise; in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;

[1] There is such an air of reality and of first-hand knowledge about this bewitching scene, as certainly lends some support to the notion of the Poet's having visited Italy; it being scarce credible that any one should have put so much of an Italian moonlight evening into a description, upon the strength of what he had seen in England. But, what is quite remarkable, the vividness of the scene is helped on by the very thing that would seem most likely to hinder it. The running of "in such a night" into such a variety of classic allusion and imagery, and gradually drawing it round into the late and finally into the present experiences of the speakers, gives to the whole the freshness and originality of an actual occurrence; the remembrance of what they have read being quickened by the inspiration of what lies before them. H.

And saw the lion's shadow ere himself.
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew;
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. In such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did nobody come
But, hark! I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Steph. A friend.

Lor. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?

Steph. Stephano is my name; and I bring word.
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.[2]

[2] One of the finest touches in the delineation of Portia is this associating of a solicitude for wedded happiness with the charity

Lor. Who comes with her?

Steph. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid. I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—

But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Sola, sola! wo, ha, ho! sola, sola!

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola! did you see master Lorenzo, and mistress Lorenzo? sola, sola!

Lor. Leave hallooing, man; here.

Laun. Sola! Where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him, there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news: my master will be here ere morning. [*Exit*

and humility of a religious and prayerful spirit. The binding of our life up with another's naturally sends us to Him who may indeed be *our* Father, but not *mine*. A writer in the Pictorial edition remarks that "these holy crosses, still as of old, bristle the land in Italy, and sanctify the sea. Besides those contained in churches, they mark the spots where heroes were born, where saints rested, where travellers died. They rise on the summits of hills, and at the intersection of roads. The days are past when pilgrims of all ranks, from the queen to the beggar-maid, might be seen kneeling and praying 'for happy wedlock hours,' or whatever else lay nearest their hearts; and the reverence of the passing traveller is now nearly all the homage that is paid at these shrines." The old English feeling on this score is thus shown in The Merry Devil of Edmonton:

> "But there are *crosses*, wife: here's one in Waltham.
> Another at the Abbey, and the third
> At Ceston; and 'tis ominous to pass
> Any of these without a Pater-noster."

Lor Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter; — why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air. —
[*Exit* STEPHANO.
How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines[3] of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in,[4] we cannot hear it. —

[3] A small flat dish or plate, used in the administration of the Eucharist: it was commonly of gold, or silver-gilt. The first folio and one of the quartos read *pattens:* the second folio reads *patterns*, which Collier strangely adopts, thus taking a poor authority for a worse reading. H.

[4] So in one of the quartos, giving a sense as clear as need be: the other quarto and the folio read *in it*, which Johnson thought should be *it in*, before he knew how it was in the quarto first mentioned. The Chiswick has "close *us* in," for which there is no authority. — A passage somewhat resembling that in the text occurs in Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity: "Touching musical harmony, such is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in that very part of man which is most divine, that some have thereby been induced to think that the soul itself by nature is or hath in it harmony." The Book containing this came out in 1597; so that there could not well be any obligation either way between Hooker and Shakespeare. — Of course every body has heard of "the music of the spheres," — an ancient mystery which taught that the heavenly bodies in their revolutions sing together in a concert so loud, various, and sweet, as to exceed all proportion to the human ear. And the greatest souls, from Plato to Wordsworth,

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn:
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music. [*Music.*

Jes. I am never merry, when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear, perchance, a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,

have been lifted above themselves, and have waxed greater than their wont, with an idea or intuition that the universe was knit together by a principle of which musical harmony is the aptest and clearest expression. Perhaps the very sublimity of this notion has furthered the turning of it into a jest; yet there seems to be a strange virtue in it, that it cannot die; and thoughtful minds, though apt to smile at it, are still more apt to grow big with the conception. Thus Milton in befitting manner speaks of

> "the celestial sirens' harmony
> That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
> And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
> And turn the adamantine spindle round,
> On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
> Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,
> To lull the daughters of Necessity,
> And keep unsteady Nature to her law,
> And the low world in measur'd motion draw
> After the heavenly tune, which none can hear,
> Of human mould, with gross unpurged ear."

And Coleridge, in lines not unworthy of a place beside these speaks

> "Of that innumerable company
> Who in broad circle, lovelier than the rainbow,
> Girdle this round earth in a dizzy motion,
> With noise too vast and constant to be heard; —
> Fitliest unheard! For. O, ye numberless

By the sweet power of music: Therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.[5] — Mark the music

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA *at a distance.*

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

> And rapid travellers! what ear unstunn'd,
> What sense unmadden'd, might bear up against
> The rushing of your congregated wings?"

And, finally, Wordsworth, in his magnificent lyric On the Power of Sound, thus refers to the same great theme:

> "By one pervading spirit
> Of tones and numbers all things are controlled,
> As sages taught, where faith was found to merit
> Initiation in that mystery old.
> The heavens, whose aspect makes our minds as still
> As they themselves appear to be,
> Innumerable voices fill
> With everlasting harmony;
> The towering headlands, crowned with mist,
> Their feet among the billows, know
> That Ocean is a mighty harmonist;
> Thy pinions, universal Air,
> Ever waving to and fro,
> Are delegates of harmony, and bear
> Strains that support the Seasons in their round." H.

[5] Steevens pounced rather unmercifully upon the poor Poet for this piece of "fine frenzy," and Douce very charitably stepped to his defence. Of course both had the best of the argument. "The solemn stupidity," with which the dispute was carried on, is funny enough; otherwise it is not of the slightest consequence. H

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect:[6]
Methinks, it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection! —
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd! [*Music ceases*

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

[6] Not absolutely good, but relatively good, as it is modified by circumstances.

Por. Go in, Nerissa;
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence; —
Nor you, Lorenzo; — Jessica, nor you.

[*A tucket sounds.*

Lor. Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet.
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

Por. This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick;
It looks a little paler: 'tis a day,
Such as a day is when the sun is hid.[7]

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, *and their Followers.*

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light,
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me:
But God sort all! — You are welcome home, my lord.

Bass. I thank you, madam: give welcome to my friend. —
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

[7] A writer in the Pictorial Shakespeare thus remarks upon this passage: "The light of moon and stars in Italy is almost as yellow as sunlight. The planets burn like golden lamps above the pinnacles and pillared statues of the city and the tree-tops of the plain, with a brilliancy which cannot be imagined by those who have dwelt only in a northern climate. The infant may there hold out its hands, not only for the full moon, but for 'the old moon sitting in the young moon's lap,' — an appearance there as obvious to the eye as any constellation." H.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore, I scant this breathing courtesy.[8]

Gra. [*To* NERISSA.] By yonder moon, I swear you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me; whose poesy was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife,[9] "Love me, and leave me not."

Ner. What talk you of the poesy, or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death;
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective,[10] and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk! no, God's my judge!
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,

[8] This complimentary form, made up only of *breath*, that is, words.

[9] Knives were formerly inscribed, by means of *aqua fortis*, with short sentences in distich. The *poesy*, or *posy*, of a ring was of course the motto.

[10] That is, *considerative*, *regardful*. Thus, in King John, Act sc. 1: "For new made honour doth forget men's names; 'tis too *respective* and too sociable." And in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act iv. sc. 4: "What should it be that he *respects* in her but I can make *respective* in myself?"

A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy,[11]
No higher than thyself; the judge's clerk;
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands:
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief:
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. [*Aside.*] Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it.

Gra. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine:
And neither man, nor master, would take aught
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord!
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it: it is gone.

[11] *Scrubbed* is here used in the sense of *stunted*; as in Holland's Pliny: "Such will never prove fair trees, but *scrubs* only." And Mr. Verplanck observes that the name *scrub oak* was from the first settlement of this country given to the dwarf or bush oak. How the word came to bear this sense doth not appear, unless because the thing originally signified by it was used for *scrub bing*.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By Heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.
Ner. Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.
Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.
Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain[12] the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe:
I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.
Bass. No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it; but a civil doctor,[13]
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring, the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforc'd to send it after him:

[12] *Contain* was sometimes used in the sense of *retain*. So, in Bacon's Essays: "To *containe* anger from mischiefe, though it take hold of a man, there be two things."

[13] A *civil doctor* was a doctor of the Civil Law.

I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it: Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house.
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you:
I'll not deny him any thing I have;
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed.
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me, like Argus:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so: let not me take him then;
For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And in the hearing of these many friends
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself, —

Por. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;
In each eye, one: — swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but hear me
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.
Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth;[14]
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.
Por. Then you shall be his surety: Give him this;
And bid him keep it better than the other.
Ant. Here, lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.
Bass. By Heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!
Por. I had it of him; pardon me, Bassanio;
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.
Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.
Gra. Why, this is like the mending of high ways
In summer, when the ways are fair enough.
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it?
Por. Speak not so grossly.—You are all amaz'd:
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor;
Nerissa there, her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,
And but e'en now return'd: I have not yet
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome;

[14] That is, for his *advantage;* to obtain his happiness. *Wealth* is only another form of *weal;* we say indifferently common *weal* or common-*wealth.*

And I have better news in store for you,
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find, three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly:
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold?

Ner. Ay; but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow:
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life, and living;
For here I read for certain, that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo?
My clerk hath some good comforts, too, for you

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning,
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied
Of these events at full: Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so: the first inter'gatory,

That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day?
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
Till I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [*Exeunt*

INTRODUCTION

TO

AS YOU LIKE IT.

In our Introduction to Much Ado about Nothing we have seen that As You Like It, along with two other of Shakespeare's plays and one of Ben Jonson's, was entered in the Stationers' Register August 4, 1600, and that opposite the entry was an order "to be stayed." In regard to the other two the stay appears to have been soon removed, as both were entered again, one on the fourteenth, the other on the twenty-third, of the same month, and were published in the course of that year. Touching As You Like It, the stay seems to have been kept up, perhaps because its continued success on the stage made the company unwilling to part with their interest in it. The play was never printed, so far as we know, till in the folio of 1623, where it stands the tenth in the division of Comedies, with the acts and scenes regularly marked.

This is the only contemporary notice of As You Like It that has been discovered. The play is not mentioned by Meres, which perhaps warrants the inference that it had not been heard of at the date of his list. And in Act v. scene 3, is a line quoted from Marlowe's version of Hero and Leander, which was first printed in 1598. So that we may perhaps safely conclude that the play was written in the latter part of 1598, or in the course of the next year.

One thing more there is, that ought not to be passed by in this connection. Gilbert Shakespeare, a brother of the Poet, lived till after the Restoration; and Oldys tells of "the faint, general, and almost lost ideas" the old man had of having once seen the Poet act a part in one of his own comedies, "wherein, being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping, and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company, who were eating, and one

of them sung a song." This of course could have been none other than the "good old man" Adam, in and about whom we have so much of noble thought; and we thus learn that his character, beautiful enough in itself, yet more beautiful for this circumstance, was sustained by the Poet himself.

In regard to the originals of this play, two sources have been pointed out, namely, The Coke's Tale of Gamelyn, sometime attributed to Chaucer, but upon better advice excluded from his works, and a novel by Thomas Lodge entitled Rosalynd: Euphues' Golden Legacie. As the Tale of Gamelyn was not printed till more than a century later, it has been questioned whether Shakespeare ever saw it. Nor, indeed, can much be alleged as indicating that he did: one point there is, however, that may have some weight that way. An old knight, Sir Johan of Boundis, being about to die, calls in his wise friends to arrange the distribution of his property among his three sons. Their plan is, to settle all his lands on the eldest, and leave the youngest without any thing. Gamelyn being his favourite son, he rejects their advice and bestows the largest portion upon him. Shakespeare goes much more according to their plan, Orlando, who answers to Gamelyn, having no share in the bulk of his father's estate. But this suits so well with the Poet's general purpose, and especially with the unfolding of Orlando's character, that we need not suppose him to have had any hint for it but the fitness of the thing itself. A few other resemblances may be traced, wherein the play differs from Lodge's novel, but none so strong but that they may well enough have been incidental. Nor, in truth, is the matter of much consequence, save as bearing upon the question whether Shakespeare was of a mind to be unsatisfied with such printed books as lay in his way. We would not exactly affirm him to have been "a hunter of manuscripts;" but we have already seen indications that he sometimes had access to them: nor is it at all unlikely that one so greedy of intellectual food, so eager and apt to make the most of all the means within his reach, should have gone beyond the printed resources of his time. Besides, there can be no question that Lodge was very familiar with the Tale of Gamelyn: he follows it so closely in a large part of his novel, as to leave scarce any doubt that he wrote with the manuscript by him; and if he, who was also sometime a player, availed himself of such sources, why may not Shakespeare have done the same?

Lodge's Rosalynd was first printed in 1590, and its popularity appears in that it was republished in 1592, and again in 1598. Steevens pronounces it a "worthless original;" but this sweeping sentence is so very unjust as to breed a doubt whether he had read it. A graduate of Oxford, Lodge was evidently something of a scholar, as well as a man of wit, fancy, and invention. Compared with the general run of popular literature then in vogue, his novel has much merit, and is very well entitled to the honour of

contributing to one of the most delightful poems ever written. A rather ambitious attempt, indeed, at fine writing, pedantic in style, not a little overloaded with the euphuism of the time, and occasionally running into absurdity and indecorum, nevertheless, upon the whole, it is a varied and pleasing narrative, with passages of great force and beauty, and many touches of noble sentiment, and sometimes informed with a pastoral sweetness and simplicity quite charming. The work is inscribed to Lord Hunsdon, and in his Dedication the author says, — "Having with Captain Clarke made a voyage to the islands of Terceras and the Canaries, to beguile the time with labour I writ this book; rough, as hatch'd in the storms of the ocean, and feathered in the surges of many perilous seas." It has been lately republished in Mr. Collier's Shakespeare Library. In accordance with the plan we have hitherto followed, we will endeavour such an abstract from which the nature and extent of the Poet's obligations in this quarter may be pretty fairly gathered.

Sir John of Bordeaux, being at the point of death, called in his three sons, Saladyne, Fernandine, and Rosader, and divided his wealth among them, giving to the eldest fourteen ploughlands, with all his manor houses, and richest plate; to the next, twelve ploughlands; to the youngest, his horse, armour, and lance, with sixteen ploughlands; accompanying the testament with divers precepts and motives to a well-ordered life. The father being dead, Saladyne, after a short season of hypocritical mourning, went to studying how he might defraud his brothers and ravish their legacies. Acting as their guardian, he put Fernandine to school at Paris, and kept Rosader as his foot-boy. Having borne this patiently for three years, Rosader's spirit at length began to rise against it: he said to himself, — "Nature hath lent me wit to conceive, but my brother denied me art to contemplate: I have strength to perform any honourable exploit, but no liberty to accomplish my virtuous endeavours: those good parts that God hath bestowed upon me, the envy of my brother doth smother in obscurity. With that, casting up his hand, he felt hair on his face, and, perceiving his beard to bud, for choler he began to blush, and swore to himself he would be no more subject to such slavery." While he was thus ruminating Saladyne came along, and began to jerk him with rough speeches, asking him, — "What, sirrah! is my dinner ready?" He answered, — "Dost thou ask me for thy cates? ask some of thy churls who are fit for such an office. Let me question thee, why thou hast felled my woods, spoiled my manor houses, and made havoc of what my father bequeathed me? Answer me as a brother, or I will trouble thee as an enemy." Saladyne meeting this question with insulting threats, Rosader at last seized a great rake, and let drive at him, and soon brought him to terms. Feigning sorrow for what he had done, he drew the youth, who was of a free and generous nature, into a reconciliation, till

he might gain time to finish him out of the way; and in this state they continued for a season.

Meanwhile, Torismond, who had driven his brother Gerismond the rightful king of France, into exile, and usurped his crown appointed a day of wrestliug and tournament, to busy the peop.e's thoughts, and keep them from running upon the banished king At that time, a Norman of tall stature and great strength, who had wrestled down as many as undertook with him, and often killed them outright, was to stand against all comers. Saladyne, tmuking this an apt occasion to put his treachery in play, went to the Norman secretly, and engaged him with rich rewards to despatch Rosader, in case he came within his grasp. He then went to Rosader, to prick him on to the wrestling, telling him how much honour it would bring him, and how he was the only one to keep up the renown of the family. The youth, full of heroic thoughts, was glad enough of such an opportunity, and forthwith set out for the place. At the time appointed Torismond went forth to preside over the exercises, attended by the twelve peers of France, his daughter Alinda, Rosalynd, the daughter of the banished king, and all the most famous beauties of the kingdom. Rosalynd, 'upon whose cheeks there seemed a battle between the graces," was the centre of attraction, the bauquet of all eyes, "and made the cavaliers crack their lances with more courage." The tournament over, the Norman presented himself as a general challenger at wrestling. For some time none durst adventure with him, till at last there came in a lusty franklin of the country, with two tall young men, his sons. The champion soon smashed up these antagouists, killing them both; at which all were in a deep passion of pity but the father himself, who was more pleased at their bravery than grieved at their death. This done, Rosader alights from his horse, and presents himself, cheering the stout-hearted yeoman with the promise that he will "either make a third in their tragedy, or else revenge their fall with an honourable triumph." He quickly puts an end to the Norman, though not till his eyes and thoughts have got thoroughly entangled with the beauty of Rosalynd. On the other side she is equally touched by his handsome person and heroic bearing. After the king and lords had learned who he was, and graced him with their embracings, she "took from her neck a jewel and sent it to him by a page, as an assurance of her favour."

Upon his brother's return, Saladyne, greatly chagrined at the unlooked-for issue, began forthwith to persecute him worse than ever, and the war was waged in any thing but a becoming manner on both sides. Of their long strife suffice it to say, that the Poet has shown good judgment in omitting it altogether. By this time Torismond grew jealous of his niece, and thought to banish her, saying to himself,—"Her face is so full of favour, that it pleads pity in the eye of every man;" for he feared lest some

one of the peers should aim at her love, and then in his wife's right attempt the kingdom. Coming upon her in this mood, he charged her with treason, and ordered her into immediate exile; whereupon Alinda fell to entreating for her, telling him how "custom had wrought such an union of their nature, that they had two bodies and one soul;" and that if he banished her she would herself share the same sentence. He then turned his wrath upon her, telling her she did but "hatch up a bird to peck out her own eyes:" but she, nothing amazed, stood firm in defence of her cousin, assuring him that if he refused her prayer "she would either steal out and follow her, or end her days with some desperate kind of death." Seeing her so resolute, he then decreed the banishment of them both. After comforting each other as well as they could, they went to arranging for their flight. Alinda grieving that they were to have no male attendant, Rosalynd says to her,—"Thou seest I am of a tall stature, and would very well become the person and apparel of a page: I will buy me a suit, and have my rapier very handsomely at my side; and if any knave offer wrong, your page will show him the point of his weapon." Thus they set forth, Alinda being called Aliena, and Rosalynd Ganimede, and at last came to the forest of Arden, where, after wandering about some time, and suffering many perils and privations, they found some verses pinned upon a tree, and soon came where they might overhear a conversation between two shepherds, Coridon and Montanus, the latter of whom had got so smitten with a shepherdess named Phœbe, that he could talk of nothing else. Coridon having grown somewhat old and wise in pastoral science, his rhetoric soon put Alinda in love with a shepherd's life; and when he told her his landlord was going to sell both the farm he tilled and the flock he kept, she resolved to buy them, and have him for overseer. This done, they lived in quiet, heeding their flock, and hearing Montanus warble the praises of his cruel mistress: "though they had but country fare and coarse lodging, yet their welcome was so great and their cares so little, that they counted their diet delicate, and slept as soundly as if they had been in the court of Torismond."

At length Rosader, driven off by his brother's cruelty, betook himself to the same forest, accompanied by Adam Spencer, an Englishman, who had been an old and trusty servant to Sir John of Bordeaux. Arriving there, Adam was so forespent with hunger and travel, that he sunk down in despair, and begged Rosader to look out for himself, and leave him alone to die. After bidding him be of good cheer, Rosader started off in quest of food Now "it chanced that Gerismond, who with a lusty crew of outlaws lived in the forest, that day in honour of his birth made a feast to all his bold yeomen, and frolicked it with store of wine and venison, sitting all at a long table under the shadow of lemon-trees." To this place fortune brought Rosader, who, seeing the

band of brave men so well provided, stepped boldly up to the table, and begged a supply for himself and his old friend who were perishing with hunger, at the same time saying, — "If thou refuse this, as a niggard of thy cates, I will have amongst you with my sword." Gerismond, moved with pity, and rising from the table, took him by the hand, bade him welcome, and willed him to sit down in his place, and eat as much as he would. But he answered, he would not taste one crumb till his suffering friend were first relieved. So away he runs to Adam, and, finding him too feeble to walk, takes him upon his back and brings him to the place. Gerismond and his men greatly applauded this league of friendship; and the king's place being assigned to Rosader, he would not sit there himself, but gave it to Adam. The repast being over, Rosader at the king's request gave an account of himself, how he was the youngest son of Sir John of Bordeaux, how he had been wronged by his elder brother, and closed by saying, — "And this old man, whom I so much love and honour, is Adam Spencer, an old servant of my father's, and one that never failed me in all my misfortunes." Hearing this the king fell on the neck of Rosader, and told him he was Gerismond, and how he loved Sir John. Then he asked about his daughter Rosalynd, and Rosader told him how Torismond had banished her, and how Alinda chose rather to share her exile than part fellowship; whereupon the unnatural father had banished her too.

When Torismond knew of Rosader's flight, and that Saladyne was now sole heir of Sir John's estates, he sought a quarrel with him, so as to come at his revenues. At first Saladyne was thrown into prison, where he was soon brought to repent his injuries to Rosader. Being sent for by the usurper, and questioned about his brother, he answered that he had fled, he knew not whither. Then Torismond said, — "Nay, villain, I have heard of the wrongs thou hast done thy brother: I spare thy life for thy father's sake, but banish thee forever from the court and country of France; and see thy departure be within ten days, else thou shalt lose thy head." Meanwhile, Rosader gets to feel quite at home in his forest life, his hands being busy with woodland pursuits, and his thoughts with the image of Rosalynd, in whose praise he carves sonnets in the bark of trees, till one day he chances to meet her disguised as Ganimede. After drawing out his thoughts about herself, she engages him to visit and talk with her as if she were Rosalynd indeed. One day, as he was in chase of a deer, he came where he saw a man lying asleep, and a lion couched near by, waiting for him to awake. Coming nearer, he perceived the man to be his brother Saladyne. He debated with himself awhile what he should do, but at last resolved to do right: he killed the beast, but got a bad wound himself. At the noise Saladyne awoke, and, not knowing who his deliverer was, went along with him, and, being asked, told the story of his life, how he had

wronged his brother, moistening his discourse with tears, till Rosader, unable to smother the sparks of nature, made himself known. "Much ado there was between them, Saladyne in craving pardon, and Rosader in forgiving all former injuries." In this temper Saladyne was conducted to the king, and of course taken into the woodland society.

This business detained Rosader from his appointment with Rosalynd, which caused her a deal of distress; and when at last he came, he had not much more than told the story of the late events, before it appeared that his coming was in good time. For a gang of ruffians, who had fled from justice and were living secretly in the forest, thought to kidnap Alienа and her page for a present to the usurper, to buy out the law, knowing that he was a lecher and delighted in the spoil of virgin beauty. Their onset found Rosader on the spot. But he was unable to stand against so many, and, being badly hurt, was expecting to see his friends borne away, when Saladyne came up, "having a forest bill on his neck," which he handled with such good aim as wrought a speedy rescue. Alinda and Saladyne being thus brought together, their acquaintance soon ripened into a mutual vow. While this was in the forge, Coridon took his mistress and her page where they might overhear what passed between Montanus and Phœbe. Rosalynd was much provoked at Phœbe's behaviour, and, their dialogue ended, went to chiding her, at the same time counselling her not to let slip so fair a chance. Phœbe, who all the while thought scorn to love, now gets as much enthralled to Ganimede as Montanus is to herself, when Rosalynd, seeing the effect of her speech, breaks off the interview, and leaves her sighing and weeping with this new passion. Then Phœbe presently reduces her love to writing, and asks Montanus to be her post to Ganimede, which he readily undertakes to do, though knowing how it makes against himself. For some time things go on thus, Montanus wooing Phœbe, and Phœbe Ganimede, till Phœbe is drawn into a promise, that if she leave to love Ganimede, she will fancy Montanus; Ganimede at the same time engaging that if he ever wed any woman it shall be Phœbe.

Meanwhile, the day being set and the preparations begun for the nuptials of Saladyne and Alinda, this puts Rosader in great tribulation, that he cannot be married to Rosalynd at the same time. He tells his grief to Ganimede, who replies, — "Be of good cheer, man: I have a friend that is deeply experienced in necromancy and magic: what art can do shall be acted for thine advantage: I will cause him to bring Rosalynd, if either France or any bordering nation harbour her;" at which Rosader frowned, thinking the page was jesting with him. When all are assembled for the wedding, Gerismoud, observing the page, calls to mind the face of his Rosalynd, and sighs deeply. Rosader asking him the cause, he tells how the page reminds him of his daughter. Rosader

then professing his love for her, the king declares that if she were present he would this day make up a marriage between them Thereupon Ganimede withdraws to put on her woman's attire and, presently returning as Rosalynd, falls at her father's feet, and craves his blessing. Of course it is soon settled that she and Rosader shall be married that day. Phœbe being now asked if she be willing to give up the page, she replies that if they please she and Montanus will that day make the third couple in marriage. Hitherto Alinda has kept her disguise, and Saladyne sought her hand, thinking her to be what she seemed: now, seeing him look rather sorrowful, and supposing it to grow from the apparent disadvantage of his match, she makes herself known. By this time word is brought that the priest is at Church, and tarries their coming. The wedding well over, while they are at dinner Fernandine arrives, and informs them that the twelve peers of France are at hand with an army to restore Gerismond to the throne. The victory declaring for them, and the usurper being slain, all wrongs are soon righted, and the exiles return together to Paris.

From this sketch, which has been made with care, it will be seen that the Poet has here borrowed much excellent matter: perhaps it will also be seen that he has used with exquisite judgment whatsoever he took. Excepting, indeed, The Winter's Tale, there is none of his plays wherein he has drawn so freely from others; nor, we may add, is there any wherein he has enriched his drawings more liberally from the glory of his own genius. To appreciate his judgment as shown in what he left, one must read the whole of Lodge's novel. In our sketch will be found no traces of Jaques, or Touchstone, or Audrey: in truth, there is nothing in the novel, that could yield the slightest hint towards either of those characters. It need scarce be said that these superaddings are of themselves enough to transform the whole into another nature, pouring through all its veins a free and lively circulation of the most original wit, and humour, and poetry. And by a judicious indefiniteness as to persons and places, the Poet has greatly idealized the work, throwing it at a romantic distance, and weaving about it all the witchery of poetical perspective; and the whole falls in so smoothly with the laws of the imagination, that the breaches of geographical order are never noticed, save by such as cannot understand poetry without a map.

No one at all qualified to judge in the matter will suppose that Shakespeare could have been really indebted to Lodge, or whomsoever else, for any of the *characters* in As You Like It. He did but borrow certain names and forms for the bodying forth of conceptions purely his own. The resemblance is all in the drapery and circumstances of the representation, not in the individuals. For instance, we can easily imagine Rosalind in an hundred scenes not here represented, for she is a substantive personal being, such as we may detach and consider apart from the particular order

wherein she stands; but we can discover in her no likeness to Lodge's Rosalynd, save that of name and situation: take away the similarity here, and there is nothing to indicate that he who drew the heroine of the play had ever seen the heroine of the novel. And it is considerable, that though he has here borrowed more than almost any where else, there is no sign of any borrowing in the work itself: we can detect no foreign influences, no second-hand touches, nothing to suggest that any part of the thing had ever been thought of before; what he took being so thoroughly assimilated into what he gave, that the whole seems to have come fresh from nature and his own mind: so that, had the originals been lost, we should never have suspected there were any.

This play is exceedingly rich and varied in character. The several persons standing out round and clear, yet their distinctive traits in a remarkable degree sink quietly into the feelings, without reporting themselves in the understanding; for which cause the clumsy methods of criticism can scarce reduce them to expression. Properly speaking, the drama has no hero; for, though Orlando occupies the foreground, the characters are strictly coördinate, the very design of the work precluding any subordination among them. Diverted by fortune from all their cherished plans and purposes, they pass before us in just that moral and intellectual dishabille, which best reveals their indwelling graces of heart and mind. Schlegel, indeed, remarks that "throughout the picture the Poet seems to have aimed at showing that nothing is wanting to call forth the poetry which has its dwelling in nature and the human mind, but to throw off all artificial restraint, and restore both to their native liberty." But it should be further observed, that the persons have already been "purified by suffering," and that it was under the discipline of social restraint that they developed the virtues that make them go right without it. Because they have not hitherto been free to do as they would, therefore it is that they are good and beautiful in doing as they have a mind to now.

Orlando is altogether such a piece of young manhood as it does one good to be with. He has no special occasion for heroism, yet we feel that there is plenty of heroic stuff in him. Brave, gentle, modest, and magnanimous; never thinking of his high birth but to avoid dishonouring it; in his noble-heartedness forgetting and making others forget his nobility of rank;—he is every way just such a man as all true men would choose for their best friend. The whole intercourse between him and his faithful old servant Adam, is on both sides replete with the very divinity of the old chivalrous sentiment, in whose eye the nobilities of nature were always sure of recognition.

The exiled Duke exemplifies the best sense of nature, as thoroughly informed and built up with Christian discipline and religious efficacy, so that the asperities of life do but make his thoughts run the smoother. How sweet, yet how considerative and firm, is every

thing about his temper and moral frame! he sees all that is seen by the most keen-eyed satirist, yet is never moved to be satirical because he looks with wiser and therefore kindlier eye. Hence comes it that he "can translate the stubbornness of fortune into so quiet and so sweet a style." In his philosophy, so bland benignant, and contemplative, the mind tastes the very luxury of rest, and has an antepast of measureless content.

Touchstone, though he nowhere strikes so deep a chord within us as the poor fool in Lear, is the most entertaining of Shakespeare's privileged characters. Richly indeed does his grave logical nonsense moralize the scenes wherein he moves. It is curious to observe how the Poet takes care to let us know from the first, that beneath the affectations of his calling some precious sentiments have been kept alive; that far within the fool there is laid up a secret reserve of the man, ready to leap forth and combine with better influences as soon as the incrustations of art are thawed and broken up. Used to a life cut off from human sympathies; stripped of the common responsibilities of the social state; living for no end but to make aristocratic idlers laugh; one, therefore, whom nobody respects enough to resent or be angry at any thing he says; — of course his habit is to speak all for effect, nothing for truth: instead of yielding or being passive to the natural force and virtue of things, his vocation is to wrest and transshape them out of their true scope. Thus a strange wilfulness and whimsicality has wrought itself into the substance of his mind. Yet his nature is not so "subdued to what it works in," but that, amidst the scenes and inspirations of the forest, the fool quickly slides into the man; the supervenings of the place so running into and athwart what he brings with him, that his character comes to be as dappled and motley as his dress. Even in the new passion which here takes him there is a touch of his old wilfulness: when he falls in love, as he really does, nothing seems to inspire and draw him more than the unloveliness of the object; thus approving that even so much of nature as survives in him is not content to run in natural channels.

Jaques, we believe, is an universal favourite, as indeed he well may be, for he is certainly one of the Poet's happiest conceptions. Without being at all unnatural, he has an amazing stock of peculiarity. Enraptured out of his senses at the voice of a song; thrown into a paroxysm of laughter at sight of the motley-clad and motley-witted fool; taking no interest in things but for the melancholy thoughts they start up in his mind; and shedding the twilight of his merry-sad spirit over all the darker spots of human life and character; — he represents the abstract and sum total of an utterly useless yet perfectly harmless man, seeking wisdom by abjuring its first principle. An odd rich mixture of reality and affectation, he does nothing but think, yet avowedly things to no purpose; or rather thinking is with him its own end. On the

whole, if in Touchstone there be much of the philosopher in the fool, in Jaques there is not less of the fool in the philosopher; so that Ulrici is not so wide of the mark in calling them "two fools." He is equally wilful, too, in his turn of thought and speech, though not so conscious of it; and as he plays his part more to please himself, so he is proportionably less open to the healing and renovating influences of nature. The society of good men, provided they be in adversity, has great charms for him, because such moral discrepancies offer the most salient points to his cherished meditations. Still even his melancholy is grateful, because free from any dash of malignity. His morbid pruriency of mind seems to spring from an excess of generative virtue. And how racy and original is every thing that comes from him! as if it bubbled up from the centre of his being; while his perennial fulness of matter makes his company always delightful.

It is not quite certain whether Jaques or Rosalind be the greater attraction: there is enough in either to make the play a continual feast; though her charms are less liable to be staled by custom, because they result from health of mind and symmetry of character; so that in her presence the head and heart draw entirely together, and therefore move so smoothly as to render us happy without letting us know why. For wit this strange, queer, lovely being is fully equal, perhaps superior, to Beatrice, yet nowise resembling her. A soft, subtle, nimble essence, consisting in one knows not what, and springing up one can hardly tell how, her wit neither stings nor burns, but plays briskly and airily over all things within its reach, enriching and adorning them, insomuch that one could ask no greater pleasure than to be the continual theme of it. In its irrepressible vivacity it waits not for occasion, but runs on forever, and we wish it to run on forever: we have a sort of faith that her dreams are made up of cunning, quirkish, graceful fancies. And her heart seems a perennial fountain of affectionate cheerfulness: no trial can break, no sorrow chill her flow of spirits; even her deepest sighs are breathed forth in a wrappage of innocent mirth; an arch, roguish smile irradiates her saddest tears. Yet beneath all her playfulness we feel that there is a firm basis of thought and womanly dignity, so that she never laughs away our respect. It is quite remarkable how, in respect of her disguise, Rosalind reverses the conduct of Viola, yet with much the same effect. For though she seems as much at home in her male attire as if she had always worn it, this never strikes us otherwise than as an exercise of skill for the better concealing of what she is. And on the same principle her occasional freedoms of speech serve but to deepen our sense of her innate delicacy; they being manifestly intended as a part of her disguise, and springing from the feeling that it is far less indelicate to go a little out of her character, than to keep strictly within it at the risk of causing a suspicion of her sex. — Celia appears well worthy of a place beside her whose love she shares and repays. Instinct with

the soul of moral beauty and of female tenderness, the friendship of these more than sisters "mounts to the seat of grace within the mind."

The general scope and drift, or, as Ulrici would say, the ground idea, of this play is aptly hinted by the title. As for the beginnings of what is here represented, they do not greatly concern us for most of them lie back out of our view, and the rest are soon lost sight of in what grows out of them; but the issues, of which there are many, are all exactly to our mind; we feel them to be just about right, and would not have them otherwise. For example, touching Oliver and Frederick, our wish is, that they should repent, and repair the wrong they have done; in a word, that they should become good, which is precisely what takes place; and as soon as they do this, they of course love those that were good before. Jaques, too, is so fitted to moralize the discrepancies of human life, so happy and at home, and withal so agreeable while doing it, that we would not he should follow the good Duke when in his case those discrepancies are composed: we feel that the best thing he can do is to leave him, and take to one who, growing better, and so resigning his ill-gotten wealth, resolves to do right, though it bring him to penury and rags. The same might easily be shown in regard to the other issues: indeed, we dare ask any genial, considerate reader, — Does not every thing turn out just *as you like it?* Moreover, there is an indefinable something about the play, that puts us in a passive and receptive temper and frame of mind; that opens the heart, smiles away all querulousness and fault-finding, and makes us easy and apt to be pleased. Thus the Poet disposes us to like things as they come, and at the same time takes care that they shall come as we like.

Much has been said by one critic and another about the improbabilities in this play. We confess they have never troubled us; and as we have had no trouble here to get out of, we do not well know how to help others out. Wherefore, if any one be still annoyed by these things, we will turn him over to the poet Campbell, wishing him nothing worse or better than that he may find that author's charming criticism just *as he likes it.* "Before I say more of this dramatic treasure, I must absolve myself by a confession as to some of its improbabilities. Rosalind asks her cousin Celia, — 'Whither shall we go?' and Celia answers, — 'To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.' But, arrived there, and having purchased a cottage and sheep-farm, neither the daughter nor niece of the banished Duke seem to trouble themselves much to inquire about either father or uncle. The lively and natural-hearted Rosalind discovers no impatience to embrace her sire, until she has finished her masked courtship with Orlando. But Rosalind was in love, as I have been with the comedy these forty years; and love is blind, — for until a late period my eyes were never couched so as to see this objection. The truth, however, is, that ove is *wilfully* blind; and now that my eyes are opened, I shut

them against the fault. Away with your best-proved improbabilities, when the heart has been touched, and the fancy fascinated!

"In fact, though there is no rule without exceptions, and no general truth without limitation, it may be pronounced, that if you delight us in fiction, you may make our sense of probability slumber as deeply as you please. But it may be asked, whether nature and truth are to be sacrificed at the altar of fiction? No! in the main effect of fiction on the fancy, they never are or can be sacrificed. The improbabilities of fiction are only its exceptions, while the truth of nature is its general law; and unless the truth of nature were in the main observed, the fictionist could not lull our vigilance as to particular improbabilities. Apply this maxim to As You Like It, and our Poet will be found to make us forget what is eccentric from nature in a limited view, by showing it more beautifully probable in a larger contemplation."

Finally, we have to confess that, upon the whole, As You Like It is our favourite of Shakespeare's comedies. Yet we should be puzzled to tell why; for our preference springs, not so much from any particular points or features, wherein it is surpassed by several others, as from the general toning and effect. The whole is replete with a beauty so delicate, yet so intense, that we feel it everywhere, but can never tell especially where it is or in what it consists. For instance, the descriptions of forest scenery come along so unsought, and in such easy, natural touches, that we take in the impression, without once noticing what it is that impresses us. Thus there is a certain woodland freshness, a glad, free naturalness, that creeps and steals into the heart before we know it. We are persuaded, indeed, that Milton had this play especially in his mind when he wrote,—

> "And sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child,
> Warbles his native wood-notes wild."

Add to this, that the kindlier sentiments here seem playing out in a sort of jubilee. Untied from set purposes and definite aims, the persons come forth with their hearts already tuned, and so have nothing to do but let off their redundant music. Envy, jealousy, avarice, revenge, all the passions that afflict and degrade society, they have left in the city behind them. And they have brought the intelligence and refinement of the court, without its vanities and vexations; so that the graces of art and the simplicities of nature meet together in joyous loving sisterhood. Thus it answers to Ulrici's fine description: "The whole is a deep pervading harmony, while sweet and soul-touching melodies play around; all is so ethereal, so tender and affecting, so free, fresh, and joyous, and so replete with a genial sprightliness, that I have no hesitation in pronouncing it one of the most excellent compositions in the whole wide domain of poesy.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE, living in exile.
FREDERICK, his usurping Brother.
AMIENS, JAQUES, } Lords attending upon the exiled Duke
LE BEAU, a Courtier attending upon Frederick
CHARLES, his Wrestler.
OLIVER, JAQUES, ORLANDO, } Sons of Sir Rowland de Bois.
ADAM, DENNIS, } Servants to Oliver.
TOUCHSTONE, a Clown.
SIR OLIVER MAR-TEXT, a Vicar.
CORIN, SILVIUS, } Shepherds.
WILLIAM, a country Fellow, in love with Audrey.
HYMEN.

ROSALIND, Daughter to the exiled Duke.
CELIA, Daughter to Frederick.
PHEBE, a Shepherdess.
AUDREY, a country Weuch.

Lords, Pages, Foresters, and other Attendants.

SCENE, at first, near Oliver's House; afterwards, in the Usurper's Court, and in the Forest of Arden.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I.

SCENE I. An Orchard near Oliver's House.

Enter Orlando *and* Adam.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will, but poor a thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his[1] blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hir'd: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dung-hills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so

[1] That is, my father's. This use of the pronoun, without the word to which it refers, naturally carries the thoughts back to the preceding part of the conversation, which the Poet did not report, as if he but just then came where he could overhear it. Sir William Blackstone proposed to read,—"*He* bequeathed me;" Warburton.—"*My father* bequeathed me." No such change is necessary; on the whole, it is rather worse than useless. H

plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines[2] my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?[3]

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you, then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.[4]

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with

[2] *Mines* is here used in the sense of *undermines*. So, in Raleigh's History of the World: "The enemy *mined*, and they countermined." *Gentility* means noble birth: what an honourable parentage has done for me, he strives to undo with base breeding. H.

[3] That is, what *do* you here? See The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act ii. sc. 1, note 15, and Act iv. sc. 2, note 5.

[4] "*Be naught*," says Mr. Nares, "or go and be naught, was formerly a petty execration of common usage between anger and contempt, which has been supplanted by others that are worse, as *be hanged, be cursed*, &c.; *awhile*, or *the while*, was frequently added merely to round the phrase." So in The Story of King Darius, 1565: "Come away, and *be naught a whyle*." And in Swetnam, a comedy, 1620: "Get you both in, and *be naught awhile*." See, also, Measure for Measure, Act v. sc. 1, note 28

them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O! sir, very well: here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than he I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me: The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.[5]

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.[6]

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain: I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois; he was my father; and he is thrice a villain, that says such a father begot villains: Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pull'd out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast rail'd on thyself.

Adam. [*Advancing.*] Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me My father charg'd you in his will to give me good

[5] That is, nearer to him in the right of that reverence which was his due. H.

[6] Upon this passage Coleridge remarks: "There is a beauty here. The word *boy* naturally provokes and awakens in Orlando the sense of his manly powers; and with the retort of *elder* brother, he grasps him with firm hands, and makes him feel he is no boy." H

education: you have train'd me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it; therefore, allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament: with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. — God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt* ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Hola, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit* DENNIS.] — 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good monsieur Charles! — what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news; that is, the old Duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore, he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell, if Rosalind, the Duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Cha. O! no; for the duke's daughter,[7] her cousin, so loves her, — being ever from their cradles bred together, — that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Cha. They say he is already in the forest of Arden,[8] and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England.[9]

[7] That is, the *usurping* duke's daughter.

[8] *Ardenne* is a forest of considerable extent in French Flanders, lying near the river Meuse, and between Charlemont and Rocroy. Spenser, in his Colin Clout, mentions it.

> "So wide a forest, and so waste as this,
> Not famous *Ardeyn*, nor foul Arlo was."

In Lodge's Rosalynde the exiled king of France is said to be living as "an outlaw in the forest of Arden."

[9] This prince of outlaws and "most gentle theefe" lived in the time of Richard I., and had his chief residence in Sherwood forest, Notinghamshire. Wordsworth aptly styles him "the English ballad-singer's joy;" and in Percy's Reliques is an old ballad entitled Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne, showing how his praises were wont to be sung. Of his mode of life the best account that we have seen is in the twenty-sixth song of Drayton's Poly-Olbion, where the nymph of Sherwood forest,

> "All self-praise set apart, determineth to sing
> That lusty Robin Hood, who long time like a king

They say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.[10]

Within her compass liv'd, and when he list to range
For some rich booty set, or else his air to change,
To Sherwood still retir'd, his only standing court.
The merry pranks he play'd would ask an age to tell,
And the adventures strange that Robin Hood befell.
In this our spacious isle I think there is not one,
But he hath heard some talk of him and Little John;
And to the end of time the tales shall ne'er be done,
Of Scarlock, George-a-Green, and Much the miller's son,
Of Tuck the merry friar, which many a sermon made
In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws and their trade.
An hundred valiant men had this brave Robin Hood
Still ready at his call, that bow-men were right good,
All clad in Lincoln green, with caps of red and blue;
His fellow's winded horn not one of them but knew,
When, setting to their lips their little bugles shrill,
The warbling Echoes wak'd from every dale and hill.
And of these archers brave there was not any one,
But he could kill a deer his swiftest speed upon,
Which they did boil and roast, in many a mighty wood,
Sharp hunger the fine sauce to their more kingly food.
Then taking them to rest, his merry men and he
Slept many a summer's night under the greenwood tree.
From wealthy abbots' chests, and churls' abundant store,
What oftentimes he took, he shar'd amongst the poor:
The widow in distress he graciously reliev'd,
And remedied the wrongs of many a virgin griev'd:
He from the husband's bed no married woman wan,
But to his mistress dear, his loved Marian,
Was ever constant known, which, wheresoe'er she came,
Was sovereign of the woods, chief lady of the game."

Robin Hood's mode of life is well set forth in Ben Jonson's Sad Shepherd. H.

[10] Of this fabled golden age,—an ancient and very general tradition wherein the state of man in Paradise appears to have been shadowed,—some notion is given in Gonzalo's Commonwealth, The Tempest, Act ii. sc. 1, and note 12. The matter is further illustrated by a passage in Fanshawe's version of Guarini's Pastor Fido:

"Fair golden age! when milk was th' only food,
And cradle of the infant world the wood
Rock'd by the winds; and th' untouch'd flocks did bear
Their dear young for themselves! None yet did fear

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a fall: To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loth to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, —it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against

The sword or poison: no black thoughts begun
T' eclipse the light of the eternal sun:
Nor wand'ring pines unto a foreign shore
Or war, or riches, (a worse mischief,) bore.
That pompous sound, idol of vanity,
Made up of title, pride, and flattery,
Which they call honour, whom ambition blinds,
Was not as yet the tyrant of our minds.
But to buy real goods with honest toil
Amongst the woods and flocks, to use no guile,
Was honour to those sober souls that knew
No happiness but what from virtue grew."

me his natural brother; therefore, use thy discretion: I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger: and thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other: for I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: And so, God keep your worship! [*Exit.*

Oli. Farewell, good Charles. — Now will I stir this gamester.[11] I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he: Yet he's gentle; never school'd, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: But it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle[12] the boy thither, which now I'll go about.[13] [*Exit.*

[11] That is, frolicsome fellow.

[12] Spur him on. Thus, in Macbeth: "That, trusted home, might yet *enkindle* you unto the crown."

[13] Upon this passage Coleridge has a very characteristic remark: "It is too venturous to charge a passage in Shakespeare with want of truth to nature; and yet at first sight this speech of Oliver's expresses truths, which it seems almost impossible that

SCENE II. A Lawn before the DUKE's Palace.

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein, I see, thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee: If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so would'st thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection: by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports: Let me see: what think you of falling in love?

any mind should so distinctly have presented to itself, in connection with feelings and intentions so malignant. But I dare not say that this seeming unnaturalness is not in the nature of an abused wilfulness, when united with a strong intellect. In such characters there is sometimes a gloomy self-gratification in making the absoluteness of the will evident to themselves by setting the reason and the conscience in full array against it." H

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport, then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced; and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favouredly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. No: When nature hath made a fair creature may she not by fortune fall into the fire? — Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.[1] — How now, wit? whither wander you?

[1] In modern editions generally this has been unaccountably changed to "*his* wits;" as if the fool's dulness were a sharpener of his own wits, not of other people's. We give the passage as in the original.

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry: now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were. but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes, or that mustard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is't that thou mean'st?

Touch. One that old[2] Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him enough: Speak no more of him: you'll be whipp'd for taxation,[3] one of these days.

[2] *Old* is here used merely as a term of familiarity; not meaning *aged*. H

[3] It was the custom to whip fools, when they used their tongues too freely. *Taxation* is censure, satire. Thus, in Act ii. sc. 7, of this play, Jaques says,—"Why, who cries out on pride, that can therein *tax* any private party?" H

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely, what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou say'st true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Enter LE BEAU.

Ros. With his mouth full of news

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable. *Bon jour*, Monsieur Le Beau: what's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport? of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam? how shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.[4]

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Ros. Thou losest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end, for

[4] This is a proverbial phrase, meaning to do any thing without delicacy. If a man flatter grossly, it is a common expression to say, he *lays it on with a trowel.*

the best is yet to do: and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well, — the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man, and his three sons, —

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. — three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence: —

Ros. With bills on their necks,[5] — "Be it known unto all men by these presents."

Le Beau. — The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he serv'd the second, and so the third: Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day! It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

[5] So in the old copies; but most editors are agreed that these words probably belong to Le Beau's speech, though the matter is not deemed so clear as to warrant a change. *Bills* were instruments or weapons used by watchmen and foresters. See Much Ado about Nothing, Act iii. sc. 3, note 3. Watchmen were said to carry their bills or halberds on their *necks*, not on their shoulders. Of course there is a quibble on the word *bills*, the latter part of the speech referring to public notices, which were generally headed with the words, — "Be it known unto all men by these presents." H

Cel. Or I, I promise thee

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides?[6] is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? — Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. *Enter* FREDERICK, *Lords*, ORLANDO, CHARLES, *and Attendants.*

Fred. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas! he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

Fred. How now, daughter and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege; so please you give us leave.

Fred. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men. In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated: speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Fred. Do so: I'll not be by. [*He goes apart.*

Johnson says, — "Rosalind hints at a whimsical similitude between the series of ribs, gradually shortening, and some musical instruments; and therefore calls *broken ribs* 'broken music.'" No better explanation has been offered. H.

[7] So in the original, meaning, of course, the man is so unequal! *Man* is usually but needlessly altered to *men*. H

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you.[8]

Orl. I attend them, with all respect and duty

Ros. Young man, have you challeng'd Charles the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment,[9] the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: We will make it our suit to the duke, that the wrestling might not go for ward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein[10] I confess me much guilty,

[8] This is the only authorized text. The usual reading is, "*the princesses call* for you;" the text being thus changed, to make it agree with *them* in the next line. But the truth is, only *one* of the ladies calls for Orlando; and he says *them*, because he *sees* two, not because the request comes from them both. H.

[9] Coleridge says, — "Surely it should be '*our* eyes' and '*our* judgment;'" whereas the speaker's design apparently is, to compliment Orlando; the reverse of which would be the case in the reading proposed. The meaning, therefore, seems to be, that his own eyes and judgment, if he would use them about himself, would give him better counsel than he is following. H.

[10] This *wherein* is not a little in the way. Some have understood it as referring to *thoughts;* which is clearly wrong. The only meaning it can well bear is that of *since*, or *in that*. We are apt to think that the printer's eye caught the *wherein* just below, and thus inserted it here out of place. To our mind the sense would run much clearer, should we leave out the first *wherein*, put a period after *thoughts*, and a semicolon after *any thing*. Nevertheless, we adhere to the original. H

to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein, if I be foil'd, there is but one sham'd that was never gracious;[11] if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray Heaven, I be deceiv'd in you!

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you.

Cha. Come; where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Fred. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after: you should not have mock'd me before; but come your ways.

Ros. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [CHA. *and* ORL. *wrestle.*

Ros. O, excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.

[CHARLES *is thrown.* *Shout.*

Fred. No more, no more.

[11] That is, was never *in grace*, or in favour. Shakespeare elsewhere has similar uses of the word. H.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace: I am not yet well breath'd.

Fred. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Fred. Bear him away. [CHARLES *is borne out.*] What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois.

Fred. I would, thou hadst been son to some man else.
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:
I would, thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt* FRED., *Train, and* LE BEAU.

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son, and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father lov'd Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. — Sir, you have well deserv'd:
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. [*Giving a chain from her neck.*] Gentleman,

Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means. —
Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay: — Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
Is but a quintaine,[12] a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back: My pride fell with my fortunes;
I'll ask him what he would. — Did you call, sir? —
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you. — Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* ROSALIND *and* CELIA

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

O, poor Orlando! thou art overthrown:
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place: Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love;

[12] A *quintaine* was a figure set up for tilters to run at, in mock resemblance of a tournament. The first and simplest form was a tree or post with a shield or some object affixed to it: afterwards a cross bar was fixed to the top of the post turning upon a pivot, having a broad board at the one end, and a bag full of sand suspended at the other. Sometimes it was made in resemblance of a human figure holding in the one hand a shield and in the other a bag of sand. In the sport, if the figure were struck on the shield the quintaine turned on its pivot and hit the assailant with the sand bag. The skill consisted in striking the quintaine dexterously so as to avoid the blow.

Yet such is now the duke's condition,[13]
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous; what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir; and pray you, tell me this:
Which of the two was daughter of the duke,
That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the smaller[14] is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you, that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. — Sir, fare you well.
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well! [*Exit* LE BEAU.
Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother. —
But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit*

[13] Spirit, temper. See The Merchant of Venice, Act i. sc. 2, note 9. H.

[14] The old copy reads *taller*, which is evidently wrong, for Rosalind says in the next scene that she is "more than common tall." The present reading is Malone's.

SCENE III. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CELIA *and* ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, cousin; why, Rosalind: — Cupid have mercy! — Not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs, throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lam'd with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it for my child's father.[1] O, how full of briers is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat: these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come; wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O! they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in

[1] So in the original. Rowe suggested that it should be "my father's child," and that reading has been adopted in several editions. Coleridge says, — "Who can doubt that it is a mistake for 'my father's child,' meaning herself? A most indelicate anticipation is put into the mouth of Rosalind without reason; — and besides, what a strange thought, and how out of place, and unintelligible!" With these remarks we fully agree, yet do not feel at liberty to admit the change. H

time, in despite of a fall. — But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The Duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly;[2] yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, 'faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?[3]

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him because I do. — Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter FREDERICK, *with Lords.*

Fred. Mistress, despatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Fred. You, cousin:
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me.
If with myself I hold intelligence,

[2] Shakespeare's use of *dear* in a double sense has been already illustrated. See Twelfth Night, Act v. sc. 1, note 3.

[3] Celia, be it observed, has already shown that she has no sympathy with her father's crime, and she here speaks ironically, implying the severest censure upon him; her meaning apparently being, — "It was because your father deserved well that my father hated him; and ought I not, on your principle of reasoning, to hate Orlando for the same cause!" H.

Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,
(As I do trust I am not,) then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your highness.

Fred. Thus do all traitors:
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:—
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Fred. Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough.

Ros. So was I when your highness took his dukedom;
So was I, when your highness banish'd him:
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Fred. Ay, Celia: we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse:[4]
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why, so am I; we have still slept together.
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

[4] *Remorse* was continually used by the old writers for *pity*, the relentings of compassion.

Fred. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,
When she is gone: Then open not thy lips;
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence, then, on me, my liege:
I cannot live out of her company.

Fred. You are a fool. — You, niece, provide yourself:
If you out-stay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.
[*Exeunt* FREDERICK *and Lords.*

Cel. O, my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin.
Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'st thou not the duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks, then, the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No; let my father seek another heir.
Therefore, devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
And do not seek to take the charge upon you,

To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber[6] smirch my face;
The like do you: so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe[7] upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and, in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,
We'll have a swashing[8] and a martial outside;
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do out-face it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee, when thou art a man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page;
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state:
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Umber was a dusky, yellow-coloured earth, brought from Umbria in Italy.

[7] This was one of the old words for a *cutlass*, or short, crooked sword. It was variously spelled, *courtlas, courtlax, curtlax.*

[8] *Swashing* is dashing, swaggering. Thus, in Fuller's Worthies of England: "A ruffian is the same with a swaggerer, so called, because endeavouring to make that side swag or weigh down, whereon he engageth. The same also with *swash buckler* from swashing or making a noise on bucklers." H.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me
Leave me alone to woo him: Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight: Now go we in content,
To liberty, and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. The Forest of Arden.

Enter DUKE, AMIENS, *and other Lords, in the dress of Foresters.*

Duke. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam.[1]

[1] So in the original. Theobald proposed to change *not* into *but*, and the change has been generally received. Boswell and Caldecott argue,—"Surely the old reading is right. 'Here we *feel not*, do *not suffer from*, the penalty of Adam, the seasons' difference; for when the winter's wind blows upon my body, I *smile* and say,'" &c. To which it may be replied, if he did *not feel* the things in question, why should he say,—"These are counsellors that *feelingly persuade* me what I am?" So that with *not* we cannot make the sentence harmonize, as it is usually pointed: if *seasons' difference* be read as in apposition with *penalty of Adam*, we see no way but to change *not* into *but*. On the other

The seasons' difference, as the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind, —
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,
This is no flattery, — these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;[2]
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Ami. I would not change it: Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?

nand, *but* makes the passage equally incongruous, not indeed with itself but with the matter referred to. The Poet had no authority for regarding the *seasons' difference* as the *penalty of Adam: that* was ordained in the constitution of nature, not superinduced after the fall. The *penalty* which the Duke and his co-mates were exempt from, is — "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." And this exactly agrees with what is said of them in the first scene of the play, that they "fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world." On the whole, therefore, we have little hesitation in following the pointing proposed by Mr. Whiter and adopted by Knight. H.

[2] The "precious jewel" in the toad's head was not his bright eye, as is sometimes supposed, but one of the "secret wonders of nature," which exist no longer "in the faith of reason." According to Edward Fenton, it was found in the heads of old, and large, and especially he toads, and was of great value for its moral and medicinal virtues. Of course so precious a thing, being rather hard to find, was often counterfeited, and there was an infallible test for distinguishing the counterfeit from the true: "You shall know whether the toad-stone be the right and perfect stone or not. Hold the stone before a toad, so that he may see it; and if it be a right and true stone the toad will leap towards it, and make as though he would snatch it. He envieth so much that man should have that stone." H

And yet it irks [3] me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads [4]
Have their round haunches gor'd.

1 *Lord.* Indeed, my lord
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day, my lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish: and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose [5]
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

[3] That is, it gives me pain. The verb *irk* has gone out of use but its sense survives in the adjective *irksome*. H.

[4] Barbed arrows. H.

[5] It was an ancient notion that a deer, being closely pursued, "fleeth to a ryver or ponde, and roreth, cryeth, and *wepeth*, when he is take." Drayton in the thirteenth song of his Poly-Olbion has a fine description of a deer-hunt, which he winds up with an allusion to the same matter:

> "He who the mourner is to his own dying corse,
> Upon the ruthless earth his precious tears lets fall."

And in a note upon the passage he adds. — "The hart weepeth at his dying: his tears are held precious in medicine" H

1 *Lord.* O! yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless [6] stream;
"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which hath too much." [7] Then, being there alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friend;
"'Tis right," quoth he; "this misery doth part
The flux of company." Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him: "Ay," quoth Jaques,
"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: Wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life; swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 *Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke. Show me the place:
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

2 *Lord.* I'll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt*

[6] That is, the stream that *needed not* such a supply.
[7] So in 3 Henry VI., Act v. sc. 4:

"With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength *to that which hath too much*."

SCENE II. A Room in the Palace.

Enter FREDERICK, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Fred. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 *Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

2 *Lord.* My lord, the roynish[1] clown, at whom so oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler,
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Fred. Send to his brother: fetch that gallant hither;
If he be absent, bring his brother to me;
I'll make him find him: Do this suddenly;
And let not search and inquisition quail[2]
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Roynish*, according to Richardson, is from the French *rongeur*, to gnaw, eat, corrode. Thus it carries the sense of an eating cutaneous disease, something like the phrase still in use, — a *scurvy* fellow. H.

[2] Slacken, or give over. So in Tancred and Gismunda:

"For as the world wore on and waxed old,
So virtue *quail'd*, and vice began to grow."

SCENE III Before Oliver's House.

Enter Orlando *and* Adam, *meeting.*

Orl. Who's there?

Adam. What! my young master? — O, my gentle master!
O, my sweet master! O, you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bony prizer[1] of the humorous duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O, unhappy youth!
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother — (no, no brother; yet the son —
Yet not the son — I will not call him son —
Of him I was about to call his father,) —
Hath heard your praises; and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off:
I overheard him, and his practices.

[1] *Prizer* apparently means here a taker of *prizes*, or a contender for them: both of which would suit the subject. H.

This is no place; this house is but a butchery:
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orl. What! wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?

Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do;
Yet this I will not do, do how I can:
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood,[2] and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so: I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown:
Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed.
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold:
All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility:
Therefore, my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you:
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O, good old man! how well in thee appears

[2] That is, blood turned out of a course of nature; affections alienated.

The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion;
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of[3] all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways, we'll go along together;
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore it is too late a week:[4]
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV. The Forest of Arden.

Enter ROSALIND *for Ganymede*, CELIA *for Aliena, and* TOUCHSTONE.

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits!

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and

[3] In return for. See The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act ii sc. 7, note 5.

[4] An indefinite period; *somewhat* too late.

hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage! good Aliena.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I can go no further.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you: yet I should bear no cross,[1] if I did bear you; for I think you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I: when I was at home I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone.—Look you; who comes here? a young man, and an old, in solemn talk.

Enter CORIN *and* SILVIUS.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess;
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
(As sure I think did never man love so,)
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O! thou didst then ne'er love so heartily:
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,

[1] A *cross* was a piece of money stamped with a cross; on this Shakespeare often quibbles. See Love's Labour's Lost, Act i sc. 2 note 3.

Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not broke from company,
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd.
O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! [*Exit* SILVIUS.

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of her batler,[2] and the cow's dugs that her pretty chapp'd hands had milk'd: and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom[3] I took two cods, and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears, "Wear these for my sake." We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal[4] in folly.

Ros. Thou speak'st wiser than thou art 'ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit, till I break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove! Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

[2] An instrument with which washers beat clothes.

[3] That is, from his mistress. *Cod* was formerly used for the *shell* of peas, what we now call the *pod*. Pea-pods seem to have been worn sometimes for ornament. Thus Camden, speaking of Richard II., in his Remains: "He also used a *peascod* branch with the *cods* open, and the peas out, as it is upon his robe in his monument at Westminster. H.

[4] *Mortal* is here used in the sense of *extreme*; as we still some times say *mortal* great, *mortal* tall. H

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond' man,
If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla, you clown!

Ros. Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace! I say.—
Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Ros. I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love, or gold,
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And faints for succour.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze.
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks [5] to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality.
Besides, his cote,[6] his flocks, and bounds of feed,
Are now on sale; and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on: but what is, come see,
And in my voice [7] most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

[5] Little *cares*. The sense of *reck* appears in our word *reckless*. H.

[6] That is, *cot* or *cottage*; the word is still used in its compound form, as *sheepcote* in the next line.

[7] As far as I have a voice, have the power to bid you welcome

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing.
Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.
Cel. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.
Cor. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold.
Go with me: if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Another part of the Forest.

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, *and others.*

Song.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn[1] his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see no enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more! I pr'ythee, more.
Ami. It will make you melancholy, monsieur Jaques.
Jaq. I thank it. More! I pr'ythee, more. I can

[1] Pope altered *turn* to *tune*. That the old copy was right appears from a line in Hall's Satires:

"While threadbare Martial *turns* his merry note."

suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More! I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged; I know I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing: Come, more; another stanza: Call you them stanzas?

Ami. What you will, monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing:[2] Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request, than to please my self.

Jaq. Well, then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks, I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song. — Sirs, cover the while; the Duke will drink under this tree. — He hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable[3] for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I give Heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble; come.

[2] This has the appearance of being a legal phrase, and Mr. Caldecott says it refers to the words *nomina facere*, in the Roman law. In the Pandects, *nomina facere* means to enter an account, because not only the sums, but the names of the parties are entered. Cicero uses *nomina facere* for to lend money, and *nomen solvere* for to pay a debt; and in Livy we have *nomen transcribere in alium* for to transfer a debt to another. H.

[3] That is, disputatious. The use of the passive form in an active sense and *vice versa*, was quite common in the Poet's time

Song.

All. Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see no enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:

If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdàme, ducdàme, ducdàme:[4]
Here shall he see gross fools as he.
An if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that *ducdàme?*

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.[5]

Ami. And I'll go seek the Duke: his banquet is prepar'd. [*Exeunt severally.*

[4] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads *duc ad me*, bring him to me, which gives the right meaning; but the transposition was doubtless intentional. H.

[5] A proverbial expression for *high-born* persons.

SCENE VI. The same.

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little: If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I'll give thee leave to die; but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said![1] thou look'st cheerly; and I'll be with thee quickly. — Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. The same.

A table set out.

Enter DUKE, AMIENS, *Lords, and others.*

Duke. I think he be transform'd into a beast;
For I can nowhere find him like a man.

1 *Lord.* My lord, he is but even now gone hence
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,

[1] A phrase of the time, meaning the same as our *well done*

We shall have shortly discord in the spheres. —
Go, seek him; tell him I would speak with him

Enter JAQUES.

1 *Lord.* He saves my labour by his own approach

Duke. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company!
What! you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool! — I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool; — a miserable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, — and yet a motley fool.
"Good morrow, fool," quoth I: "No, sir," quoth he,
"Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune."[1]
And then he drew a dial from his poke,[2]
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock:
Thus may we see," quoth he, "how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial. — O, noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

[1] Alluding to the proverb, *Fortuna favet fatuis.*
[2] *Pocket*, or *pouch.*

Duke. What fool is this?

Jaq. O, worthy fool! — One that hath been a courtier,
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it; and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. — O, that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit;[3]
Provided, that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
The why is plain as way to parish Church:
He, that a fool doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob; if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd,
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter,[4] would I do, but good?

[3] A quibble between *petition* and *dress* is here intended.

[4] About the time when this play was written, the French *counters*, i. e., pieces of false money used as a means of reckoning were brought into use in England

Duke. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all the embossed sores, and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the wearer's very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say, the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says his bravery[6] is not on my cost,
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There, then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself: if he be free,
Why, then my taxing like a wild goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.[7] — But who comes here?

[5] So in the original: a strange reading, hard to retain, but harder to alter. Pope changed it to "*very* very means," which is flat enough: nevertheless, it has been generally adopted. *Weary*, if it be the right word, doubtless means *exhausted*. Mr. Whiter explains it, — "Till the very means, being *wearied out*, do ebb;" which justifies the sense, though not the language, of the passage. H.

[6] *Bravery* is fine showy dress and equipage.

[7] Ben Jonson's Every Man out of His Humour was first acted in 1599, and probably written before As You Like It. The character of Asper, wherein the author clearly personates himself, is in some respects quite similar to that of Jaques; insomuch that a writer in the Pictorial Shakespeare thinks the latter to have been

Enter ORLANDO, *with his sword drawn.*

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.
Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.
Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.
Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?
Duke. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress;
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?
Orl. You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility: yet I am inland bred,
And know some nurture.[8] But forbear, I say
He dies, that touches any of this fruit,
Till I and my affairs are answered.
Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason, I must die.

meant partly as a satire upon the former. Asper's satire is perfectly scorching, his avowed purpose being to "strip the ragged follies of the time naked as at their birth;" and the Induction has some lines bearing so strong a resemblance to this speech of Jaques', as might well suggest that the Poet had them in his mind:

> "If any here chance to behold himself,
> Let him not dare to challenge me of wrong;
> For, if he shame to have his follies known,
> First he should shame to act 'em: my strict hand
> Was made to seize on vice, and with a gripe
> Squeeze out the humour of such spongy souls
> As lick up every idle vanity." H.

[8] *Nurture* is education, culture, good-breeding. Thus, in Prospero's description of Caliban: "A devil, a born devil, on whose nature *nurture* can never stick." And in Baret's Alvearie, 1573: "It is a point of *nourtour* or good manners to salute them that you meete." — *Inland*, the commentators say, is here opposed to *upland*, which meant rude, unbred. We should be apt to think that the use of the word grew from the fact, that up to the Poet's time all the main springs of culture and civility in England were literally *inland*, remote from the sea. H.

Duke. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage here,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to Church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke. True is it that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to Church;
And sat at good men's feasts; and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command [9] what help we have,
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orl. Then, but forbear your food a little while.
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love: till he be first suffic'd,—

[9] That is, at your own command.

Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger, —
I will not touch a bit.

Duke. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be bless'd for your good comfort! [*Exit.*

Duke. Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.[10]

Jaq. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits, and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages.[11] At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
Then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail

[10] Pleonasms of this kind were by no means uncommon in the writers of Shakespeare's age. Thus Baret: "I was afearde *to* what end his talke would come *to*." In Coriolanus, Act ii. sc. 1: "*In* what enormity is Marcius poor *in?*" And in Romeo and Juliet, Act i. Chorus: "That fair *for* which love groan'd *for*." And a little before in this scene: "*Of* what kind should this cock come *of?*"

[11] In the old play of Damon and Pythias we have, — "Pythagoras said, that this world was like a stage, whereon many play their parts." In The Treasury of Ancient and Modern Times, 1613, is a division of the life of man into *seven ages*, said to be taken from Proclus: and it appears from Browne's Vulgar Errors, that Hippocrates also divided man's life into seven degrees or stages, though he differs from Proclus in the number of years allotted to each stage. Dr. Henley mentions an old emblematical print, entitled The Stage of Man's Life divided into Seven Ages, from which he thinks Shakespeare more likely to have taken his hint than from Hippocrates or Proclus; but he does not tell us that this print was of Shakespeare's age. The Poet has again referred to it in The Merchant of Venice:

> "I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano,
> A stage where every man must play his part."

Unwillingly to school: And then, the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow: Then, a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth: And then, the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern [12] instances;
And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,[13]
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Re-enter ORLANDO, *with* ADAM.

Duke. Welcome: Set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need;
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes. —
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

[12] Trite, common.

[13] The *pantaloon* was a character in the old Italian farces; it represented, as Warburton observes, a thin, emaciated old man, in *slippers*.

Song.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,[14]
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh, ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,[15]
Thy sting is not so sharp,
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! &c.

Duke. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,

[14] Johnson thus explains this line, which some of the editors have thought corrupt or misprinted: "Thou winter wind, says Amiens, thy rudeness gives the less pain, as *thou art not seen*, as thou art an enemy that dost not brave us with thy presence, and whose unkindness is therefore not aggravated by insult."

[15] In the Poet's time the verb *warp* was sometimes used for to *weave*, — a sense now retained only in the substantive. In this sense it is used in Florio's Dictionary to explain *ordire*, and in Cotgrave to explain *ourdir;* and Nares has pointed out two instances of like use in Sternhold's version of the Psalms: "While he doth mischief *warp*," and "Such wicked wiles to *warp*;" where we should say *weave*. — In Hickes' Thesaurus is found a Saxon proverb, — "Winter shall *warp water*." And Propertius has a line containing the same figure: "Africus in glaciem frigore *nectit aquas*." The appropriateness of the figure may be seen in the fine network appearance which water assumes in the first stages of crystallization.

As you have whisper'd faithfully you were;
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd, and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke,
That lov'd your father. The residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me. — Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
Support him by the arm. — Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt*

ACT III.

SCENE I. A Room in the Palace.

Enter FREDERICK, OLIVER, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Fred. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.

Oli. O, that your highness knew my heart in this
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Fred. More villain thou. — Well, push him out of doors:

And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent[1] upon his house and lands:
Do this expediently,[2] and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The Forest of Arden

Enter ORLANDO, *with a paper.*

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night,[1] survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive[2] she. [*Exit.*

[1] A law phrase, thus explained by Blackstone, Com. B. iii. ch. 25: "The process hereon is usually called an *extent* or *extendi facias*, because the sheriff is to cause the lands, &c., to be appraised to their full *extended* value, before he delivers them to the plaintiff." H.

[2] That is, *expeditiously*. *Expedient* is used by Shakespeare throughout his plays for *expeditious*. So, in King John: "His marches are *expedient* to this town." And in Richard II.: "Are making hither with all due *expedience*."

[1] This passage seems to evince a most intimate knowledge of ancient mythology; but Shakespeare was doubtless familiar with Chapman's Hymns to Night and to Cynthia, which, though over-informed with learning, have many highly poetical passages, among which is the following:

> "Nature's bright *eye-sight*, and the night's fair soul,
> That with thy *triple forehead* dost control
> Earth, seas, and hell."

[2] That is, *inexpressible*. See Act ii. sc. 5, note 3, of this play Also Twelfth Night, Act ii. sc. 1, note 4. H

Enter CORIN *and* TOUCHSTONE.

Corin. And how like you this shepherd's life, master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends: that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: that good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night, is lack of the sun: that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of[3] good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural[4] philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope, —

Touch. Truly, thou art damn'd, like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

[3] In Ben Jonson's play, The Sad Shepherd, Lionel says of Amie: "She's sick *of* the young shepherd that bekist her;" i. e sick *for* him, or *wanting* him.

[4] A *natural* being a common term for a fool, Touchstone quibbles on the word.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation: Thou art in a parlous[5] state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me, you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands: that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells,[6] you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow: A better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow, again: A more sounder instance; come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfum'd with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! Thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh, indeed! — Learn of the wise, and perpend: Civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee,

[5] *Parlous* is evidently a corruption of *perilous*. H.

[6] Hides or skins; as in Ben Jonson's Discoveries: "A prince is the pastor of the people. He ought to shear, not to flea his sheep; to take their fleeces, not their *fells*" H

shallow man! God make incision in thee![7] thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm: and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you: to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle: to be bawd to a bell-wether; and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldy ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds: I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, *reading a paper.*

Ros. From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.

[7] A passage that has not been made altogether clear. The most common explanation is, that *incision* refers to the proverbial phrase of *cutting for the simples;* which has some support in what Touchstone says afterwards,—"That is *another simple* sin in you." Of course the being *raw* is the reason why *incision* should be made. The best illustration, then, that we can think of, is in one of Dr. South's Sermons, where he remarks upon the passage, —"Having their conscience seared with a hot iron:" "Others more significantly, make it an allusion to the practice of surgeons and physicians, who use *cuttings* and burnings for the healing of corrupt flesh; which, being once thus cauterized or seared, becomes afterwards insensible." So, also, in The Times Whistle, a manuscript, quoted by Dr. Farmer:

"Let ulcer'd limbes and goutye humors quake,
Whilst with my pen I doe *incision* make."

Bearing in mind that *raw* is used in the double sense of *green* and *sore*, perhaps this will render the passage clear enough; at least give it a meaning H.

Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures, fairest lin'd,[8]
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the face of Rosalind.

Touch. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together dinners, and suppers, and sleeping-hours excepted it is the right butter-women's rank[10] to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste: —

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.
Winter-garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind·
Then, to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick, and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses:[11] Why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace! you dull fool: I found them on a tree.

[8] That is, most fairly *delineated.*

[9] *Fair* is beauty.

[10] That is, the *jog-trot rate,* as it is vulgarly called, with which butter women *uniformly* travel *one after another* in their road to market.

[11] So in Nashe's Pierce Pennilesse, 1593: "I would trot a *false gallop* through the rest of his ragged *verses,* but that if I should retort the rime doggrel aright, I must make my verses (as he doth) run *hobbling,* like a brewer's cart upon the stones, and observe no measure in their feet."

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country;[12] for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, *reading a paper.*

Ros. Peace!
Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

Cel. Why should this a desert be?[13]
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil[14] sayings show:
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage;
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age:
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence' end,

[12] Upon this passage Steevens remarks, — "Shakespeare seems to have had little knowledge in gardening: the medlar is one of the latest fruits, being uneatable till the end of November." True, O George! and Shakespeare most manifestly knew it. Do not the words, — "*Then* it will be the earliest fruit," — clearly infer that it is not so *now*? Moreover, though the *latest* of fruits to *ripen*, is it not one of the *earliest* to *rot*? and does not Rosalind mean that when the tree is graffed with Touchstone, its fruit will rot earlier than ever? H.

[13] The *a* in this line was supplied by Pope.

[14] Johnson says, — "*Civil* is here used in the same sense as when we say, *civil* wisdom and *civil* life, in opposition to a solitary state. This desert shall not appear *unpeopled*, for every tree shall 'each the maxims or incidents of social life."

Will I Rosalinda write;
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little [15] show.
Therefore, Heaven nature charg'd
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd:
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,[16]
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devis'd;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest priz'd.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have
And I to live and die her slave.

[15] That is, in miniature. So, in Hamlet: "A hundred ducats a piece for his *picture in little*."

[16] Critics have wondered and discussed a good deal what Atalanta's *better part* might be. As that celebrated lady had a good many parts, all of them very good, it is not easy to settle which was the better. It is not for us to decide so weighty a matter; but we should not be surprised to learn that her better part was that wherein she was better than Helen and Cleopatra. The story of Atalanta represents her as singularly beautiful, chaste, and swift-footed: her beauty imperilled her virgin treasure, which she was anxious to preserve even with the death of her lovers; and she found safety in her fleetness; had no lovers but what she could outrun. From all which Mr. Whiter concludes that in the ancient portraits of that heroine the most perfect expression of virgin purity was united with exquisite proportion and symmetry of person. Lucretia, he says, was the grand example of conjugal fidelity throughout the Gothic ages, which is here referred to under the title of modesty. His summing-up of the matter is best given in his own words: "Such, then, are the wishes of the lover in the formation of his mistress, that the ripe and brilliant beauties of Helen should be united with the elegant symmetry and virgin graces of Atalanta; and that this union of charms should be still dignified and ennobled by the majestic mien of Cleopatra, and the matron modesty of Lucretia." H

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter! — what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, "Have patience, good people!"

Cel. How now! back, friends: — Shepherd, go off a little: — Go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage yet with scrip and scrippage.

[*Exeunt* CORIN *and* TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O! yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder, before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree: I never was so be-rhym'd since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat,[17] which I can hardly remember.

[17] This romantic way of killing rats in Ireland is mentioned by Ben Jonson and other writers of the time. Thus, in the Poetaster: "Rhyme them to death, as they do Irish rats in drumming tunes." And, in Bartholomew Fair, one of the persons, commenting on a ballad he is singing, says,—"The *rat-catcher's charms* are all fools and asses to this." Whatever strange gifts the rats of old Ireland may have had that way, we have heard of actual instances in our day of musical mice, as they were called, at the music of a violin coming forth from their hidings, going into an ecstasy and dancing themselves to death. H.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck? Change you colour?

Ros. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be remov'd with earth quakes, and so encounter.[18]

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pray thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O, wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping.[19]

Ros. Good my complexion![20] dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery.[21] I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it? quickly, and speak apace: I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st pour this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

[18] In Holland's translation of Pliny, Shakespeare found that "two *hills* removed by an earthquake encountered together, charging as it were and with violence assaulting one another, and retyring again with a most mighty noise."

[19] To *whoop* or hoop is to cry out, to exclaim with astonishment. *Out of all cry* seems to have been a similar phrase for the expression of vehement admiration.

[20] This was probably only a little unmeaning exclamation similar to Goodness me!

[21] That is, if you keep me in suspense any longer, my curiosity will shape to itself a region as wide as the *South Sea*. The South Sea, being the largest in the world, affords the widest scope for *discovery*. H.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: Let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels, and your heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking; speak sad brow, and true maid.[22]

Cel. I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? — What did he, when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he?[23] What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Garagantua's[24] mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size: To say ay and no to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

[22] Speak *seriously* and *honestly*, that is, with a *serious* countenance, and as a true virgin.

[23] That is, how was he dressed?

[24] The giant of Rabelais, who swallowed five pilgrims, their staves and all in a salad.

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies,[25] as to resolve the propositions of a lover: but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

Ros. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretch'd along like a wound ed knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry holla![26] to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Ros. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.[27]

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on

Enter ORLANDO *and* JAQUES.

Cel. You bring me out.—Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

[CELIA *and* ROSALIND *retire.*

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion's sake, I thank you too for your society.

[25] "An *atomie* is a mote flying in the sunne. Any thing so small that it cannot be made lesse." Bullokar's English Expositor, 1616.

[26] This was a term by which the rider restrained and *stopped* his horse.

[27] A quibble between *hart* and *heart*, then spelt the same.

Jaq. God be wi' you: let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christen'd.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers: Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth,[28] from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

[28] To answer *right painted cloth* is to answer sententiously We still say, she talks *right* Billingsgate. *Painted cloth* was a species of hangings for the walls of rooms. which has generally been supposed and explained to mean *tapestry*, but was really *cloth* or canvas *painted* with various devices and mottos. The verses, mottos, and proverbial sentences on such cloths are often made the subject of allusion in our old writers. Thus, in Roper's Life of Sir Thomas More: "Mayster Thomas More, in hys youth, devysed in hys father's house in London a goodly hangyng of *fyne paynted clothe*, with nyne pageauntes, and verses over every of these pageauntes." Shakespeare again mentions it in Tarquin and Lucrece:

> "Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw
> Shall by a *painted cloth* be kept in awe."

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world, but myself; against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool, when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There shall I see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cipher

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good signior Love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good monsieur Melancholy.

[*Exit* JAQ. — CEL. *and* ROS. *come forward.*

Ros. [*To* CEL.] I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him. — [*To* ORL.] Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well: what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me what time o' day: there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then, there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid

between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemniz'd: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury. These Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the coney that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed [29] a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland [30] man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and

[29] That is, sequestered.

[30] That is, civilized. See Act ii. sc 7, note 8.

I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal: they were all like one another, as half-pence are; every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orl. I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physic, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shak'd: I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye,[31] and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit,[32] which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not:—but I pardon you for that; for, simply, your having in beard is a younger

[31] That is, a blueness about the eyes, an evidence of anxiety and dejection.

[32] That is, a reserved, unsociable spirit, the reverse of that in Hamlet: "Thou comest in such a *questionable* shape that I will speak to thee." H.

brother's revenue. — Then, your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man: you are rather point-device [33] in your accoutrements; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do, than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip, as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner: He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I,

[33] That is, *precise, exact;* dressed with finical nicety. See Twelfth Night, Act ii. sc. 5, note 14.

being but a moonish [34] youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a loving humour of madness; [35] which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cur'd him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you; and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live: Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind: — Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

[34] That is, as changeable as the moon.

[35] The original reads "*living* humour of madness," the meaning of which is not altogether clear, unless *living* have the sense of *lasting*. Johnson suspected that there was some antithesis lost in the printing, and proposed *loving*, which, as it involves but a change of a single letter, we venture to adopt. Mr. Collier found the change made in an old manuscript note in the copy owned by Lord Francis Egerton. H.

SCENE III. The same.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY;[1] JAQUES *at a distance, observing them.*

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?[2]

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious[3] poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaq. [*Aside.*] O knowledge ill-inhabited! worse than Jove in a thatch'd house![4]

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room.—Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is. Is it honest in deed, and word? Is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly, for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and

[1] *Audrey* is a corruption of *Etheldreda*. The saint of that name is so styled in ancient calendars.

[2] Mr. Nares's explanation of this passage is, that the word *feature* is too learned for the comprehension of Audrey, and she reiterates it with simple wonder. *Feature* and *features* were then used indiscriminately for the proportion and figure of the whole body.

[3] Shakespeare remembered that *caper* was Latin for a goat, and thence chose this epithet. There is also a quibble between *goats* and *Goths*.

[4] An allusion to the story of Baucis and Philemon in Ovid. See Much Ado about Nothing, Act ii. sc. 1, note 5. *Ill-inhabited* is used for *ill-lodged*.

what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swear'st to me thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd; for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. [*Aside.*] A material fool![5]

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest!

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.[6]

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and to that end, I have been with Sir Oliver Mar-text,[7] the vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Jaq. [*Aside.*] I would fain see this meeting

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a

[5] A *material fool* is a fool with matter in him.

[6] Honest Audrey uses *foul* as opposed to *fair;* that is, fo. *plain, homely.* She had good authority for doing so. Thus, in Thomas' History of Italy: "If the maiden be *fair*, she is soon had, and little money given with her; if she be *foul*, they advance her with a better portion." H.

[7] For the use of *Sir* as a clerical title, see The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act i. sc. 1, note 1 H

fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said,—many a man knows no end of his goods: right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Are horns given to poor men alone? — No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal.[8] Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence[9] is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.[10]

Enter Sir OLIVER MAR-TEXT.

Here comes Sir Oliver. — Sir Oliver Mar-text, you are well met: will you despatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. [*Coming forward.*] Proceed, proceed: I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good master What-ye-call't: How do you, sir? You are very well met: God'ild you[11] for your last company: I am very

[8] Lean deer are called *rascal* deer.

[9] That is, the art of fencing.

[10] The learned Fool appears to use *horn* in a threefold sense for the ideal horn, which the Poet so often assigns to abused husbands, the horn of plenty, *cornucopia*, and such horns as are commonly worn by horned cattle. H

[11] That is, God yield you, God reward you.

glad to see you: — Even a toy in hand here, sir — Nay; pray, be cover'd.

Jaq. Will you be married, Motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow,[12] sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to Church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Touch. I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey:
We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.
Farewell, good master Oliver! Not —

O sweet Oliver, O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behind thee:
But — wend away; begone, I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.[13]

[*Exeunt* JAQ., TOUCH., *and* AUDREY.

[12] That is, his *yoke*, which, in ancient time, resembled a bow or branching horns. See The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act v. sc. 5, note 15.

[13] The ballad of "O sweete Olyver, leave me not behind thee," and the answer to it, are entered on the Stationers' books in 1581 and 1586. Touchstone says, I will sing — *not* that part of the ballad which says — "Leave me not behind thee;" *but* that which says — "Begone, I say," probably part of the answer

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit*

SCENE IV. The same. Before a Cottage.

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA

Ros. Never talk to me; I will weep.

Cel. Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's:[1] Marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips[2] of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes: I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

[1] Judas was constantly represented in old paintings and tapestry, with red *hair* and *beard*. So in The Insatiate Countess: "I ever thought by his *red beard* he would prove a *Judas*."

[2] There is humour in the expression *cast lips;* which Theobald rightly explained *left off*, as we still say *cast* clothes.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright, he was.

Cel. *Was* is not *is:* besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the Duke your father.

Ros. I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question with him. He ask'd me of what parentage I was: I told him, of as good as he; so he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose:[3] but all's brave, that youth mounts, and folly guides.— Who comes here?

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Mistress and master, you have oft inquir'd
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well; and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love,
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,

[3] An allusion to tilting, where it was held disgraceful for a knight to break his lance *across* the body of his adversary. See Much Ado about Nothing. Act v. sc. 1, note 11. H.

Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.
Ros. O! come, let us remove:
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.—
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Another part of the Forest.

Enter SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:
Say that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives[1] by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN, *at a distance.*

Phe. I would not be thy executioner:
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes — that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies —
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down;
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame!

[1] That is, he who, to the very end of life, continues a common executioner.

Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine eyes
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O! dear Phebe,
If ever (as that ever may be near)
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But, till that time,
Come not thou near me; and when that time comes
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not,
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

Ros. [*Advancing.*] And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty, —
As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed, —
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?[2]

[2] The commentators have made much ado over this innocent passage, all of which only goes to show that they did not understand it. Some would strike out *no* before *beauty*, others would change it into *mo*, or *more*: whereas the peculiar force of the passage is, that Rosalind, wishing to humble Phebe, takes for granted that she is herself aware she has no beauty, and is therefore proud, even because she has none. Rosalind knows that to tell her she ought not to be proud because she has beauty, would but make her prouder; she therefore tells her she ought not to be proud because she lacks it. Need we add, that the best way to take down people's pride often is, to assume that they cannot be so big fools as to think they have any thing to be proud of! H.

Why, what means this? Why do you look on me[1]
I see no more in you, than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work: — Od's my little life!
I think she means to tangle my eyes too. —
No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'Tis not your inky brows, your black-silk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship. —
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man,[3]
Than she a woman: 'Tis such fools as you,
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children.
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper,
Than any of her lineaments can show her. —
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
And thank Heaven fasting for a good man's love;
For I must tell you friendly in your ear, —
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.[4]
So, take her to thee, shepherd: — Fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together:
I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with your foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger.[5] If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll

[3] *Proper* was often used in Shakespeare's time for *handsome*. H.

[4] That is, the ugly seem most ugly, when, as if proud of their ugliness, they set up for scoffers. H.

[5] The first clause of this sentence is addressed to Phebe; the other to the rest of the company. *Your* is commonly changed to *her*; whereas the very strength of the speech lies in its being spoken *to* the person herself. H

sauce her with bitter words. — Why look you so upon me ?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine :
Besides, I like you not : If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by. —
Will you go, sister ? — Shepherd, ply her hard : —
Come, sister : — Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud : though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.[6]
Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt* ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN.

Phe. Dead shepherd ! now I find thy saw of might ;
"Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight ?"[7]

Sil. Sweet Phebe, —

Phe. Ha ! what say'st thou, Silvius ?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be :
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,

[6] If all men could see you, none could be so *deceived* as to think you beautiful but he.

[7] This line is from the first Sestiad of Marlowe's version of Hero and Leander, which was not printed till 1598, though the author was killed in 1593. The poem was deservedly popular, and the words "dead shepherd" look as though Shakespeare remembered him with affection. The passage runs as follows

"It lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is overrul'd by fate.
When two are stripp'd, long ere the course begin,
We wish that one should lose, the other win :
And one especially we do affect
Of two gold ingots, like in each respect.
The reason no man knows : let it suffice,
What we behold is censur'd by our eyes.
Where both deliberate, the love is slight :
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight ?"

By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,
And yet it is not that I bear thee love;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure, and I'll employ thee too;
But do not look for further recompense,
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy, and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,
That the old carlot[8] once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him.
'Tis but a peevish boy; — yet he talks well: —
But what care I for words? — yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth: — not very pretty: —
But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:
He'll make a proper man: The best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.

[8] This word is printed in Italics as a proper name in the old edition. It is, however, apparently formed from *carle*, a peasant

He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip;
A little riper, and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek: 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled damask.[9]
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels, as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:
I marvel, why I answer'd not again;
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it; wilt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight;
The matter's in my head, and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him, and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*

[9] Shakespeare apparently has reference to the *red rose*, which is red all over alike, and the *damask rose*, in which various shades of colour are *mingled*. B.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. The Forest of Arden.

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* JAQUES.

Jaq. I pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern[1] censure worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why, then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels; which, by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

[1] *Modern* is here used in the sense of common, ordinary, trite as before in this play: "Full of wise saws and *modern* instances."

Enter ORLANDO.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too.

Orl. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq. Nay, then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse.

Ros. Farewell, monsieur traveller: Look you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable[2] all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.[3] [*Exit* JAQUES.] — Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover! — An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that Cupid hath clapp'd him o' the shoulder, but I warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly,

[2] *Disable* was sometimes used by the old writers in the sense of disrepute, detract from, or impeach. H.

[3] That is, been at Venice, then the resort of all travellers, as Paris now. Shakespeare's contemporaries also point their shafts at the corruption of our youth by travel. Bishop Hall wrote his little book *Quo Vadis?* to stem the fashion.

he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman: Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker, and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer[4] than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss, before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

[4] *Leer* was anciently used simply for *look*, its original meaning being face, countenance, complexion. Thus in The Merry Wives of Windsor Falstaff says of Mrs. Ford,—"She gives the *leer* of invitation." And in an old ballad, The Witch of Wokey:

"Her haggard face was foull to see;
Her mouth unmeet a mouth to bee;
Her eyne of deadly *leer*."

Again, in Holland's Pliny: "In some places there are no other thing bred or growing but brown and duskish, insomuch as not only the cattel is all of that *leere*, but also the corne upon the ground, and other fruits of the earth." H.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say—I will not have you.

Orl. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dash'd out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have liv'd many a fair year, though Hero had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drown'd; and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies: men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith will I; Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why, then, can one desire too much of a good thing? — Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us. — Give me your hand, Orlando: — What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin, — "Will you, Orlando,"—

Cel. Go to: — Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say, — "I take thee, Rosalind, for wife."

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but, — I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: There's a girl goes before the priest;[5] and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her, after you have possess'd her.

Orl. Forever and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever. No, no, Orlando: men are April when they woo, December when they wed; maids are May when they are

[5] That is, goes faster than the priest, gets ahead of him in the service; alluding to her anticipating what was to be said first by Celia

maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain;[6] and I will do that when you are dispos'd to be merry: I will laugh like a hyen,[7] and that when thou art inclin'd to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O! but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this; the wiser, the waywarder: Make the doors[8] upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, — "Wit, whither wilt?"

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say, — she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer,[9]

[6] Figures, and particularly that of *Diana*, with water conveyed through them, were anciently a frequent ornament of fountains. So, in The City Match: "Now could I cry like any image in a fountain, which runs lamentations." Such an image of Diana, "with water *prilling* from her naked breast," was set up at the cross in Cheapside in 1596, according to Stowe. Torriano defines "*Figura in Fontana che butti acqua*, as an antike image, from whose teats water trilleth."

[7] The bark of the hyæna was thought to resemble a loud laugh.

[8] That is, *bar* the doors, make them fast.

[9] This bit of satire is also to be found in Chaucer's Marchantes Tale, where Proserpine says of women on like occasion:

"For lacke of answere none of us shall dien.'

unless you take her without her tongue. O! that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion,[10] let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the Duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways: — I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less: — that flattering tongue of yours won me: — 'tis but one cast away, and so, — come, death! — Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: Therefore, beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: So, adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: Adieu!

[*Exit* ORLANDO.

Cel. You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose

[10] That is, make her husband the occasion of her fault; a thing by no means confined to the matrimonial relation. H.

pluck'd over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O! coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No; that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceiv'd of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love. — I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II. Another part of the Forest.

Enter JAQUES *and Lords, like Foresters.*

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

1 *Lord.* Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the Duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory: — Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

2 *Lord.* Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

Song.

What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin, and horns to wear:
Then sing him home.[1]

[1] In the original we have here, — 'Then sing him home, the

Burden. sung by the rest. Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born:
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it:
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III. The Forest.

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando![1]

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth — to sleep. Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth. —
My gentle Phebe did bid me give you this:
[*Giving a letter.*
I know not the contents; but as I guess,
By the stern brow, and waspish action

rest shall bear this burthen," — printed all in one line, and as part of the song. All editors are agreed, as they well may be, that the latter part of the line was meant for a stage-direction, and they print it as such. Knight and Collier think that the words, "Then sing him home," are evidently a part of the stage-direction, and treat them accordingly: we think they are evidently no such thing, but a part of the song. Nor are we at all shaken herein by the fact, that those words are not in the song as set to music by John Hilton, and printed in Playford's Musical Companion, 1673: for Hilton arranged it as a round for four voices, and therefore was obliged to leave out the line in question; but the Poet makes no sign that it should be sung as a round. We agree, therefore, with Mr. Verplanck, that *Then sing him home* refers to the escorting of the lord who killed the deer to their home in the wood, and is given by the singer of the first part as a direction to those that sing the rest. H.

[1] *Much* is used ironically; as we still say, — "A good deal you will," — meaning, of course, "No, you won't." H.

Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour: pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer: bear this, bear all:
She says I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud; and that she could not love me
Were man as rare as phœnix. Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me? — Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest; I know not the contents:
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands.
She has a huswife's hand; but that's no matter.
I say she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers: why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian. Woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiope words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance: — Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me: Mark how the tyrant writes.

"Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?"

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. "Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?"

Did you ever hear such railing? —

"Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me." —

Meaning me a beast. —

"If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack! in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move!
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind[2]
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die."

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no; he deserves no pity. — Wilt thou love such a woman? — What! to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee? not to be endured! — Well, go your way to her, (for I see, love hath made thee a tame snake,) and say this to her: — That if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her. — If you be a true lover,

[2] *Kind* for *nature*, or *natural affection*. See The Merchant of Venice, Act i. sc. 3, note 7

hence, and not a word: for here comes more company. [*Exit* SILVIUS

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good-morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you know,
Where in the purliens of this forest stands
A sheep-cote, fenc'd about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom:
The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place:
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then I should know you by description;
Such garments, and such years: — "The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister; the woman low,
And browner than her brother." Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin: Are you he?

Ros. I am: What must we understand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,

Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy.[3]
Lo, what befell! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself!
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast,
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.[4]
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O! I have heard him speak of that same brother;

Love is always thus described by our old poets as made up of contraries.

[4] The bringing lions, serpents, palm-trees, rustic shepherds, and banished noblemen together in the forest of Arden, is a strange piece of geographical licence, which the critics of course have not failed to grow big withal. Perhaps they did not see that the very grossness of the thing proves it to have been designed. By this irregular combination of actual things he informs the whole with ideal effect, giving to this charming issue of his brain "a local habitation and a name," that it may link in with our flesh-and-blood sympathies, and at the same time turning it into a wild, wonderful, remote, fairy-land region, where all sorts of poetical things may take place without the slightest difficulty. Of course Shakespeare would not have done thus, but that he saw quite through the grand critical humbug, which makes the proper effect of a work of art depend upon our belief in the actual occurrence of the thing represented H.

And he did render him the most unnatural
That liv'd 'mongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando: — Did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling[b]
From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was it you he rescu'd?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin? —

Oli. By and by.
When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd;
As, how I came into that desert place; —
In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment.
Committing me unto my brother's love:
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself; and here, upon his arm,
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cried in fainting upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;

[b] That is, jostling or clashing encounter. In Julius Cæsar we have, — "The noise of battle *hurtled* in the air"

And, after some small space, being strong at heart.
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise; and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede? sweet Ganymede! [ROSALIND *faints.*

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it: — Cousin — Ganymede!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither. — I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth: — You a man? — You lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah! a body would think this was well counterfeited. I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. — Heigh ho! —

Oli. This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well, then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do; but, i'faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come; you look paler and paler: pray you, draw homewards: — Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something: But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him: — Will you go?

[*Exeunt*

ACT V.

SCENE I. The Forest of Arden.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey; a most vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Enter WILLIAM.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown. By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for: we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend: Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be cover'd. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five-and-twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age: Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name: Wast born i'the forest here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. Thank God;—a good answer: Art rich?

Will. 'Faith, sir, so, so.

Touch. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent

good: — and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying, "The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool." The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand: Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me: To have, is to have: For it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being pour'd out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent, that *ipse* is he: now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman: Therefore, you clown, abandon, — which is in the vulgar, leave, — the society, — which in the boorish is, company, — of this female, — which in the common is, woman, — which together is, abandon the society of this female; or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel: I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'errun thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir. [*Exit*

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you: come, away, away!

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey:—I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II. The same.

Enter ORLANDO *and* OLIVER.

Orl. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persever to enjoy her?[1]

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the Duke, and all's contented followers: Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter ROSALIND.

Ros. God save you, brother.

[1] Shakespeare, by putting this question into the mouth of Orlando, seems to have been aware of the improbability in his plot. In Lodge's novel the elder brother is instrumental in saving Aliena from a band of ruffians; without this circumstance the passion of Aliena appears to be very hasty indeed.

Oli. And you, fair sister. [*Exit.*

Ros. O! my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he show'd me your handkerchief?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that?

Ros. O! I know where you are:—Nay, tis true: there never was any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of—"I came, saw, and overcame:" For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they look'd; no sooner look'd, but they lov'd; no sooner lov'd, but they sigh'd; no sooner sigh'd, but they ask'd one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent,[2] or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.[3]

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the Duke to the nuptial. But, O! how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through

[2] *Incontinent* here signifies *immediately*, without any stay or delay, out of hand; so Baret explains it. But it had also its now usual signification, and Shakespeare delights in the equivoque.

[3] It was a common custom in Shakespeare's time, on the breaking out of a fray, to call out, "clubs, clubs," to part the combatants. So in Titus Andronicus: "*Clubs, clubs!* these lovers will not *keep the peace.*" It was the popular cry to call forth the London apprentices. So, in The Renegado, Act i. sc. 2: "If he were in London among the *clubs*, up went his heels for striking of a prentice."

another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why, then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you no longer, then, with idle talking. Know of me, then, (for now I speak to some purpose,) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit:[4] I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch, I say, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe, then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three years old, convers'd with a magician, most profound in this art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician:[5] Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends; for if you will

[4] *Conceit* in the language of Shakespeare's age signified *wit*, or *conception*, and *imagination*.

[5] She alludes to the danger in which her avowal of practising magic, had it been a serious one, would have involved her. The Poet refers to his own times, when it would have brought her life in danger.

be married to-morrow, you shall, and to Rosalind if you will.

Enter SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not, if I have: it is my study,
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you.
You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd:
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service,
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and observance;
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience;
All purity, all trial, all obeisance;[6]
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

[6] The old copy reads *observance*, but it is very unlikely that word should have been set down by Shakespeare twice so close to each other. Ritson proposed the present emendation.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. [*To* ROSALIND.] If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Sil. [*To* PHEBE.] If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Who do you speak to,—"Why blame you me to love you?"

Orl. To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—[*To* SIL.] I will help you, if I can:—[*To* PHE.] I would love you, if I could.—To-morrow meet me all together.—[*To* PHE.] I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:—[*To* ORL.] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow:—[*To* SIL.] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—[*To* ORL.] As you love Rosalind, meet;—[*To* SIL.] As you love Phebe, meet; and as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So, fare you well: I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The same.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world.[1] Here come two of the banish'd Duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 *Page.* Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met: Come, sit; sit, and a song.

2 *Page.* We are for you: sit i' the middle.

1 *Page.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 *Page.* I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

Song.

It was a lover, and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring-time[2],

[1] That is, a married woman. See Much Ado about Nothing, Act II. sc. 1, note 20.

[2] *Ring-time* is time for marriage. The original has *rang*, which has generally been changed to *rank*. In the original, moreover, the last stanza is printed as the second. Both corrections are from a manuscript in the Signet-Office Library, Edinburgh, which we are told, "cannot have been written later than sixteen years after this play was printed, and may have existed at a much earlier period." The song as there given has been published in Chappell's Collection of National English Airs. Before the dis-

When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.

This carol they began that houi,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, &c.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

1 *Page.* You are deceiv'd, sir: we kept time; we lost not our time.[3]

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey.

[*Exeunt*

covery of the manuscript, the misplacing of the stanzas had been conjectured by Dr. Thirlby, and rectified. H.

[3] From the Page's reply Monck Mason concluded that *untune able* was a misprint for *untimeable:* but *time* and *tune* were sometimes used indifferently. Thus, in Massinger's Roman Actor, Act ii. sc. 1: "The motions of the spheres are out of *time*, her musical notes but heard." Besides, Touchstone would hardly say the *note* was *untimeable*." H

SCENE IV. Another part of the Forest.

Enter DUKE, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, *and* CELIA.

Duke. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear[1]

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, *and* PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd.—
[*To the* DUKE.] You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. [*To* ORLANDO.] And you say you will have her, when I bring her?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. [*To* PHEBE.] You say you'll marry me, if I be willing?

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me,

[1] Henley thought this line should read thus: "As those that fear; they hope, and know they fear;" Heath thus: "As those that fear *their* hope, and know *their* fear." We give the line just as it stands in the original, which seems as clear as any of the readings proposed. The meaning, though rather subtle, appears to be,—"As those that fear lest they may believe a thing because they wish it true, and at the same time know that this fear is no better reason for disbelief than their hope is for belief. Who has not sometime caught himself in a similar perplexity of hope and fear?

You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. [*To* SILVIUS.] You say that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.

Keep you your word, O Duke! to give your daughter; —
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter: —
Keep you your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me;
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd: —
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me: — and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Duke. I do remember in this shepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Methought he was a brother to your daughter;
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark! Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome: This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure;[2] I have flatter'd a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause? — Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke. I like him very well.

Touch. God'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like.[3] I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear, according as marriage binds, and blood breaks. — A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favour'd thing, sir, but mine own: a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor-house, as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

[2] The *measure* was a kind of grave, solemn dance, something like the *minuet*, elsewhere described as "full of state and ancient ry,' and therefore comporting well with the dignity of the court See Much Ado about Nothing, Act ii. sc. 1, note 2, and Love's Labour's Lost, Act v. sc. 2, note 12. H.

[3] A mode of speech quite common in the Poet's time. See A Midsummer Night's Dream. Act iii. sc. 1, note 12 "God'ild you' means, God *yield* you, God *reward* you. H.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt,[4] sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed;—bear your body more seeming,[5] Audrey;—as thus, sir: I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: This is call'd the "Retort courteous." If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: This is call'd the "Quip modest." If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: This is call'd the "Reply churlish." If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: This is call'd the "Reproof valiant." If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie. This is call'd the "Countercheck quarrelsome:" and so the "Lie circumstantial," and the "Lie direct."

Jaq. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the "Lie circumstantial," nor he durst not give me the "Lie direct;" and so we measur'd swords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O! sir, we quarrel in print, by the book,[6]

[4] There was an old proverb,—"A fool's bolt is soon shot." See Much Ado about Nothing, Act i. sc. 1, note 5. H.

[5] Seemly.

[6] The Poet has in this scene rallied the mode of formal duelling, then so prevalent, with the highest humour and address. The book alluded to is entitled, "Of Honour and Honourable Quarrels, by Vincentio Saviolo," 1594. The first part of which is "A Discourse most necessary for all Gentlemen that have in regard

as you have books for good manners:[7] I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous; the second, the Quip modest; the third, the Reply churlish; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with circumstance; the seventh, the Lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an *if*. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *if*, as "*If* you said so, then I said so;" and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *if* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *if*.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse,[8] and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

their Honours, touching the giving and receiving the Lie, whereupon the *Duello* and the Combat in divers Forms doth ensue; and many other inconveniences for lack only of true knowledge of Honour, and the right *Understanding of Words*, which here is set down." The eight following chapters are on the Lie and its various circumstances, much in the order of Touchstone's enumeration; and in the chapter of Conditional Lies, speaking of the particle *if*, he says,—"Conditional lies be such as are given conditionally, as if a man should say or write these words: *if* thou hast said that I have offered my lord abuse, thou liest; or *if* thou sayest so hereafter, thou shalt lie. Of these kind of lies, given in this manner, often arise much contention in wordes whereof no sure conclusion can arise."

[7] The Booke of Nurture; or, Schoole of Good Manners for Men, Servants, and Children, with *stans puer ad mensam*, 12mo., without date, in black letter, is most probably the work referred to. It was written by Hugh Rhodes, and first published in the reign of Edward VI.

[8] A picture of a horse, which the hunter carried before himself, to deceive the game. See Much Ado about Nothing, Act ii. sc. 3, note 8.

Enter HYMEN,[9] *leading* ROSALIND *in woman's clothes; and* CELIA.

Still music.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even,
Atone together.[10]
Good Duke, receive thy daughter;
Hymen from heaven brought her;
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou might'st join her hand with his
Whose heart within her bosom is.

Ros. [*To the* DUKE.] To you I give myself, for I am yours: —
[*To* ORL.] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

Duke. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why, then, — my love, adieu!

Ros. [*To the* DUKE.] I'll have no father, if you be not he: —
[*To* ORL.] I'll have no husband, if you be not he: —
[*To* PHE.] Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she: —

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:

[9] Rosalind is imagined by the rest of the company to be brought by enchantment, and is therefore introduced by a supposed aerial being in the character of Hymen.

[10] That is, *at one; accord*, or *agree* together. This is the old sense of the phrase; "an *attonement*, a loving againe after a breach or falling out Reditus in gratia cum aliquo." *Ba zt*

Here's eight that must take hands.
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.[11]

To ORL. *and* ROS.] You and you no cross shall part
[*To* OLI. *and* CEL.] You and you are heart in heart
[*To* PHE.] You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:
[*To* TOUCH. *and* AUD.] You and you are sure to gether,
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning,
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

Song.

Wedding is great Juno's crown;
O, blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock, then, be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke. O, my dear niece! welcome thou art to me,
Even daughter welcome in no less degree.

Phe. [*To* SILVIUS.] I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter JAQUES DE BOIS.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two.
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,[12]

[11] That is, if there be *truth* in *truth*.

[12] In the old copies this Jaques is introduced as the *Second*

That bring these tidings to this fair assembly:
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd [13] a mighty power, which were on foot
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old religious man,[14]
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise, and from the world;
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:

Brother, in accordance with what he here says of himself. Though the third brother brought into the play, he is the second in order of birth. His name is given in the first scene, and he is spoken of as being then "at school." Which might seem to make Orlando too young to have smashed up the great wrestler; but, as Mr. Verplanck observes, *school* was then a common term for any place of study or institution of learning, whether academical or professional. In Lodge's novel Fernandine is represented as "a *scholar* in Paris." He, also, is the second of three brothers, and, like Jaques de Bois, arrives quite at the end of the story. H.

[13] That is, prepared.

[14] In Lodge's novel the usurper is not turned from his purpose by any such pious counsels, but conquered and killed by the twelve peers of France, who undertake the cause of Gerismond, their rightful king. Here is a part of Fernandine's speech: "For know, Gerismond, that hard by at the edge of this forest the twelve peers of France are up in arms to recover thy right; and Torismond, troop'd with a crew of desperate runagates, is ready to bid them battle. The armies are ready to join: therefore show thyself in the field to encourage thy subjects. And you, Saladyne and Rosader, mount you, and show yourselves as hardy soldiers as you have been hearty lovers: so shall you for the benefit of your country discover the idea of your father's virtues to be stamped in your thoughts, and prove children worthy of so honourable a parent." H

To one, his lands withheld; and to the other,
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun, and well begot;
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry: —
Play, music! — and you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience: If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd. —
[*To the* DUKE.] You to your former honour I bequeath;
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:
[*To* ORL.] You to a love, that your true faith doth merit:
[*To* OLI.] You to your land, and love, and great allies:
[*To* SIL.] You to a long and well deserved bed:
[*To* TOUCH.] And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victuall'd. — So, to your pleasures:
I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime, I: — what you would have,
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.[15] [*Exit*

[15] The reader feels some regret to take his leave of Jaques in

Duke. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end in true delights.

[*A dance.*

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush,[16] 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue; yet to good wine they do use good bushes, and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in, then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play? I am not furnish'd like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women! for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men! for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your simpering none of you hates them,) that be-

this manner; and no less concern at not meeting with the faithful old Adam at the close. It is the more remarkable that Shakespeare should have forgotten him, because Lodge, in his novel makes him captain of the king's guard.

[16] It was formerly the general custom in England, as it is still in France and the Netherlands, to hang a *bush of ivy* at the door of a vintner: there was a classical propriety in this; *ivy* being sacred to Bacchus. So in Summer's last Will and Testament 1600: "Green *ivy-bushes* at the vintners' doors." Again, in The Rival Friends, 1632: "'Tis like the *ivy-bush* unto a tavern." The custom is still observed in Warwickshire and the adjoining counties, at statute-hirings, wakes, &c., by people who sell ale at no other time. The manner in which they were decorated appears from a passage in Florio's Italian Dictionary, in voce *Tremola* "gold foile or thin leaves of gold or silver, namely thinne plate as *our vintners adorn their bushes with.*"

tween you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman,[17] I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defied not; and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curtesy, bid me farewell. [*Exeunt.*

[17] The parts of women were performed by men or boys in Shakespeare's time

INTRODUCTION

TO

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

THE only probable contemporary notice that has come down to us of ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL is in Meres's *Palladis Tamia*, under the title of Love's Labour Won. Dr. Farmer, in his Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare, 1767, first gave out the conjecture, that the two titles belonged to one and the same play; and this opinion has since been concurred or acquiesced in by so many good judgments, that it might well be let pass unsifted. There is no other of the Poet's dramas extant, to which that title so well applies, while, on the other hand, it certainly fits this play better than the title it now bears. The whole play is emphatically love's labour: its main interest throughout turns on the unwearied and finally-successful struggles of affection against the most stubborn and disheartening drawbacks. It may perhaps be urged that the play entitled Love's Labour Won has been lost; but this, considering what esteem the Poet's works were held in, both in his time and ever since is so very improbable as to be hardly worth the dwelling upon.

The Rev. Joseph Hunter has spent a deal of learning and ingenuity in trying to show, that the play referred to by Meres in 1598 as Love's Labour Won was The Tempest. Among Shakespeare's dramas he could scarce have pitched upon a more unfit subject for such a title. There is no *love's* labour in The Tempest. For though a lover does indeed labour awhile in bearing logs, this is not from love, but simply because he cannot help himself. Nor does he thereby *win* the lady, for she was won before, — "at the first sight they have chang'd eyes;" — and the labour was imposed for the testing of his love, not for the gaining of its object; and was all the while refreshed with the "sweet thoughts" that in heart and will she was already his. In short, there is no external evidence whatsoever in favour of Mr. Hunter's conjecture, while the internal evidence makes strongly against it. The probable date

ot The Tempest has been argued in our Introduction to that play; from which the reader can judge whether it was likely to have been written so early as 1598.

Coleridge in his Literary Remains sets down this play as "originally intended as the counterpart of Love's Labour's Lost;" which would seem to imply that he thought it to be the play mentioned by Meres. And Mr. Collier tells us it was the opinion of Coleridge, first given out in 1813, and again in 1818, though not found in his Literary Remains, "that All's Well that Ends Well, as it has come down to us, was written at two different and rather distant periods of the Poet's life;" and that "he pointed out very clearly two distinct styles, not only of thought, but of expression." The same opinion has since been enforced by Tieck; and the grounds of it are so manifest in the play itself, that no considerate reader will be apt to question it. In none of the Author's plays do we meet with greater diversities of manner; one must be dull indeed not to observe them.

We have seen, in the Introduction to Love's Labour's Lost that in 1598 that play had been "newly corrected and augmented." The probable truth, then, seems to be, that All's Well that Ends Well underwent a similar process. There being no external proofs, the date of this revisal must needs be uncertain; but one can scarce doubt that it was some years later than in case of the former play. We have also seen that Love's Labour's Lost was acted at court "between New-Year's Day and Twelfth Day,' 1605. The reviving of this might naturally enough draw on a revival of its counterpart. We agree, therefore, with Mr. Collier in the conjecture — for it is nothing more — that All's Well that Ends Well was revived with alterations and additions about the same time, and its title changed, perhaps with a view to give an air of greater novelty to the performance. It is true, indeed, as Mr. Hunter argues, that the play twice bespeaks its present title: but both instances occur precisely in those parts which taste most strongly of the Poet's later style; and in both the phrase, "All's well that ends well." is printed in the same type as the rest of the text. And the line near the close, "*All is well ended*, if this *suit be won*," may be fairly understood as intimating some connection between the two titles which we suppose the play to have borne.

As to the rest, this play was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it makes the twelfth in the list of Comedies. In the original the acts are distinguished, but not the scenes. And there are several dark and doubtful words and passages, which cause us again to regret the want of earlier copies to correct or confirm the reading as it there stands. In one or two places both the first writing and the subsequent correction appear to have been printed together, thus making the sense very perplexed and obscure.

The only known source, from which the Poet could have borrowed any part of this play, is a story in Boccaccio's Decameron

entitled *Giglietta di Nerbona*. In 1566 William Paynter published the first volume of his Palace of Pleasure, containing an English version of this tale; an outline of which will show the nature and extent of Shakespeare's obligations.

Isnardo, count of Rousillon, being sickly, always kept in his house a physician named Gerardo of Narbona. The count had a son named Beltramo, the physician a daughter named Giglietta, who were brought up together. The count dying, his son was left in the care of the king and sent to Paris. The physician dying some while after, his daughter, who had loved the young count so long that she knew not when she began to love him, sought occasion of going to Paris, that she might see him; but being diligeutly looked to by her kinsfolk, because she was rich and had many suitors, she could not see her way clear. Now the king had a swelling on his breast, which through ill treatment was grown to a fistula; and, having tried all the best physicians and being only made worse by their efforts, he resolved to take no further counsel or help. The young maiden, hearing of this, was very glad, as it suggested an apt reason for visiting Paris, and showed a chance of compassing her secret and most cherished wish. Putting at work such kuowledge in the healing art as she had gathered from her father, she rode to Paris, and repaired to the king, praying him to show her his disease. He consenting, as soon as she saw it she told him that, if he pleased, she would within eight days make him whole. He asked how it were possible for her, being a young woman, to do that which the best physicians in the world could not; and, thanking her for her good will, said he was resolved to try no more remedies. She begged him not to despise her knowledge because she was a young woman, assuring him that she ministered physic by the help of God, and with the cunning of master Gerardo of Narbona, who was her father. The king, hearing this, and thinking that peradventure she was sent of God, asked what might follow, if she caused him to break his resolution, and did not heal him. She said,—"Let me be kept in what guard you list, and if I do not heal you let me be burut; but if I do, what recompense shall I have?" He answered, that since she was a maiden, he would bestow her in marriage upon some gentleman of right good worship and estimation. To this she agreed, on conditiou that she might have such a husband as herself should ask, without presumption to any member of his family; which he readily granted. This done, she set about her task, aud before the eight days were passed he was entirely well; whereupon he told her she had deserved such a husband as herself should choose, and she declared her choice of Beltramo, saying she had loved him from her youth. The king was very loth to grant him to her; but because he would not break his promise, he had him called forth, and told him what had been done. The count, thinking her stock unsuitable to his nobility, disdainfully

said, — "Will you, then, sir, give me a physician to wife?" The king pressing him to comply, he answered, — "Sire, you may take from me all that I have, and give my person to whom you please, because I am your subject; but I assure you I shall never be contented with that marriage." To which he replied, — "Well you shall have her, for the maiden is fair and wise, and loveth you entirely; and verily you shall lead a more joyful life with her than with a lady of a greater house;" whereupon the count held his peace. The marriage over, the count asked leave to go home, having settled beforehand what he would do. Knowing that the Florentines and the Senois were at war, he was no sooner on horseback than he stole off to Tuscany, meaning to side with the Florentines; by whom being honourably received and made a captain, he continued a long time in their service.

His wife, hoping by her well-doing to win his heart, returned home, where, finding all things spoiled and disordered through his absence, she like a sage lady carefully put them in order, making all his subjects very glad of her presence and loving to her person. Having done this, she sent word thereof to the count by two knights, adding that if she were the cause of his forsaking home, he had but to let her know it, and she, to do him pleasure, would depart from thence. Now he had a ring which he greatly loved, and kept very carefully, and never took off his finger, for a certain virtue he knew it had. When the knights came he said to them churlishly, — "Let her do what she list; for I do purpose to dwell with her, when she shall have this ring upon her finger, and a son of mine in her arms." The knights, after trying in vain to change his purpose, returned to the lady and told his answer: whereat she was very sorrowful, and bethought herself a good while how she might accomplish those two things. Then, assembling the noblest of the country, she told them what she had done to win her husband's love; that she was loth he should dwell in perpetual exile on her account; and therefore would spend the rest of her life in pilgrimages and devotion; praying them to let him understand that she had left his house with purpose never to return. Then, taking with her a maid and one of her kinsmen, she set out in the habit of a pilgrim, well furnished with silver and jewels, telling no man whither she went, and rested not till she came to Florence. She put up at the house of a poor widow; and the next day, seeing her husband pass by on horseback with his company, she asked who he was. The widow told her this, and that he was a courteous knight, well beloved in the city, and marvellously in love with a neighbour of hers, a gentlewoman that was very poor, but of right honest life and report, and because of her poverty was yet unmarried, and dwelt with her mother, a wise and honest lady. After hearing this she was not long in determining what to do. Repairing secretly to the house, and getting a private interview with the mother, she said, — "Madam, methinks

fortune doth frown upon you as well as upon me; but, if you please, you may comfort both me and yourself." The other answering, that there was nothing in the world she was more desirous of than of honest comfort, she then told her whole story, and how she hoped to thrive in her undertaking, if the mother and daughter would lend their aid. In recompense she proposed to give the daughter a handsome marriage portion, and the mother, liking the offer well, yet having a noble heart, replied,—"Madam, tell me wherein I may do you service; if it be honest, I will gladly perform it, and, that being done, do as it shall please you." The interview resulted in an arrangement, that the daughter should encourage the count, and signify her readiness to grant his wish, provided he would first send her the ring he prized so highly, as a token of his love. Proceeding with great subtlety as she was instructed, the daughter in a few days got the ring, and at the time appointed for the meeting the countess supplied her place; the result of which was, that she became the mother of two fine boys, and so was prepared to claim her dues as a wife upon the seemingly impossible terms which her husband himself had proposed. When in reward of the service thus done the mother asked only a hundred pounds, to marry her daughter, the countess gave five hundred, and added a like value in fair and costly jewels.

Meanwhile, the count, hearing how his wife was gone, had returned to his country. In due time the countess also took her journey homeward, and arrived at Montpellier, where resting a few days, and hearing that the count was about to have a great feast and assembly of ladies and knights at his house, she determined to go thither in her pilgrim's weeds. Just as they were ready to sit down at the table, she came to the place where her husband was, and fell at his feet, weeping, and said,—"My lord, I am thy poor unfortunate wife, who, that thou mightest return and dwell in thine house, have been a great while begging about the world. Therefore I now beseech thee to observe the conditions which the two knights that I sent to thee did command me to do: for behold, here in my arms, not only one son of thine, but twain, and likewise the ring: it is now time, if thou keep promise, that I should be received as thy wife." The count knew the ring, and the children also, they were so like him, and desired her to rehearse in order all how these things came about. When she had told her story, he knew it to be true; and, perceiving her constant mind and good wit, and the two fair young boys, to keep his promise, and to please his subjects, and the ladies that made suit to him, he caused her to rise up, and embraced and kissed her, and from that day forth loved and honoured her as his wife.

From this sketch it will be seen that the Poet anglicized Beltramo to Bertram, changed Giglietta to Helena, and closely followed Boccaccio in the main features of the plot, so far as regards both these persons and the widow and her daughter. Beyond this

the story yields no hints towards the play; the characters of Lafeu, the Countess, the Clown, Parolles, and all the comic proceedings, being, so far as we know, purely his own. And it is quite remarkable what an original cast is given to his development of the former characters by the presence of the latter; and how in the light shed from each other the conduct of all becomes, not indeed right or just, but consistent and clear. Helena's native force and rectitude of mind are made out from the first in her just appreciation of Parolles, and her nobility of soul and beauty of character are reflected all along in the honest sagacity of Lafeu and the wise motherly affection of the Countess, who never see or think of her, but to turn her advocates and wax eloquent in her behalf. Thus her modest, self-sacrificing worth is brought home to our feelings by the impression she makes upon the good, while in turn our sense of their goodness is proportionably heightened by their noble sensibility to hers. Parolles, again, is puffed up into a more magnificent whiffet than ever, by being taken into the confidence of a haughty young nobleman; while on the other side the stultifying effects of Bertram's pride are seen in that it renders him the easy dupe of a most base and bungling counterfeit of manhood. It was natural and right that such a shallow, paltry word-gun should ply him with impudent flatteries, and thereby gain an ascendency over him, and finally draw him into the shames and the crimes that were to whip down his pride; and it was equally natural that his scorn of Helena should begin to relax, when he was brought to see what a pitiful rascal, by playing upon that pride, had been making a fool of him. It is plain that he must first be mortified, before he can be purified. The springs of moral health within him have been overspread by a foul disease; and the proper medicine is such an exposure of the latter as shall cause him to feel that he is himself a most fit object of the scorn which he has been so forward to bestow. Accordingly, the embossing and untrussing of his favourite is the beginning of his amendment: he begins to distrust the counsels of his cherished passion, when he can no longer hide from himself into what a vile misplacing of trust they have betrayed him. Herein, also, we have a full justification, both moral and dramatic, of the game so mercilessly practised upon Parolles: it is avowedly undertaken with a view to rescue Bertram, whose friends know full well that nothing can be done for his good, till the fascination of that crawling reptile is broken up. Finally, Helena's just discernment of character, as shown in case of Parolles, pleads an arrest of judgment in behalf of Bertram. And the fact that with all her love for him she is not blind to his faults, is a sort of pledge that she sees through them into a worth which they hide from others. For, indeed, she has known him in childhood, before his heart got pride-bound through conceit of rank and titles; and therefore may well have a reasonable faith, that beneath the follies and vices which have overcrusted his

character there is still an undercurrent of sense and virtue, a wisdom of nature, not dead, but asleep, whereby he may yet be recovered to manhood. So that, in effect, we are not unwilling to see him through her eyes, and, in the strength of her well-approved wisdom, to take upon trust, that he has good qualities which we are unable of ourselves to discover. — Thus the several parts are drawn into each other, and in virtue thereof are made to evolve a manifold rich significance; so that the characters of Helena and Bertram, as Shakespeare conceived them, cannot be understood apart from the others with which they are dramatically associated.

Coleridge incidentally speaks of Helena as "Shakespeare's loveliest character;" and Mrs. Jameson, from whose judgment we shall take no appeal to our own, sets her down as exemplifying that union of strength and tenderness, which Foster describes in one of his Essays as being "the utmost and rarest endowment of humanity;" — a character, she adds, "almost as hard to delineate in fiction as to find in real life." Without either questioning or subscribing these statements, we have to confess, that for depth, sweetness, energy, and solidity of character, all drawn into one, Helena is not surpassed by any of Shakespeare's heroines. Her great strength of mind is finely apparent in that, absorbed as she is in the passion that shapes her life, scarce any of the Poet's characters, after Hamlet, deals more in propositions of general truth, as distinguished from the utterances of individual sentiment and emotion. We should suppose that all her thoughts, being struck out in such a glowing heat, would so cleave to the circumstances as to have little force apart from them; yet much that she says holds as good in a general application as in reference to her own particular. And perhaps for the same cause, her feelings, strong as they are, never so get the upper hand as to betray her into any self-delusion; as appears in the unbosoming of herself to the Countess, where we have the sweet reluctance of modesty yielding to a holy regard for truth. In her condition there is much indeed to move our pity; yet her behaviour and the grounds thereof are such that she never suffers any loss of our respect; one reason of which is, because we see that her fine faculties are wide awake and her fine feelings keenly alive to the nature of what she undertakes. Thus she passes unharmed through the most terrible outward dishonours, firmly relying on her rectitude of purpose; and we dare not think any thing to her hurt, because she has taken the measure of her danger, looks it full in the face, and nobly feels secure in that apparelling of strength. Here, truly, we have somewhat very like the sublimity of moral courage. And this precious, peerless jewel in a setting of the most tender, delicate, sensitive womanhood! It is a clean triumph of the inward and essential over the outward and accidental; her character being radiant of a spiritual grace which the lowest and ugliest situation cannot obscure.

There needs no scruple, that the delineation is one of extraordinary power: perhaps, indeed, it may stand as the Poet's masterpiece in the conquest of inherent difficulties; and it is observable that here for once he does not conquer them without betraying his exertions. Of course, the hardness of the task was to represent her as doing what were scarce pardonable in another, yet as acting on such grounds, from such motives, and to such issues, that the undertaking not only is but appears commendable in her. And the Poet seems to have felt, that something like a mysterious supernatural impulse, together with all the reverence and authority of the good old Countess, were needful to bring her off with dignity and honour. And, perhaps, after all, nothing but success could vindicate her course; for such a thing, to be proper, must be practicable; and who could so enter into her mind as to see its practicability till it be done? — While on the subject we may as well remark, that though Helena is herself all dignity and delicacy, some of her talk with Parolles in the first scene is neither delicate nor dignified: it is simply a foul blemish, and we can but regret the Poet did not throw it out in the revisal; sure we are, that he did not retain it to please himself.

Almost every body falls in love with the Countess. And, truly one so meek, and sweet, and venerable, who can help loving her? or who, if he can resist her, will dare to own it? We can almost find in our heart to adore the beauty of youth; yet this blessed old creature is enough to persuade us that age may be more beautiful still. Her generous sensibility to native worth amply atones for her son's mean pride of birth: all her honours of rank and place she would gladly resign, to have been the mother of the poor orphan left in her care: Campbell says, — "She redeems nobility by reverting to nature." Mr. Verplanck thinks, as well he may, that the Poet's special purpose in this play was to set forth the precedence of innate over circumstantial distinctions. Yet observe with what a catholic spirit he teaches this great lesson, recognizing the noble man in the nobleman, and telling us that none know so well how to prize the nobilities of nature, as those who, like the King and the Countess in this play, have experienced the nothingness of all other claims.

Dr. Johnson says, — "I cannot reconcile my heart to Bertram; a man noble without generosity, and young without truth; who marries Helena as a coward, and leaves her as a profligate: when she is dead by his unkindness, sneaks home to a second marriage: is accused by a woman whom he has wronged, defends himself by falsehood, and is dismissed to happiness." A terrible sentence indeed! and its vigour, if not its justice, is attested by the frequency with which it is quoted. In the first place, the Poet did not mean we should reconcile our hearts to Bertram, but that he should not unreconcile them to Helena; nay, that her love should appear to the greater advantage for the unworthiness of its

object. Then, he does not marry her as a coward, but merely because he has no choice; and does not yield till he has shown all the courage that were compatible with discretion. Nor does he leave her as a profligate, but to escape from what is to him an unholy match, as being on his side without love; and his profligacy is not so much the cause as the consequence of his flight and exile. Finally, he is not dismissed to happiness, but rather left where he cannot be happy, unless he have dismissed his faults. And, surely, he may have some allowance, because of the tyranny laid upon him, and that, too, in a sentiment where nature pleads loudest for freedom, and which, if free, yields the strongest motives to virtue; if not, to vice. For his falsehood there is truly no excuse, save that he pays a round penalty in the shame that so quickly overtakes him; which shows how careful the Poet was to make due provision for his amendment. His original fault, as already indicated, was an overweening pride of birth; yet in due time he unfolds in himself better titles to honour than ancestry can bestow; and, this done, he naturally grows more willing to allow similar titles in another. Thus Shakespeare purposely represents him as a man of very mixed character, in whom the evil for a while gets a sad mastery; and he takes care to provide the canon whereby he would have us judge him: "The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipp'd them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherish'd by our virtues."

Several critics have managed somehow to speak of Parolles and Falstaff together. A foul sin against Sir John! Schlegel, however, justly remarks, that the scenes where our captain figures contain matter enough for an excellent comedy. Such a compound of volubility, impudence, rascality, and poltroonery, is he not a most illustrious *pronoun* of a man? And is it not a marvel that one so inexpressibly mean, and withal so fully aware of his meanness, does not cut his own acquaintance? But the greatest wonder about him is, how the Poet could run his own intellectuality into such a windbag without marring his windbag perfection. That the goddess whom Bertram worships does not whisper in his ear the unfathomable baseness of this "lump of counterfeit ore," is a piece of dramatic retribution at once natural and just. Far as the joke is pushed upon Parolles, we never feel like crying out, Hold! enough! we make the utmost reprisals upon him without compunction; for "that he should know what he is, and be that he is" seems an offence for which infinite shames are a scarce sufficient indemnification.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING of France.
DUKE of Florence.
BERTRAM, Count of Rousillon.
LAFEU, an old Lord.
PAROLLES, a Follower of Bertram.
French Envoy, } serving with Bertram.
French Gentleman. }
RINALDO. Steward to the Countess of Rousillon.
Clown, belonging to her Household.
A Gentle Astringer.
A Page.

COUNTESS of Rousillon, Mother to Bertram.
HELENA, a Gentlewoman protected by the Countess.
A Widow of Florence.
DIANA, Daughter to the Widow.
VIOLENTA, } Neighbours and Friends to the Widow.
MARIANA, }

Lords, attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c., French and Florentine.

SCENE, partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rousillon.

A Room in the COUNTESS's Palace.

Enter BERTRAM, *the* COUNTESS *of Rousillon*, HELENA, *and* LAFEU, *all in black.*

Count. IN delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward,[1] evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam; — you, sir, a father: He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you, whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his physicians, madam;

[1] Under the old feudal law of England, the heirs of great fortunes were the king's *wards*. The same was also the case in Normandy, and Shakespeare but extends a law of a province over the whole nation. H.

under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, — O, that *had!* how sad a passage [2] 'tis! — whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretch'd so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

Laf. How call'd you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so, — Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, madam; the king very lately spoke of him, admiringly and mourningly: He was skilful enough to have liv'd still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. — Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity; they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their

[2] *Passage* is occurrence, event, any thing that *passes*: a good old use of the word, now obsolete.

simpleness; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.[3]

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season[4] her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena: go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed; but I have it too.[5]

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Hel. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.[6]

[3] Some of the terms in this passage are used in such senses as to render the meaning of the whole rather obscure. *Dispositions* are what belongs to her nature; the *clean mind* that was born with her: *fair gifts* are the same as *virtuous qualities;* the results of education and breeding. And such graces of art, if grafted into a vicious nature, are traitors, inasmuch as they lodge power in hands that are apt to use it for evil ends: the unclean mind yields motives to turn the fruits of good culture into a snare. But in Helena these fair gifts and virtuous qualities are the better for their *simpleness,* that is, for being unmixed with any such native ugliness. Thus she is naturally *honest;* her nature is framed to truth, as yielding no motive to seem other than she is; whereas *goodness,* as the term is here used, is a thing that cannot be, unless it be *achieved.* H.

[4] Of course to keep it fresh and sweet. Some editors think this "a coarse and vulgar metaphor:" alas, what a pity! For this use of *season,* see Twelfth Night, Act i. sc. 1, note 7. H.

[5] Helena's *affected* sorrow was for the death of her father; her *real* grief related to Bertram and his departure.

[6] This speech, enigmatical enough at best, is rendered quite unintelligible, both in the original and in modern editions, by being put into the mouth of the Countess. We therefore concur with Tieck and Knight in assigning it to Helena. It is in the same style of significant obscurity as her preceding speech; and we can see no meaning in it apart from her state of mind; absorbed, as

Ber Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram; and succeed thy father
In manners, as in shape! thy blood, and virtue,
Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness
Share with thy birth-right! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power, than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What Heaven more will,
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewell.—[*To* LAF.] My lord.
'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord,
Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him!—
Farewell, Bertram. [*Exit.*

Ber. [*To* HELENA.] The best wishes, that can be forged in your thoughts, be servants to you![7] Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: You must hold the credit of your father. [*Exeunt* BER. *and* LAF.

she is, with a feeling which she dare not show and cannot suppress. Of course she refers to Bertram, and means that the grief of her unrequited love for him *makes mortal*, that is, kills the grief she felt at her father's death. The speech is so mysterious that none but the quick, sagacious mind of Lafeu is arrested by it: he at once understands that he does not understand the speaker. Coleridge says,—"Bertram and Lafeu, I imagine, both speak together." Whether this be the case or not, there can be no doubt that Lafeu's question refers to what Helena has just said. H.

[7] That is, may you be mistress of your wishes, and have power to bring them to effect.

Hel. O, were that all! — I think not on my father;
And these great tears grace his remembrance more
Than those I shed for him.[8] What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favour in't, but Bertram's.
I am undone: there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table;[9] heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour:[10]
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?

Enter PAROLLES.

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake,
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,

[8] That is, they grace his remembrance, in that they are thought to flow for him; whereas Bertram's departure is the real cause of them. H.

[9] Helena considers her heart as the *tablet* on which his picture was drawn.

[10] *Favour* is here used, as a little before, for *countenance*. *Trick*, the commentators say, here bears the sense of *trace*; an heraldic use of the word, found in Ben Jonson: but why may it not have the ordinary meaning of a *snare*, or any taking device that captivates the beholder? *Capable* is *susceptible*, apt to receive. H

That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.[11]

Par. Save you, fair queen.

Hel. And you, monarch.[12]

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain[13] of soldier in you; let me ask you a question: Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak: Unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none: man, sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers, and blowers up! — Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin got, till virginity was first lost. That you were made of is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found; by

[11] *Cold* for *naked*, as superfluous for overclothed. This makes the propriety of the antithesis.

[12] Perhaps there is an allusion here to the fantastic Monarcho mentioned in Love's Labour's Lost, Act iv. sc. 1, note 6.

[13] That is, some *tincture*, some little of the hue or colour of a soldier

being ever kept, it is ever lost: 'Tis too cold a companion; away with't.

Hel. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in't: 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin: virginity murders itself, and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not: you cannot choose but lose by't: Out with't: within one year it will make itself two,[14] which is a goodly increase, and the principal itself not much the worse: Away with't

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see: Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes.[15] 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible: answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which wear not now. Your date is better in your pie and your porridge,

[14] The old copy reads, "within ten years it will make itself *two*." The emendation is Hanmer's. *Out with it* is used equivocally. Applied to virginity, it means, give it away; part with it: considered in another light, it signifies *put it out to interest*, it will produce you ten for one.

[15] Parolles plays upon the word *liking*, and says, "She must do ill to *like* him that *likes* not virginity."

than in your cheek:[16] and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd pears: it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a wither'd pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet, 'tis a wither'd pear. Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.[17]

There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phœnix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptions christendoms,[18]

[16] A quibble on *date*, which means age, and a candied fruit then much used in pies.

[17] That is, my virginity is not yet a wither'd pear. *There*, in the next line, apparently refers to some words that have been lost. Hanmer and Johnson thought they might be,— *You're for the court*, or something to that effect. That *there* means the court, is plain enough from what she says afterwards: "The court's a learning-place." H.

[18] *Christendoms* is here used in the sense of *christenings*. So in Bishop Corbet's verses To the Lord Mordaunt:

> "One, were he well examin'd, and made looke
> His name in his own parish and church booke,
> Could hardly prove his *christendome*."

Gossip was formerly used as a verb, meaning, of course, *to stand sponsor for*. *Sib* or *syb* is the Anglo-Saxon for *kin*. Thus Verstegan, in his Restitution of Decayed Intelligence: "Our Christian ancestors, understanding a spiritual affinity to grow between the parents and such as undertook for the child in baptism, called each other by the name of *godsib*, which is as much as to say, they were *sib* together, that is, of kin together through God." How the common use of the word sprung up, is not quite clear: probably from the propensity of people to get together for religious ends, and then wax in the virtue of chatting scandal; the piety that sends them there being of that kind which is most apt to untie that unruly member, the tongue. Junius says, that under the cloak of

That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he —
I know not what he shall: — God send him well! —
The court's a learning-place; — and he is one —

Par. What one, i'faith?

Hel. That I wish well. — 'Tis pity —

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think; which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter a Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you. [*Exit*

Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward, when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: But the composition, that your valour and

this spiritual relationship female *gossips* used to meet to tell stories and tipple over them; and hence the English phrase, to go *a-gossipping*

fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing,[19] and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely. I will return perfect courtier; in the which my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable[20] of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: Get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so farewell. [*Exit*

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so high;
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.[21]
Impossible be strange attempts, to those
That weigh their pains in sense; and do suppose,
What hath been cannot be: Who ever strove
To show her merit, that did miss her love?
The king's disease — my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.
[*Exit*

[19] This is a metaphor from Shakespeare's favourite source, falconry. A bird of *good wing* was a bird of swift and strong flight.

[20] *Capable* and *susceptible* were synonymous.

[21] *The mightiest space in fortune* appears to mean those farthest asunder in fortune. *Likes* is used for equals. *Native things* are things of the same nativity. So that the meaning of the whole is, — Nature brings those that are farthest asunder in fortune to join like equals, and makes them kiss like things bred out of the same stock. H.

SCENE II. Paris.

A Room in the KING'S Palace.

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the KING *of France, with letters; Lords and others attending.*

King. The Florentines and Senoys[1] are by the ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1 *Lord.* So 'tis reported, sir.

King. Nay, 'tis most credible: we here receive it
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.

1 *Lord.* His love and wisdom,
Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead
For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen, that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.

2 *Lord.* It may well serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

[1] The citizens of the small republic of which Sienna is the capital. The *Sanesi*, as Boccaccio calls them, which Paynter translates *Senois*, after the French method

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, *and* PAROLLES.

1 *Lord.* It is the count Rousillon, my good lord
Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
May'st thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father, and myself, in friendship
First tried our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipled of the bravest: he lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father. In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest,
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour:
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride, or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and at this time
His tongue obey'd his hand:[2] who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place;
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man

[2] The figure of a clock is kept up, *his* hand being put for *its* hand. The *tongue* of the clock speaks the hour to which the *hand* points.

Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now
But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb:
So in approof[3] lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal speech.

King. 'Would I were with him! He would always say,
(Methinks I hear him now; his plausive words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear,[4]) "Let me not live,"—
Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out,—"let me not live," quoth he,
"After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions."—This he wish'd:
I, after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourers room.

2 *Lord.* You are lov'd, sir;
They that least lend it you shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know't.—How long is't count,

[3] The *approbation* of his worth lives not so much in his epitaph as in your royal speech.

[4] Evidently written with an eye to one of the Collects at the close of the Communion Office: "That the words which we have heard this day with our outward ears may be so grafted inwardly in our hearts, that they may bring forth in us the fruit of good living," &c. B.

Since the physician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet;—
Lend me an arm;—the rest have worn me out
With several applications:—nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;
My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Rousillon.

A Room in the COUNTESS's Palace.

Enter COUNTESS, *Steward, and Clown.*[1]

Count. I will now hear: what say you of this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content,[2] I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah! The complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe: 'tis my slowness, that I do

[1] The *Clown* in this comedy is a domestic fool of the same kind as Touchstone. Such fools were, in the Poet's time, maintained in great families to keep up merriment in the house. Cartwright, in one of the copies of verses prefixed to the works of Beaumont and Fletcher, censures such dialogues as this, and that between Olivia and the Clown in Twelfth Night:

> "Shakespeare to thee was dull, whose best jest lies
> I'th' *lady's* questions, and the *fool's* replies,
> Old-fashion'd wit, which walk'd from town to town
> In trunk-hose, which our fathers call'd the *clown*."

[2] To act up to your desires.

not; for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not so well, that I am poor; though many of the rich are damn'd: But, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world.[3] Isbel the woman and I will do as we may

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good will in this case

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isbel's case, and mine own. Service is no heritage; and I think I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue of my body; for they say bairns are blessings.[4]

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go, that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

[3] A phrase of the time, meaning to get married. See Much Ado about Nothing, Act ii. sc. 1, note 20. H.

[4] *Bairns* is a Scotch word for children. The adage referred to by the Clown probably grew from the passage in the 127th Psalm: "Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them" H.

Clo. I am out o' friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You are shallow, madam; e'en great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a-weary of. He that ears my land spares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop: if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge. He that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend: *ergo*, he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage: for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poysam the papist, howsome'er their hearts are sever'd in religion, their heads are both one; they may joll horns together, like any deer i'the herd.[5]

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:[6]

> For I the ballad will repeat,
> Which men full true shall find;
> Your marriage comes by destiny,
> Your cuckoo sings by kind.[7]

Count. Get you gone, sir: I'll talk with you more anon.

[5] It used to be thought in Shakespeare's time that the Puritans and Papists stood so far apart as to meet round on the other side, as extremes are apt to do. And something like fifty years later Dr. Jackson, a man of great candour and moderation, said "the great aim and endeavour of the Jesuits had long been to draw the Church into Calvinism." H

[6] The nearest, or readiest way.

[7] *Kind* was often used for *nature*. See The Merchant of Venice, Act i. sc. 3. note 7 H

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you? of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her; Helen, I mean.

Clo. Was this fair face, quoth she, the cause
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond done, done fond, good sooth it was.
Was this king Priam's joy.
With that she sighed as she stood,
With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then:
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.

Count. What! one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song. 'Would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the parson. One in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but for[9] every blazing star, or at an earthquake, twould mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you?

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done! — Though honesty be no

[8] *Fond done* is foolishly done. This line seems incomplete, and Warburton proposed to add, *for Paris he*, on the ground that Paris, not Helen, was *Priam's joy*. Of course the name Helen brings to the Clown's mind this fragment of an old ballad. H.

[9] The original reads *ore*. Mr. Dyce says, — "Mr. Knight has, I have no doubt, given the right reading, viz., *for*." Mr. Collier has *ere*; upon which Dyce remarks, — "*Blazing stars* are mentioned by our old writers as portending prodigies, not as coming after them." H.

puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.[10] — I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither. [*Exit.*

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeath'd her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her, than is paid; and more shall be paid her, than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, she wish'd me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself, her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they

[10] The controversy touching such things as kneeling at the Communion and wearing the surplice was raging quite fiercely in Shakespeare's time: every body was interested in it; so that the allusion in the text would be generally understood. The Puritans would have compelled every one to wear the black gown, which was to them the symbol of Calvinism. Some of them, however, conformed so far as to *wear the surplice over the gown*, because their conscience would not suffer them to officiate without the latter, nor the law of the Church without the former. It is hard to conceive why they should have been so hot against these things, unless it were that the removing of them was only a pretence, while in reality they aimed at other things. And we learn from Jeremy Collier, that when Sir Francis Walsingham offered in the queen's name to concede so far, they replied, — "Ne ungulam esse relinquendam; they would not leave so much as a hoof behind." How the war was kept up may be judged from what Jeremy Taylor wrote sixty years later: "But there are amongst us such tender stomachs that cannot endure milk, but can very well digest iron; consciences so tender, that a ceremony is greatly offensive, but rebellion is not; a *surplice drives them away* as a bird affrighted with a man of clouts, but their consciences can suffer them to despise government, and speak evil of dignities, and curse all that are not of their opinion, and disturb the peace of kingdoms, and commit sacrilege, and account schism the character of saints."

touch'd not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surpris'd, without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterward.[11] This she deliver'd in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in; which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal, sithence,[12] in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharg'd this honestly; keep it to yourself: many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care. I will speak with you further anon. [*Exit Steward.*

Enter HELENA.

Even so it was with me, when I was young:
If ever we are nature's, these are ours; this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born:
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults, though then we thought them none.
Her eye is sick on't: I observe her now.

[11] The words, *Diana, no,* and *to be,* in this sentence, were supplied by Theobald, and have been universally received. *Virgins* were sometimes called Diana's *knights.* See Much Ado about Nothing, Act v. sc. 3, note 3. H

[12] The old and unabridged form of *since.*

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Count. You know, Helen
I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother
Why not a mother? When I said, a mother,
Methought you saw a serpent: What's in mother,
That you start at it? I say I am your mother,
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine: 'Tis often seen,
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds:
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care. —
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood,
To say I am thy mother? What's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye? [13]
Why? —— that you are my daughter?

Hel. That I am not

Count. I say I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, madam,
The count Rousillon cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble:
My master, my dear lord he is; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die:
He must not be my brother.

Count. Nor I your mother?

[13] There is something exquisitely beautiful in this reference to the suffusion of colours which glimmers around the eye when wet with tears. The Poet has described the same appearance in his Rape of Lucrece:

"And round about her tear-distained eye
Blue circles stream'd like rainbows in the sky."

Hel. You are my mother, madam: would you were,
(So that my lord, your son, were not my brother,)
Indeed, my mother! — or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for,[14] than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister: Can't no other,[15]
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law:
God shield, you mean it not! daughter, and mother,
So strive upon your pulse. What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness: Now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head.[16] Now to all sense 'tis gross
You love my son; invention is asham'd,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say, thou dost not: therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 'tis so: — for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, the one to the other; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours,
That in their kind[17] they speak it: only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected. Speak, is't so?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue;
If it be not, forswear't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As Heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me!

Count. Do you love my son?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress

Count. Love you my son?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam?

[14] There is a designed ambiguity; I care as much for.
[15] That is, "can it *be* no other *way?*"
[16] The source, the cause of your grief.
[17] In their language.

Count. Go not about. my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: Come, come, disclose
The state of your affection; for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.[18]
Hel. Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high Heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high Heaven,
I love your son. —
My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love:
Be not offended, for it hurts not him,
That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet, in this captious and intenible sieve,[19]
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still. Thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do; but, if yourself,

[18] *Appeach* is an old word for *accuse*. H.

[19] *Captious* is plainly from the Latin *capio*, and means *apt to take in* or *receive: intenible*, *unable* to *hold* or *retain*. A singular use, indeed, of *captious*, but every way a legitimate and appropriate one. The usual meaning of the word in Shakespeare's time was *deceitful*. Singer insists on giving it that meaning here and Mr. Verplanck concurs with him, objecting to the explanation we have adopted, that it makes *intenible* contradict *captious*. Wherein he seems rather captious; for does not a sieve receive all the water one can pour in, and let it out as fast as it is poured in? On the other hand, how may a *sieve*, a thing so easily seen through, be said to *deceive*, unless it be in the sense of *taking in*? which is the sense we have supposed *captious* in this case to bear. H.

Whose aged honour cites [20] a virtuous youth,
Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,
Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and love; O! then, give pity
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and give, where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, — speak truly, —
To go to Paris?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? tell true

Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself, I swear
You know, my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading,
And manifest experience, had collected
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me
In heedfulest reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
More than they were in note: [21] Amongst the rest,
There is a remedy approv'd, set down
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The king is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it? speak.

Hel. My lord your son made me to think of this;
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,
Haply been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,

[20] Infers, proves.

[21] Receipts in which greater virtues were enclosed than appeared to observation.

If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? He and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him;
They, that they cannot help: How shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine,[22] have left off
The danger to itself?

Hel. There's something hints,[23]
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your honour
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,
By such a day, and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe't?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave, and love,
Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court; I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt:
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss.

[*Exeunt*

[22] Exhausted of their skill.

[23] The old copy reads--*in't*. The emendation is Hanmer's

ACT II.

SCENE I. Paris.

A Room in the KING'S Palace.

Flourish. Enter the KING, *with young Lords taking leave for the Florentine war;* BERTRAM, PAROLLES, *and Attendants.*

King. Farewell, young lords: these warlike principles
Do not throw from you: — and you, my lords, farewell. —
Share the advice betwixt you: if both[1] gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1 *Lord.* 'Tis our hope, sir
After well-enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege.[2] Farewell, young lords:
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy
(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy[3]) see, that you come

[1] Both *parties* of lords.

[2] That is, as the common phrase runs, *I am still heart-whole* my spirits, by not sinking under my distemper, do not acknowledge its influence. *Owes* for *owns*.

[3] Upon this dark passage Coleridge makes a rare piece of conjectural criticism: "It would be, I own, an audacious and unjustifiable change of the text; but yet, as a mere conjecture, I venture to suggest *bastards*, for *'bated*. As it stands, I can make little or nothing of it. Why should the King except the then most illus

Not to woo honour, but to wed it: when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek
That fame may cry you loud. I say, farewell.

2 *Lord.* Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them
They say, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand: beware of being captives,
Before you serve.[4]

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell. — Come hither to me.

[*The* KING *retires to a couch*

1 *Lord.* O, my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!

Par. 'Tis not his fault, the spark.

2 *Lord.* O, 'tis brave wars!

Par. Most admirable: I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with;[5]

trious states, which, as being republics, were the more truly inheritors of the Roman grandeur? With my conjecture, the sense would be, — 'Let higher, or the more northern part of Italy,' — (unless *higher* be a corruption for *hir'd*, the metre seeming to demand a monosyllable,) — 'those bastards that inherit but the infamy of their fathers, see.' &c. The following *woo* and *wed* are so far confirmative as they indicate Shakespeare's manner of connection by unmarked influences of association from some preceding metaphor. This it is which makes his style so peculiarly vital and organic. Likewise, *those girls of Italy* strengthens the guess." As to the word *bastards*, the same "guess" had been made before by Hanmer. The most common explanation, which to our mind is also the best, takes *abated* in the sense of *cast down* or *humbled*; so that the meaning is, — "Let upper Italy, where you are going to act, see that you come to gain honour, those *being subdued* that inherit but the ruins of their former state." *The last monarchy* probably refers to the Roman empire. The old writers often use *abate* in the sense here supposed. H.

[4] Be not captives before you are soldiers.

[5] To be *kept a coil with* is to be vexed with a *stir* or *noise*

"Too young," and "the next year," and "'tis too early."

Par. An thy mind stand to it, boy, steal away bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn,
But one to dance with![6] By Heaven, I'll steal away.

1 *Lord.* There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count.

2 *Lord.* I am your accessary; and so farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortur'd body.[7]

1 *Lord.* Farewell, captain.

2 *Lord.* Sweet monsieur Parolles!

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin Good sparks, and lustrous, a word, good metals:—you shall find, in the regiment of the Spinii, one captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek: it was this very sword entrench'd it: say to him, I live, and observe his reports for me.

2 *Lord.* We shall, noble captain. [*Exeunt Lords*

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices! What will you do?

Ber. Stay with the king.

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords: you have restrain'd yourself within the list of too cold an adieu; be more expressive to them: for they wear themselves in the cap of the time;[8]

[6] In Shakespeare's time it was usual for gentlemen to dance with swords on.

[7] Our parting is as it were to dissever or torture a body.

[8] They are the foremost in the fashion.

there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most receiv'd star; and though the devil lead the measure,[9] such are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par Worthy fellows, and like to prove most sinewy sword-men. [*Exeunt* BER. *and* PAR

Enter LAFEU.

Laf. [*Kneeling.*] Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll see[10] thee to stand up.

Laf. Then, here's a man stands, that has brought his pardon.

I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy
And that, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Goodfaith, across.[11] But, my good lord 'tis thus;
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

King. No.

[9] Henley, explaining this passage, says its obscurity arises from the fantastical language of Parolles, whose affectation of wit urges him from one allusion to another, without giving him time to judge of their congruity. *The cap of the time* being the first image that occurs. *true gait*, manner of *eating*, *speaking*, &c., are the several ornaments which they *muster*, or arrange in *time's cap*. This is done under the influence of the most approved fashion-setter; and such are to be followed in the *measure* or dance of fashion, even though the devil lead them. For *measure*, see Much Ado about Nothing, Act ii. sc. 1, note 2. H.

[10] So in the old copies, but usually printed *fee*. The meaning appears to be, I'll see you on your feet. H.

[11] This word, which is taken from breaking a spear *across* in chivalric exercises, is used elsewhere by Shakespeare where a pass of wit miscarries. See As You Like It, Act iii. sc. 4, note 3

Laf. O! will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?
Yes, but you will, my noble grapes, an if
My royal fox could reach them. I have seen
A medicine[12] that's able to breathe life into a stone,
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary,[13]
With spritely fire and motion; whose simple touch
Is powerful to araise king Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in's hand,
And write to her a love-line.

King What her is this?

Laf. Why, doctor she. My lord, there's one arriv'd,
If you will see her: — now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one, that in her sex, her years, profession,
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakness. Will you see her,
(For that is her demand,) and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wondering how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit* LAFEU.

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues

Re-enter LAFEU, *with* HELENA.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haste hath wings indeed

Laf. Nay, come your ways:

[12] *Medicine* is here used ambiguously for *a female physician*

[13] The canary was a kind of lively dance.

This is his majesty, say your mind to him:
A traitor you do look like; but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears. I am Cressid's uncle,[14]
That dare leave two together: Fare you well. [*Exit.*

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us?

Hel. Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon was
My father; in what he did profess, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him;
Knowing him is enough. On's bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bade me store up, as a triple eye[15]
Safer than mine own two, more dear. I have so;
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden
But may not be so credulous of cure:
When our most learned doctors leave us, and
The congregated college have concluded
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her inaidable estate, I say we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics; or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem

Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains:

[14] That is, Pandarus. [15] A third eye.

I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful:
Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give,
As one near death to those that wish him live;
But what at full I know thou know'st no part,
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest [16] 'gainst remedy:
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes.[17] Great floods have flown
From simple sources; [18] and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.[19]
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.

King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid:
Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid:
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd.
It is not so with Him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows;

[16] That is, "Since you have *made up your mind* that there is no remedy."

[17] Evidently an allusion to St. Matthew xi. 25: "I thank thee O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou *hast hid* these things from the *wise* and *prudent*, and *hast revealed* them unto *babes*." See, also, I Cor. i. 27. H.

[18] That is, when Moses smote the rock in Horeb.

[19] This must refer to the children of Israel passing the Red Sea, when miracles had been denied by Pharaoh.

But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of Heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent;
Of Heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;[20]
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? Within what space
Hop'st thou my cure?

Hel. The greatest Grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence
What dar'st thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence,
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,
Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise; the worst of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak,
His powerful sound within an organ weak;
And what impossibility would slay

[20] That is, proclaim one thing and design another.

[21] *Ne* is an old form of *nor*. *Worse of worst extended* means much the same as our phrase, Let worse come to worst; that is, let the loss of my good name be extended to the worst of evils, death by torture. For similar uses of *sear'd*, see Measure for Measure, Act ii. sc. 4, note 2. H.

In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate:[22]
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all[23]
That happiness and prime can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,
That ministers thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke,[24] unpitied let me die;
And well deserv'd. Not helping, death's my fee;
But, if I help, what do you promise me?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even!

King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of heaven.

Hel. Then, shalt thou give me with thy kingly hand
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state;
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand; the premises observ'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd:
So make the choice of thy own time; for I,
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.

[22] That is, may be *counted* among the gifts enjoyed by thee.

[23] The beauty of this line is, that eight syllables are allowed the time of ten; all which the metre-mongers have spoilt by foisting in *virtue* after *courage*. *Prime*, in the next line, simply means *youth*, a sense in which it is often used. H

[24] That is, *the* property, or ability, of *which* I spoke

More should I question thee, and more I must;
Though more to know could not be more to trust,
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on; but rest
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.—
Give me some help here, ho!—If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Rousillon.

A Room in the COUNTESS's Palace.

Enter COUNTESS *and Clown.*

Count. Come on, sir: I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will show myself highly fed, and lowly taught. I know my business is but to the court.

Count. To the court! why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court!

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg,[1] put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court: but, for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer, that fits all questions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks;[2] the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

[1] *Making a leg* was an old ceremony of respect, ridiculed in Ben Jonson's Silent Woman. H.

[2] This is a common proverbial expression.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffata punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's fore-finger,[3] as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris[4] for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: Here it is, and all that belongs to't: ask me, if I am a courtier; it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could: I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, sir![5] — there's a simple putting off. — More, more, a hundred of them.

[3] *Tom* and *Tibb* were apparently common names for a *lad* and *lass:* the *rush ring* seems to have been a kind of love token, for plighting of troth among rustic lovers. In Green's Menaphon the custom is alluded to: "Well, 'twas a goodly worlde when such simplicitie was used, sayes the olde women of our time, when a *ring of rush* would tie as much love together as a gimmon (*gimmal*) of golde."

[4] The *morris* was a dance. See Love's Labour's Lost, Act iii sc. 1, note 6. H.

[5] A ridicule on this silly expletive of speech, then in vogue at court. Thus Clove and Orange, in Every Man in His Humour "You conceive me, sir? — O Lord, sir!" And Cleveland in one of his songs: "Answer, O Lord sir! and talk play-book oaths.'

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, sir! — Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, sir! — Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipp'd, sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, sir! — Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, "O Lord, sir!" at your whipping, and "spare not me?" Indeed, your "O Lord, sir!" is very sequent to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my — "O Lord, sir!" I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, sir! — why, there't serves well again

Count. An end, sir: to your business. Give Helen this,
And urge her to a present answer back:
Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son.
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you: You understand me?

Clo. Most fruitfully; I am there before my legs

Count. Haste you again. [*Exeunt severally*

SCENE III. Paris.

A Room in the KING'S Palace.

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, *and* PAROLLES.

Laf. They say miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern[1] and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing[2] ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquish'd of the artists, —

Par. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic[3] fellows, —

Par. Right; so I say.

[1] *Modern* is here used in the sense of trite, common, as in the line, — "Full of wise saws and *modern* instances." — Coleridge has a characteristic remark upon this passage: "Shakespeare, inspired, as might seem, with all knowledge, here uses the word *causeless* in its strict philosophical sense; — cause being truly predicable only of *phenomena*, that is, things natural, not of *noumena*, or things supernatural." — Lord Bacon, in his Essay, Of Atheism, has a remark apparently born of the same experience that dictated the passage in the text: "It is true, that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion; for while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them, and go no further; but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate, and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity." The topic seems to have been often in the thoughts of that wonderful man: he has it again in his Meditationes Sacræ, and his Advancement of Learning. H.

[2] *Sconce* being a term in fortification for a chief fortress, to *ensconce* literally signifies *to secure as in a fort.*

[3] *Authentic* is *allowed, approved;* and seems to have been the proper epithet for a physician regularly bred or licensed.

Laf. That gave him out incurable, —

Par. Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be help'd, —

Par. Right; as 'twere, a man assur'd of an —

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in — what do you call there? —

Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it I would have said; the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier: 'fore me I speak in respect —

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a most facinorous spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the —

Laf. Very hand of Heaven.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak —

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence; which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king, as to be —

Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter the KING, HELENA, *and Attendants.*

Par. I would have said it; you say well. Here comes the king.

Laf. Lustick,[4] as the Dutchman says: I'll like

[4] *Lustick* is the Dutch for active, lusty, vigorous. Mr. Collier says the word came into common use from Holland in the beginning of the seventeenth century. Capell found the word several times in an old play entitled The Weakest Goeth to the Wall printed as early as 1600. A Dutchman named Jacob van Smelt is one of the characters.

a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head: Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.[5]

Par. Mort du Vinaigre! Is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court. — [*Exit an Attendant.*

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
I have to use: thy frank election make;
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when love please! — marry, to each but one![6]

Laf. I'd give bay Curtal,[7] and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath through me restor'd the king to health.

[5] *Coranto* was the name of a very brisk, lively dance. See Twelfth Night, Act i. sc. 3, note 10. H.

[6] She *be-outs*, excepts, one, Bertram, to whom she wishes herself, and therefore shrinks from applying the terms *fair* and *virtuous* in his case, as savouring of self-praise. H.

[7] A *curtal* was the common name for a horse: "I'd give my bay *horse*, &c., that my age were not greater than these boys!" — *A broken mouth* is a mouth which has lost part of its teeth.

All. We understand it, and thank Heaven for you

Hel. I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest.
That, I protest, I simply am a maid. —
Please it your majesty, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
"We blush, that thou shouldst choose; but, be refus'd,
Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever:
We'll ne'er come there again."[8]

King. Make choice; and, see
Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream. — Sir, will you hear my suit?

1 *Lord.* And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw ames-ace[9] for my life.

Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threateningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

2 *Lord.* No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great Love grant! and so I take my leave.

Laf. [*Aside.*] Do all they deny her? An they were sons of mine, I'd have them whipp'd, or I would send them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.

[8] That is, but, if thou be refused, let thy cheeks be for ever pale; we will never visit them again. *Be refused* means the same as *thou being refused*, or *be thou refused*. The *white death* is the paleness of death.

[9] "*Ames-ace*, or *both aces*," says Collier, "was the lowest throw upon two dice: to throw *ames-ace* is an expression often met with indicating ill luck. Lafeu contrasts it with the happy chance of being Helena's choice."

Hel. [*To 3 Lord.*] Be not afraid that I your hand should take;
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. [*Aside.*] These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have her: sure, they are bastards to the English; the French ne'er got them.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 *Lord.* Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. [*Aside.*] There's one grape yet, — I am sure, thy father drank wine. — [*To* PAR.] But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen: I have known thee already.[10]

Hel. [*To* BERTRAM.] I dare not say, I take you; but I give
Me, and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power. — This is the man.

King. Why, then, young Bertram, take her, she's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your highness,
In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

[10] This speech is usually printed as if the whole of it referred to Bertram; which seems to us to render the latter part of it unintelligible. To get over the difficulty, Theobald, and Hanmer and Warburton after him, broke it into three speeches, giving to Lafeu "There's one grape yet," to Parolles "I am sure thy father drank wine," and the rest to Lafeu. There is no authority for this; besides, taking the latter part of the speech as addressed to Parolles, all seems clear enough, and agrees well with what afterwards passes between them. Of course, during this part of the scene Lafeu and Parolles stand at some distance from the rest, where they can see what is done, but not hear what is said: therefore Lafeu has been speaking as if Helena were the refused, not the refuser. W.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st, she has rais'd me from my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? I know her well:
She had her breeding at my father's charge.
A poor physician's daughter my wife! — Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title [11] thou disdain's in her, the which
I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous, (save what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter,) thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name; but do not so:
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great additions swell's, and virtue none,[12]
It is a dropsied honour: good alone
Is good without a name; vileness is so:
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair:
In these to nature she's immediate heir:
And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the sire: Honours thrive,

[11] That is, the want of title.

[12] That is, where great titles *swell us*, and there is no virtue The original has *swell's*, but the contraction *'s* for *us* has been left out of most editions. H.

When rather from our acts we them derive,
Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a slave,
Debosh'd on every tomb; on every grave,
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue and she
Is her own dower; honour and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I am glad:
Let the rest go.

King. My honour's at the stake; which to defeat[13]
I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;
That dost in vile misprision shackle up
My love, and her desert; that canst not dream,
We, poising us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt;
Obey our will, which travails in thy good;
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care forever
Into the staggers,[14] and the careless lapse

[13] *Which* of course refers not to *honour*, but to the preceding *clause*, or to the *danger implied* in it. A similar construction occurs in Othello: "She dying gave it me, and bid me, when my fate would have me *wive*, to give it *her*." H.

[14] The commentators here kindly inform us that *the staggers* is a violent disease in horses; but the word in the text has no rela

Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate
Loosing upon thee in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity: Speak; thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord, for I submit
My fancy to your eyes: When I consider
What great creation, and what dole of honour,
Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is, as 'twere, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her, she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoise, if not to thy estate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the king,
Smile upon this contract: whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,[15]
And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.

[*Exeunt the* KING, BERTRAM, HELENA, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation? — My lord? my master?

tion, even metaphorically, to it. The reeling and unsteady course of a drunken or sick man is meant. Shakespeare has the same expression in Cymbeline, where Posthumus says: "Whence come these *staggers* on me?"

[15] That is, the brief *contract* or *troth-plight* now made. The Poet often uses *brief* in this way; as in the last act of this play — "She told me in a sweet verbal *brief*." H

Laf. Ay, is it not a language I speak ?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master ?

Laf. Are you companion to the count Rousillon ?

Par. To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man: count's master is of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir: let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries,[16] to be a pretty wise fellow: thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass; yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up,[17] and that thou'rt scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee, —

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if — Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well: thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserv'd it.

[16] That is, while I sat twice with thee at dinner.

[17] To *take up* is to *contradict*, to *call to account*

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge; that I may say, in the default,[18] he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave.[19] [*Exit.*

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married: there's news for you; you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: He is my good lord; whom I serve above is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

[18] At a need.

[19] "Doing I am *past*," says Lafeu, "as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave;" that is, "as I will *pass* by thee as fast as I am able: and he immediately goes out.

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate: you are a vagabond, and no true traveller. You are more saucy with lords and honourable personages, than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

Enter BERTRAM.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then. — Good, very good; let it be conceal'd a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, sweet heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn,
I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, sweet heart?

Ber. O, my Parolles, they have married me! — I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the import is,
I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known. To the wars my boy, to the wars!
He wears his honour in a box, unseen,
That hugs his kicky-wicky[20] here at home;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions!
France is a stable; we, that dwell in't, jades;
Therefore, to the war!

Ber. It shall be so: I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak: His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike: War is no strife
To the dark house and the detested wife.[21]

Par. Will this capricio hold in thee, art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me
I'll send her straight away: to-morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it. —'Tis hard;
A young man married is a man that's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:
The king has done you wrong; but, hush! 'tis so.

[*Exeunt.*

[20] A cant term for a wife.

[21] The *dark house* is a house made gloomy by discontent. In Henry IV. Hotspur says of Glendower,—

"he's as tedious
As is a tired horse, a *railing wife;*
Worse than a *smoky house.*"

SCENE IV. The same.

Another Room in the same.

Enter HELENA *and Clown.*

Hel. My mother greets me kindly: is she well!

Clo. She is not well; but yet she has her health: she's very merry; but yet she is not well: but thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i'the world; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well?

Clo. Truly, she's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she's in earth from whence God send her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still. — O, my knave! How does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away! thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou'rt a knave; that is, before me thou'rt a knave: this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool: I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i'faith, and well fed.[1]—
Madam, my lord will go away to-night;
A very serious business calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint;[2]
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets,
Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,[3]
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o'the king,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.[4]

[1] Perhaps the old saying, "better fed than taught," is alluded to here, as in a preceding scene, where the clown says, "I will show myself *highly fed* and lowly taught."

[2] That is, puts it off *in obedience* to an *enforced* restraint; the passive, *compell'd*, for the active, *compelling*. H.

[3] The meaning appears to be, that the delay of the joys, and the expectation of them, would make them more delightful when they come. The *curbed time* means the time of restraint: *whose want* means *the want of which*; referring to *prerogative* and *rite*

[4] A specious appearance of necessity.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, sirrah. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Another Room in the same.

Enter LAFEU *and* BERTRAM.

Laf. But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true: I took this lark for a bunting.[1]

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have, then, sinn'd against his experience, and transgress'd against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes: I pray you, make us friends; I will pursue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. [*To* BERTRAM.] These things shall be done, sir.

Laf. Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O! I know him well. Ay, sir; he, sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. [*Aside to* PAROLLES.] Is she gone to the king?

[1] The bunting nearly resembles the sky-lark; but has little or no song, which gives estimation to the sky-lark.

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,
Given order for our horses; and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride,
End, ere I do begin.[2]

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three-thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten. — God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leap'd into the custard;[3] and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe

[2] In the old copies this line is printed, — "*And*, ere I do begin;" as if it were a broken sentence. For the happy correction we are indebted to Mr. Collier, who took it from an old manuscript note in Lord Francis Egerton's copy of the first folio. As it is but putting an E for an A, and gives a sense at once clear and apt, we have no scruples in adopting it. H.

[3] It was a piece of foolery practised at city entertainments, when an allowed fool or jester was in fashion, for him to jump into a large deep custard set for the purpose, to cause laughter among the spectators. Ben Jonson mentions it in his play, The Devil is an Ass, Act i. sc. 1:

> "He may, perchance, in tail of a sheriff's dinner,
> Skip with a rhyme on the table, from New-nothing,
> And take his *Almain-leap into a custard*,
> Shall make my lady mayoress and her sisters
> Laugh all their hoods over their shoulders."

this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes: trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. — Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you than you have or will deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil. [*Exit.*

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think not so.

Par. Why, do you know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well; and common speech
Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave
For present parting: only he desires
Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular: prepar'd I was not
For such a business; therefore am I found
So much unsettled. This drives me to entreat you,
That presently you take your way for home;
And rather muse than ask why I entreat you,
For my respects are better than they seem;
And my appointments have in them a need,
Greater than shows itself, at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother
[*Giving a letter*
'Twill be two days ere I shall see you; so,
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.
Ber. Come, come, no more of that.
Hel. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that,
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.
Ber. Let that go:
My haste is very great. Farewell; hie home.
Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.
Ber. Well, what would you say?
Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;[4]
Nor dare I say 'tis mine, and yet it is;
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.
Ber. What would you have?
Hel. Something, and scarce so much:—nothing, indeed.—
I would not tell you what I would, my lord—'faith, yes;—
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.
Ber. I pray you stay not, but in haste to horse.
Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.
Where are my other men? monsieur, farewell.
[*Exit.*
Ber. Go thou toward home; where I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum.—
Away! and for our flight.
Par. Bravely, coragio!
[*Exeunt*

[4] Possess, or own.

ACT III.

SCENE I. Florence.

A Room in the DUKE'S Palace.

Flourish. Enter the DUKE *of Florence, attended; French Envoy, French Gentleman, and Soldiers.*

Duke. So that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war;
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
And more thirsts after.

Gent. Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our cousin France
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

Env. Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,[1]
But like a common and an outward man,[2]
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion: therefore, dare not
Say what I think of it; since I have found
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

Env. But I am sure, the younger of our nature,

[1] That is, I cannot inform you of the reasons.

[2] One not in the secret of affairs: so, *inward* in a contrar sense.

[3] As we say at present, our young fellows

That surfeit on their ease, will day by day
Come here for physic.

Duke. Welcome shall they be;
And all the honours, that can fly from us,
Shall on them settle. You know your places well
When better fall, for your avails they fell.
To-morrow to the field. [*Flourish. Exeunt*

SCENE II. Rousillon.

A Room in the Countess's Palace

Enter Countess *and Clown.*

Count. It hath happen'd all as I would have had it, save that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing; mend the ruff,[1] and sing; ask questions, and sing, pick his teeth, and sing: I know a man, that had this trick of melancholy, sold a goodly manor for a song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. [*Opening a letter.*

Clo. I have no mind to Isbel, since I was at court: our old ling and our Isbels o'the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o'the court: the brains of my Cupid's knock'd out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

[1] The tops of the boots in Shakespeare's time turned down, and hung loosely over the leg. The folding part or top was the *ruff*. It was of softer leather than the boot, and often fringed

Clo. E'en that you have there: [*Exit.*

Count. [*Reads.*] I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the *not* eternal. You shall hear I am run away; know it, before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.

Your unfortunate son,

BERTRAM.

This is not well: rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king!
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire!

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam! yonder is heavy news within, between two soldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort: your son will not be kill'd so soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be kill'd?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to't; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more: for my part, I only hear your son was run away. [*Exit Clown.*

Enter HELENA *and two Gentlemen.*

1 *G.* Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 *G.* Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience. — 'Pray you, gentlemen, —

I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman [2] me unto't: — where is my son, I pray you?

2 *G.* Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of Florence:
We met him thitherward; for thence we came,
And, after some despatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam: here's my passport.

[*Reads.*] When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body, that I am father to, then call me husband but in such a *then* I write a *never.*

This is a dreadful sentence!

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 *G.* Ay, madam,
And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

Count. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer;
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety. He was my son,
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child. — Towards Florence is he?

2 *G.* Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

Gent. Such is his noble purpose; and, believe't,
The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

1 *G.* Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed

Hel. [*Reads.*] "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France."

'Tis bitter!

Count. Find you that there?

[2] That is, affect me as our sex are usually affected

Hel. Ay, madam.

1 *G.* 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply, which his heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!
There's nothing here that is too good for him,
But only she; and she deserves a lord,
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly mistress. Who was with him?

1 *G.* A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have sometime known.

Count. Parolles, was't not?

1 *G.* Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.
My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

1 *G.* Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that too much,
Which holds him much to have.[3]

Count. Y'are welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses: more I'll entreat you
Written to bear along.

2 *G.* We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.[4]
Will you draw near?

[*Exeunt* COUNTESS *and the two Gentlemen.*

[3] An obscure passage indeed; but perhaps it can be understood well enough, if the reader bear in mind that Parolles' greatest having is in impudence, and at the same time make *him* emphatic. The fellow has a deal too much of impudence; and yet it holds, behooves *him* to have a large stock of that, inasmuch as he has nothing else. H.

[4] In reply to the gentlemen's declaration that they are her servants, the countess answers — no otherwise than as we return the same offices of civility.

Hel. "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France."

Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France;
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O! you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-pierced air,[5]
That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord!
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff that do hold him to it;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected: Better 'twere
I met the ravin[6] lion when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere

[5] That is, the air that is *continually pierced* with bullets and sings with the *piercing*. The passage has caused a great deal of controversy. In the original the two lines stand thus, *literatim*:

"Fly with false ayme, move the still-peering aire
That fings with piercing, do not touch my Lord:"

In the second folio *still-peering* was changed to *still-piercing*; which is preferred by many, and among others by Nares, who explains it as meaning "constantly *pierced*;" the active form being used for the passive, as is quite common in the old poets. Touching the *sense* of the passage, this appears the most satisfactory explanation that has been offered. We have ventured to suit the *form* to the *sense*, on the ground that the printer's eye may have caught the ending *ing* in the next line, and thus inserted it here instead of *ed*. Mistakes of this kind are not unfrequent in old books; for an instance of which see The Tempest, Act ii. sc. 2, note 13

H

[6] That is, the *ravenous* or ravening lion. So in Macbeth:

"The *ravin'd* salt sea shark."

That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once: No, come thou home, Rousillon,
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all: [7] I will be gone.
My being here it is that holds thee hence:
Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone;
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To consolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. Florence.

Before the DUKE'S Palace.

Flourish. Enter the DUKE *of Florence*, BERTRAM, PAROLLES, *Lords*, *Officers*, *Soldiers*, *and others.*

Duke. The general of our horse thou art; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,
To the extreme edge of hazard.[1]

Duke. Then go thou forth;
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,[2]
As thy auspicious mistress!

[7] The sense is, "From that place, where all the advantage that honour usually reaps from the danger it rushes upon, is only a scar in testimony of its bravery, as, on the other hand, it often is the cause of losing all, even life itself."

[1] So in Shakespeare's 116th Sonnet: "But bears it out even to the *edge* of doom." And Milton's Par. Reg. B. i.: "You see our danger on *the utmost edge of hazard.*"

[2] In Richard III.: "*Fortune* and victory sit on thy *helm.*"

Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall p ove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV. Rousillon.

A Room in the COUNTESS's Palace.

Enter COUNTESS *and Steward.*

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know, she would do as she has done
By sending me a letter? Read it again.

Stew. I am Saint Jaques'[1] pilgrim, thither gone:
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the bloody course of war
My dearest master, your dear son, may hie:
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
His name with zealous fervour sanctify.
His taken labours bid him me forgive:
I, his despiteful Juno,[2] sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth
He is too good and fair for death and me;
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.

Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words! —
Rinaldo, you did never lack advice[3] so much,

[1] At Orleans was a church dedicated to St Jaques, to which pilgrims formerly used to resort to adore a part of the cross pretended to be there.

[2] Alluding to the story of Hercules

[3] That is, discretion or thought

As letting her pass so: had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam:
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be in vain.

Count. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice. — Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband, of his wife:
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh[4] too light: my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Despatch the most convenient messenger. —
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return; and hope I may, that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love. Which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction. — Provide this messenger. —
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Without the Walls of Florence.

A tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow of Florence, DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA, *and Citizens.*

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

[4] *Weigh* here means to value or esteem.

Dia. They say the French count has done most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander, and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. We have lost our labour; they are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions[1] for the young earl: — Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under:[2] many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not to advise you further; but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter HELENA, *in the dress of a Pilgrim.*

Wid. I hope so. — Look, here comes a pilgrim. I know she will lie at my house; thither they send one another: I'll question her. —
God save you, pilgrim! Whither are you bound?

[1] *Suggestions* are *temptations.*
[2] That is under the names of.

Hel. To St. Jaques le grand.
Where do the palmers[3] lodge, I do beseech you?
Wid. At the St. Francis here, beside the port.
Hel. Is this the way? [*A march afar off*
Wid. Ay, marry, is't. Hark you! they come this way.
If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg d;
The rather, for I think I know your hostess
As ample as myself.
Hel. Is it yourself?
Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.
Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure
Wid. You came, I think, from France?
Hel. I did so.
Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy service.
Hel. His name, I pray you?
Dia. The count Rousillon: know you such a one?
Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him.
His face I know not.[4]
Dia. Whatsoe'er he is,

[3] Pilgrims; so called from a staff or bough of palm they were wont to carry, especially such as had visited the holy places at Jerusalem.

[4] Touching this passage, Coleridge asks, — "Shall we say here, that Shakespeare has unnecessarily made his loveliest character utter a lie? Or shall we dare think that, where to deceive was necessary, he thought a pretended verbal verity a double crime, equally with the other a lie to the hearer, and at the same time an attempt to lie to one's own conscience?" Whatsoever may be the truth in this case, such, no doubt, is often the result of overstraining the rule against deceiving others; it puts people upon skulking behind subterfuges for the deceiving of themselves. We have often seen them use great art to speak the truth in such a way as to deceive, and then hug themselves in the conceit that they had not spoken falsely. H.

He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported, for[5] the king had married him
Against his liking: Think you it is so?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth: I know his lady

Dia. There is a gentleman, that serves the count,
Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O! I believe with him;
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated: all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.

Dia. Alas, poor lady.
'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

Wid. Ay, right: good creature, wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly: This young maid might do her
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.

Hel. How do you mean?
May be, the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does, indeed;
And brokes[6] with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

Enter, with drum and colours, a party of the Florentine Army, BERTRAM, *and* PAROLLES.

Mar. The gods forbid else!

Wid. So, now they come. —

[5] Shakespeare often uses *for* in the sense of *because*. H.
[6] Practises *brokerage*.

That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. He;
That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow;
I would, he lov'd his wife: if he were honester,
He were much goodlier: — Is't not a handsome gentleman?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity, he is not honest. Yond's that same knave,
That leads him to these places: were I his lady,
I would poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs: Why is he melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i'the battle.

Par. Lose our drum! well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vex'd at something: Look, he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!

[*Exeunt* BER., PAR., *Officers, and Soldiers.*

Wid. The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will bring you
Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great St. Jaques bound,
Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you.
Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts of this virgin,[7]
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt*

[7] *Of* was often used in the sense of *on*

SCENE VI. Camp before Florence.

Enter BERTRAM, *French Envoy, and French Gentleman.*

Env. Nay, good my lord, put him to't: let him have his way.

Gent. If your lordship find him not a hilding,[1] hold me no more in your respect.

Env. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

Env. Believe it, my lord: in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

Gent. It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might, at some great and trusty business in a main danger fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

Gent. None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

Env. I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him: such I will have, whom, I am sure, he knows not from the enemy. We will bind and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer[2] of the

[1] *A hilding* is a paltry fellow, a coward. Horne Tooke derives it from the Anglo-Saxon *hyldan*, to *crouch*. H.

[2] The *camp*. An apt illustration of this term has been given by Mr. Douce from Sir John Smythe's Discourses, 1590: "They will not vouchsafe in their speaches or writings to use our ancient termes belonging to matters of warre, but doo call a campe by

adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents. Be but your lordship present at his examination; if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

Gent. O! for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says, he has a stratagem for't: When your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment,[3] your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter PAROLLES.

Env. O! for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his design: let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

the Dutch name of *Legar;* nor will not affoord to say, that such a towne or such a fort is besieged, but that it is *belegard.*" H.

[3] This was an old proverbial phrase for some such practical joking as is now called *drumming out.* Master Drum had different names, Tom, Jack, and John. Holinshed thus praises the hospitality of the Mayor of Dublin in 1551: "His jester or any other officer durst not, for both his ears, give the simplest man that resorted to his house *Tom* Drum his entertainment, which is, to hale a man in by the head, and thrust him out by both the shoulders." In an old play called The Three Ladies of London, 1584, Dissimulation says to Simplicity, — "Pack hence, away, — Jack Drum's entertainment." It was also made the subject of a play entitled Jack Drum's Entertainment, and first printed in 1601; in which Jack Drum the hero passes through a series of inverted exploits not unlike this of Parolles. H.

[4] A phrase for *at any rate.* "The *honour* of his design" is the honour he thinks to gain by it. *Honour* has been usually printed *humour;* a change, says Collier, "without either warranty or fitness." H.

Ber. How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

Gent. A pox on't! let it go; 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! Is't but a drum? A drum so lost! — There was an excellent command, to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers!

Gent. That was not to be blam'd in the command of the service: it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered: But that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet.*[5]

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: and I will pres-

[5] I would recover the lost drum or another, or die in the attempt. An epitaph then usually began *hic jacet.*

ently pen down my dilemmas,[6] encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thou art valiant; and, to the possibilty of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee.[7] Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. [*Exit.*

Env. No more than a fish loves water. — Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done? damns himself to do, and dares better be damn'd than to do't?

Gent. You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

Env. None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: But we have almost emboss'd him;[8] you shall see his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

Gent. We will make you some sport with the

[6] The *difficulties* of the enterprise, and his *plans* for overcoming them. H.

[7] Bertram's meaning is, that he will vouch for his doing all that it is possible for soldiership to effect.

[8] That is, *almost run him down.* An *emboss'd* stag is one so hard chased as to foam at the mouth.

fox, ere we case him.[9] He was first smok'd by the old lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him, which you shall see this very night.

Env. I must go look my twigs: he shall be caught.[10]

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

Env. As't please your lordship: I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you
The lass I spoke of.

Gent. But, you say, she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i'the wind,[11]
Tokens and letters which she did re-send;
And this is all I have done. She's a fair creature:
Will you go see her?

Gent. With all my heart, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

[9] Before we strip him naked, or unmask him.

[10] So in the third scene of this act: "They are limed with the *twigs* that threaten them." To *lime* is to catch or entangle; and *twigs* was a common term for the trap or snare, whether it were made of twigs or of thoughts; of material or mental *wicker-work*. H.

[11] This proverbial phrase is thus explained by Cotgrave: "*Estre sur vent*, To be in the wind, or to have the wind of. *To get the wind, advantage, upper hand of; to have a man under his lee.*"

SCENE VII. Florence.

A Room in the Widow's House.

Enter HELENA *and Widow.*

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.[1]

Wid. Though my estate be fall'n, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses,
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband,
And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken,
Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you;
For you have show'd me that which well approves
You're great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will overpay, and pay again,
When I have found it. The count he woos your daughter,
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolv'd to carry her: let her, in fine, consent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it.
Now, his important[2] blood will nought denv

[1] That is, by discovering herself to the count.

[2] *Important*, here and in other places, is used for *importunate*. See Much Ado about Nothing, Act ii. sc. 1, note 1.

That she'll demand: a ring the county wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see
The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then: It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent: After this,
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded:
Instruct my daughter how she shall persever,
That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musics of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness: It nothing steads us,
To chide him from our eaves, for he persists,
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why, then, to-night
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed.
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act;
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:[3]
But let's about it. [*Exeunt*

[3] The explanation of this riddle is, that Bertram was to do a lawful deed with a wicked intent; Helena, the same deed with a good intent; and that what was really to be on both sides a lawful embrace, was to seem in them both an act of adultery. H

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Without the Florentine Camp.

Enter French Envoy, with five or six Soldiers in ambush.

Env. He can come no other way but by this hedge corner. When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will: though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

1 *Sold.* Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

Env. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

1 *Sold.* No, sir, I warrant you.

Env. But what linsy-woolsy hast thou to speak to us again?

1 *Sold.* Even such as you speak to me.

Env. He must think us some band of strangers i'the adversary's entertainment.[1] Now, he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore, we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know is to know straight our purpose: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough.[2] As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, ho! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

[1] That is, foreign troops in the enemy's pay.

[2] The sense of this passage appears to be: "We must each fancy a jargon for himself, without aiming to be understood by each other; for, provided we appear to understand, that will be sufficient." The *chough* is a bird of the jack-daw kind.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausive invention that carries it. They begin to smoke me; and disgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door. I find my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Env. [*Aside.*] This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of.

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in exploit: Yet slight ones will not carry it: they will say, Came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore, what's the instance?[3] Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Baja zet's mute,[4] if you prattle me into these perils.

Env. [*Aside.*] Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is?

[3] That is, what *evidence* shall I produce? in what shall I *instance*, to bear out my pretence? This passage has been greatly obscured in all modern editions, by printing *wherefore* thus, "wherefore?" as if it were an interrogative adverb; whereas it is plainly a relative adverb, as it is printed in the original, and refers to the preceding sentence. Parolles is in a quandary: slight wounds will not serve his turn; great ones he dare not give himself; and so he is casting about what scheme he shall light upon next. He then goes on to lecture his tongue for getting him into such a scrape. H.

[4] The original has *mule*. This was changed by Warburton to *mute*, which falls in so well with the context, that it has been generally received. The allusion was probably understood at the time, but nothing has been found in modern times to render it intelligible. H

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword

Env. [*Aside.*] We cannot afford you so.

Par. Or the baring of my beard;[5] and to say it was in stratagem.

Env. [*Aside.*] 'Twould not do.

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripp'd.

Env. [*Aside.*] Hardly serve.

Par. Though I swore I leap'd from the window of the citadel —

Env. [*Aside.*] How deep?

Par. — thirty fathom.

Env. [*Aside.*] Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's; I would swear I recover'd it.

Env. [*Aside.*] You shall hear one anon.

Par. A drum, now, of the enemy's!

[*Alarum within.*

Env. Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.

All. Cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.

Par. O! ransom, ransom! — Do not hide mine eyes. [*They seize him and blindfold him.*

1 *Sold. Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment.
And I shall lose my life for want of language:
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me:
I will discover that which shall undo
The Florentine.

[5] That is, the *shaving* of my beard. To *bare* anciently signified to *shave*. So in Measure for Measure, Act iv. sc. 2: "*Shave* the head, and tie the beard; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so *bar'd* before his death."

1 *Sold.* *Boskos vauvado:* —
I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue: —
Kerelybonto: — Sir,
Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards
Are at thy bosom.

Par. O!

1 *Sold.* O! pray, pray, pray.
Manka revania dulche.

Env. *Oscorbidulchos volivorca.*

1 *Sold.* The general is content to spare thee yet,
And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee: haply, thou may'st inform
Something to save thy life.

Par. O! let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,
Their force, their purposes; nay, I'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.

1 *Sold.* But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

1 *Sold.* *Acordo linta.* —
Come on; thou art granted space.

[*Exit, with* PAROLLES *guarded.*

Env. Go, tell the count Rousillon and my brother
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled,
Till we do hear from them.

2 *Sold.* Captain, I will.

Env. He will betray us all unto ourselves: —
Inform on that.

2 *Sold.* So I will, sir.

Env. Till then, I'll keep him dark, and safely lock'd. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II. Florence.

A Room in the Widow's House.

Enter BERTRAM *and* DIANA.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontibell
Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.
Ber. Titled goddess!
And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;
And now you should be as your mother was,
When your sweet self was got.
Dia. She then was honest.
Ber. So should you be.
Dia. No:
My mother did but duty; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.
Ber. No more o' that!
I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows:[1]
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.
Dia. Ay, so you serve us,
Till we serve you; but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.
Ber. How have I sworn!
Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth,
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.

[1] His vows never to treat Helena as his wife

What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the Highest to witness: Then, pray you, tell me,
If I should swear by Jove's great attributes,
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,
To swear by him, whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him.[2] Therefore, your oaths
Are words, and poor conditions, but unseal'd;
At least, in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it:
Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover: say thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, shall so persever.

Dia. I see, that men make hopes in such a war,[3]
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

[2] Few passages in Shakespeare have been more belaboured than this. To understand it, we must bear in mind what Bertram has been doing and trying to do. He has been swearing love to Diana, and in the strength of that oath wants she should do that which would ruin her. This is what she justly calls *loving* her *ill*, because it is a *love* that seeks to *injure* her. She therefore retorts upon him, that oaths in such a suit are but an adding of perjury to lust. As to the latter part of the passage, we agree entirely with Mr. Collier, that "these lines have not been understood on account of the inversion." The first *him* refers to *Jove*, and *whom*, not to this, but to the second *him*; or rather *whom* and the latter *him* are correlative. The meaning, then, at once appears, if we render the sentence thus: "This has no holding, this will not hold, to swear by Heaven that I will work against him, or seek his hurt, whom I protest to love." What, therefore, does she conclude? why, that his *oaths* are no oaths, but mere *words* and *poor, unseal'd*, unratified *conditions*. H.

[3] That is, in such a *strife* or *contest* as the one in hand. The original here reads, "make *ropes* in such a *scarre*;" which Knight and Collier retain, though both suspect it to be a corruption. Sev-

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear; but have no power
To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i'the world
In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honour's such a ring:
My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i'the world
In me to lose. Thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion honour on my part,
Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring,
My house, mine honour, yea, my life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window:

eral corrections have been proposed, of which that in the text is by far the best. It was made by Singer, who rightly suggests that *warre*, as it was always written by Shakespeare, might easily get turned by the printer into *scarre*. Yet we have to own that *make hopes* is not a very Shakespearian expression: it carries a tameness hardly to be looked for in one so apt to deal in bold, strong metaphors. Which may lend some weight to the suggestion that both *ropes* and *scar* may be right, as expressing the strange means men will resort to, to overcome great difficulties. Camden says "scarr is a craggy, stony hill;" and Ray calls "a *scarre* the cliff of a rock," and says it is so used in *Scarborough*. And the word thus occurs in Drayton's Poly-Olbion, Song 27:

"To fence her furthest point from that rough Neptune's rage,
The isle of Walney lies, whose longitude doth 'swage
His fury when his waves on Furness seem to war,
Whose crooked back is armed with many a rugged *scarr*
Against his boist'rous shocks."

That Shakespeare may have meant to use the figure of a man framing a *ladder of ropes* to surmount a *steep, ragged cliff*, is therefore possible, though we can scarce think it probable. H.

I'll order take my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:
My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them,
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring; that what in time proceeds
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, till then; then, fail not: You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won, by wooing thee. [*Exit.*

Dia. For which live long to thank both Heaven and me!
You may so in the end.—
My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in's heart: she says all men
Have the like oaths: He has sworn to marry me,
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him,
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,[4]

4 Richardson derives *braid* from the Anglo-Saxon *brægan*, and explains it to mean hasty, sudden, violent. Mr. Dyce accepts his derivation, but thinks its meaning here to be "violent in desire, lustful." But the balance of authority seems to be with Steevens and Singer, who make it another word, from the Anglo-Saxon *bred*, and explain it as meaning false, deceitful, perfidious. This agrees very well with the old character which foreign writers from Tacitus to Coleridge have generally set upon the French as a nation. And it is noticeable that Diana speaks as if she had now found an individual example of what she considered a national characteristic. In The Winter's Tale, Act iv. sc. 3, the Clown, referring to Autolycus, asks,—"Has he any *unbraided* wares?" where *unbraided* evidently means *genuine, undamaged*. It is there shown in a note that *braided wares* meant *false, deceitful wares*. To show that the adjective is here used in the same sense, Singer quotes from a very ancient Carol for St. Stephen's Day, where Herod asks the saint who is prophesying the Saviour's birth.—

Marry that will, I live and die a maid:
Only in this disguise, I think't no sin,
To cozen him, that would unjustly win. [*Exit*

SCENE III. The Florentine Camp.

Enter French Envoy, French Gentleman, and two or three Soldiers.

Gent. You have not given him his mother's letter?

Env. I have deliver'd it an hour since: there is something in't that stings his nature, for on the reading it he chang'd almost into another man.

Gent. He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

Env. Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tun'd his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

Gent. When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

Env. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown, and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

Gent. Now, God delay our rebellion: as we are ourselves, what things are we!

Env. Merely our own traitors: And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them

"What eyleth the, Stevyn, art thou wood? or thou gynnist to *brede?*" And to the same purpose Steevens cites from Green's Never too Late, 1616:

"Dian rose with all her maids,
Blushing thus at Love his *braids.*" H.

reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorr'd ends;[1] so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.[2]

Gent. Is it not most damnable in us to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not, then, have his company to-night.

Env. Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

Gent. That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company[4] anatomiz'd, that he might take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.[5]

Env. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

Gent. In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

Env. I hear there is an overture of peace.

Gent. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

Env. What will count Rousillon do, then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

Gent. I perceive by this demand you are not altogether of his council.

Env. Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

Gent. Sir, his wife, some two months since, fled

[1] This may mean, "they are perpetually talking about the mischief they intend to do, till they have obtained an opportunity of doing it."

[2] That is, betrays his own secrets in his talk.

[3] *Damnable* for *damnably*; the adjective used adverbially.

[4] *Compdny* for *companion*; referring of course to Parolles.

[5] This is a very just and moral reason. Bertram, by finding how ill he has judged, will be less confident and more open to admonition. *Counterfeit*, besides its ordinary signification of a person pretending to be what he is not, also meant a *picture*: the word *set* shows that it is used in both senses here.

from his house: her pretence is a pilgrimage to St. Jaques le grand; which holy undertaking with most austere sanctimony she accomplish'd; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

Enc. How is this justified?

Gent. The stranger part of it by her own letters; which make her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say, is come, — was faithfully confirm'd by the rector of the place.

Enc. Hath the count all this intelligence?

Gent. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

Enc. I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

Gent. How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses!

Enc. And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity, that his valour hath here acquir'd for him, shall at home be encounter'd with a shame as ample.

Gent. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipp'd them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherish'd by our virtues. —

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your master?

Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

Env. They shall be no more than needful there if they were more than they can commend

Enter BERTRAM.

Gent. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now. — How now, my lord! is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night despatch'd sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have congé'd with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest, buried a wife, mourn'd for her, writ to my lady mother I am returning, entertain'd my convoy; and between these main parcels of despatch effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

Env. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier?[6] Come, bring forth this counterfeit module:[7] he has deceiv'd me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

Env. Bring him forth: [*Exeunt Soldiers.*] he has sat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserv'd it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

Env. I have told your lordship already; the stocks carry him. But, to answer you as you would be understood, he weeps like a wench that

[6] Mr. Collier thinks this probably refers to some popular stage performance of the time.

[7] *Module* and *model* were synonymous. The meaning is, bring forth this counterfeit *representation* of a soldier.

had shed her milk: he hath confess'd himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance, to this very instant disaster of his setting i'the stocks; and what think you he hath confess'd?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

Env. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it

Re-enter Soldiers, with PAROLLES.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled? he can say nothing of me: hush! hush!

Gent. Hoodman[8] comes! — *Portotartarossa.*

1 *Sold.* He calls for the tortures: What will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint: if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

1 *Sold. Bosko chimurcho.*

Gent. Boblibindo chicurmurco.

1 *Sold.* You are a merciful general. — Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

1 *Sold.* "First demand of him how many horse the duke is strong?" What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1 *Sold.* Shall I set down your answer so?

[8] The game at blind man's buff was formerly called *Hoodman blind.*

Par. Do; I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

Gent. Y'are deceiv'd, my lord: this is monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist, (that was his own phrase,) that had the whole theoric of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape[9] of his dagger.

Ber. I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said, — I will say true, — or thereabouts, set down, — for I'll speak truth.

Gent. He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't,[10] in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

1 *Sold.* "Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot." What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour,[11] I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so

[9] The *chape* is the catch or fastening of the sheath of his dagger.

[10] That is, I am not beholden to him for it. To *con thanks* exactly answers to the French *savoir gré*. It is found in several writers of Shakespeare's time. To *con* and to *ken* are from the Saxon *cunnan*, to know, to may or can, to be able.

[11] Perhaps we should read, "if I were *but* to live this present hour;" unless the blunder be meant to show the fright of Parolles

many, Jaques so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks,[12] lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

Gent. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the duke.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down. "You shall demand of him, whether one captain Dumain[13] be i'the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to cor-

[12] Soldier's cloaks or upper garments. There was a plebeian *cassock*, or gaberdine, worn by country people, which is carefully distinguished from this by Nicot and his follower Cotgrave.

[13] We thus learn at last that the French gentleman's name is Dumain. We have already seen, in Act iii. sc. 6, that the French Envoy is his brother. In the original there is a good deal of confusion, both in their entrances, and in the prefixes to their speeches. We first meet with them in Act iii. sc. 1, where they are introduced as "the two Frenchmen," and their prefixes are "French E." and "French G." In the second scene of the same act, they are introduced as "two Gentlemen," and their prefixes as before. In the sixth scene again they are introduced as "the Frenchmen," and their prefixes are "Cap. E." and "Cap. G." In Act iv. sc. 1, we have "Enter one of the Frenchmen," &c., and his prefix is "1 Lord E." And, finally, in the present scene they are introduced as "the two French Captains," and their prefixes again become "Cap. E." and "Cap. G." We have made their entrances and prefixes uniform, setting down the latter as they are in the first scene where they appear, and have sometimes been not a little puzzled to keep up their identity. In modern editions generally they are introduced as "the two French Lords," and distinguished in the prefixes as "1 Lord" and "2 Lord."

rupt him to a revolt." What say you to this? What do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the intergatories: Demand them singly.

1 *Sold.* Do you know this captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: he was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipp'd for getting the sheriff's fool[14] with child; a dumb innocent, that could not say him, nay.

[DUMAIN *lifts up his hand in anger.*

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.[15]

1 *Sold.* Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy

Gent. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

1 *Sold.* What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine, and writ to me this other day to turn him out o'the band: I think I have his letter in my pocket.

1 *Sold.* Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know: either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

1 *Sold.* Here 'tis; here's a paper: Shall I read it to you?

[14] Not an "allowed fool," or a fool by art and profession, but a natural fool; probably assigned to the sheriff's care and keeping. H.

[15] In Whitney's Emblems there is a story of three women who threw dice to ascertain which of them should die first. She who lost affected to laugh at the decrees of fate, when a tile suddenly falling put an end to her existence

Par. I do not know if it be it, or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

Gent. Excellently.

1 *Sold.* "Dian, the count's a fool, and full of gold,"—

Par. That is not the duke's letter, sir: that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish: I pray you, sir, put it up again.

1 *Sold.* Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale [16] to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable, both-sides rogue!

1 *Sold.* [*Reads.*] When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;
After he scores, he never pays the score:
Half won is match well made; match, and well make it: [17]
He ne'er pays after debts, take it before;
And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this.
Men are to mell [18] with, boys are not to kiss:
For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.
Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES.

[16] There is probably an allusion here to the Story of Andromeda in old prints, where the monster is frequently represented as a *whale*.

[17] That is, a match well made is half won; make your match therefore, but make it well.

[18] The meaning of the word *mell*, says Ruddiman, is "to fight, contend, meddle, or *have to do with*." So in The Corpus Christi Play, acted at Coventry:

"And fayre young qwene herby doth dwelle
Both fresh and gay upon to loke,
And a tall man with her doth *melle*,
The way into her chawmer ryght evyn he toke."

Ber. He shall be whipp'd through the army with this rhyme in's forehead.

Env. This is your devoted friend, sir; the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.[19]

1 *Sold.* I perceive, sir, by our general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case! not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: Let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i'the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

1 *Sold.* We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely: therefore, once more to this captain Dumain. You have answer'd to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour: What is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister:[20] for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus.[21] He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

Gent. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A

[19] For some account of such as "are mad if they behold a cat," see The Merchant of Venice, Act iv. sc. 1. H.

[20] That is, he will steal any thing, however trifling, from any place, however holy.

[21] The Centaur killed by Hercules.

pox upon him! for me he is more and more a cat.

1 *Sold.* What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians,[22] — to belie him, I will not, — and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile End,[23] to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

Gent. He hath out-villain'd villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him! he's a cat still.

1 *Sold.* His qualities being at this poor price, I need not ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *quart d'ecu*[24] he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1 *Sold.* What's his brother, the other captain Dumain?

Env. Why does he ask him of me?

1 *Sold* What's he?

Par. E'en a crow o'the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is: In a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

[22] In Shakespeare's time the players usually went about the country preceded by *a drum*, to give notice of their arrival in any town where they wished to perform. H.

[23] *Mile End* was the place for public sports and musters.

[24] The fourth part of the smaller French crown, about eight pence. For this use of law terms, see The Merry Wives of Windsor. Act iv. sc. 2. note 16.

1 *Sold.* If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, coun Rousillon.

1 *Sold.* I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. [*Aside.*] I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition [25] of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger: Yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

1 *Sold.* There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: The general says, you, that have so traitorously discover'd the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir! let me live, or let me see my death!

1 *Sold.* That shall you; and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unmuffling him.* So, look about you: Know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

Env. God bless you, captain Parolles.

Gent. God save you, noble captain.

Env. Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafeu? I am for France.

Gent. Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well.

[*Exeunt all but* PAROLLES and 1 *Soldier*

[25] To deceive the opinion.

1 *Sold.* You are undone, captain; all but your scarf, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crush'd with a plot?

1 *Sold.* If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare ye well, sir; I am for France too: we shall speak of you there. [*Exit*

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall: simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!
There's place and means for every man alive.
I'll after them. [*Exit*

SCENE IV. Florence.

A Room in the Widow's House.

Enter HELENA, *Widow, and* DIANA.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel:
Time was, I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer, thanks. I duly am inform'd,

His grace is at Marseilles;[1] to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know,
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, Heaven aiding
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,
You never had a servant, to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress
Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompense your love: doubt not, but Heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband. But O, strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy[2] trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night! so lust doth play
With what it loathes, for that which is away:
But more of this hereafter.—You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you,[3]—
But with the word, the time will bring on summer,
When briers shall have leaves as well as thorns,

[1] It appears that *Marseilles* was pronounced as a word of three syllables. In the old copy it is written *Marcellæ*.

[2] *Saucy* was sometimes used in the sense of *wanton*.

[3] Blackstone proposed to read,—"Yet I *fray* you but with the word," referring, of course, to the word *suffer*. To *fray* is to *frighten*. There is something of plausibility in this; but, besides that it does not fadge very well with what Diana has just said, the sense runs clear enough, if with Warburton we understand *but with the word* to mean *in a very short time*. H.

And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;
Our waggon is prepar'd, and time invites us:
All's well that ends well: still the fine's the crown;[4]
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Rousillon.

A Room in the COUNTESS's Palace.

Enter COUNTESS, LAFEU, *and Clown.*

Laf. No, no, no; your son was misled with a snipt-taffata fellow there, whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbak'd and doughy youth of a nation in his colour:[1] your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour; and your son here at home, more advanc'd by the king, than by that red-tail'd humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would I had not known him! It was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman, that ever nature had praise for creating: if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

[4] A translation of the common Latin proverb, *Finis coronat opus.* Of course *fine* is used in its primitive sense, for *end.*

[1] In The Winter's Tale, Act iv. sc. 2, the Clown says,—"I must have *saffron* to colour the warden *pies.*" From which it appears that in Shakespeare's time *saffron* was used to colour pastry with. The phrase "*unbak'd and doughy* youth" shows that the same custom is alluded to here. Reference is also had to the coxcombical finery, "the scarfs and the bannerets," which this strutting vacuum cuts his dashes in. *Yellow* was then the prevailing colour in the dress of such as Parolles, whose soul was in their clothes. Various passages might be cited in proof of this. Thus Sir Philip Sidney has "*saffron*-coloured coat," and Ben Jonson in one of his songs speaks of "ribands, bells, and *safrond* yunnen." The concluding part of Lafeu's description identifies *red* as the colour of a fantastical coxcomb's hose B

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady. we may pick a thousand salads, ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not salad-herbs, you knave; they are nose-herbs.[2]

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself, a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble,[3] sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee; thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman?

[2] That is, herbs to be *smelt of*, not herbs to be *eaten*. *Salad* is not in the original copy: it was supplied by Rowe, and has been universally received. *Herb of grace*, in the preceding speech, is *rue*. And in the following speech the original has *grace*, which was also corrected into *grass* by Rowe. H.

[3] The fool's *bauble*, says Douce, was "a short stick ornamented at the end with the figure of a fool's head, or sometimes with that of a doll or puppet. To this instrument there was frequently annexed an inflated bladder, with which the fool belaboured those who offended him, or with whom he was inclined to make sport."

Clo. Faith, sir, a' has an English name; but his phisnomy is more hotter[4] in France, than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, sir; *alias*, the prince of darkness; *alias*, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest[5] thee from thy master thou talkest of; serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world; let his nobility remain in's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some that humble themselves may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.[6]

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways: let my horses be well look'd to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.[7]

Count. So a' is. My lord that's gone made

[4] Warburton thought we should read *honour'd;* but the Clown's allusion is double; to Edward *the black prince*, and to the *prince of darkness*. The presence of Edward was indeed *hot* in France: the other allusion is obvious.

[5] To tempt.

[6] So in Macbeth, Act ii. sc. 3: "That go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire." H.

[7] *Unhappy* was often used for *mischievous*, and *unhappiness* in like manner for *mischief;* as in Much Ado about Nothing: "She hath often dream'd of *unhappiness*, and wak'd herself with *laughing*." See that play, Act ii. sc. 1, note 21 H

himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no place, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiss. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king, my master, to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: His highness hath promis'd me to do it: and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord; and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he number'd thirty: a' will be here to-morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in such intelligence hath seldom fail'd.

Count. It rejoices me that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O, madam! yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there be a scar

8 That is, no prescribed course; he has the unbridled liberty of a fool

under it, or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: His left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half,[9] but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonadoed face.[10]

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Marseilles. A Street.

Enter HELENA, *Widow, and* DIANA, *with two Attendants.*

Hel. But this exceeding posting, day and night,
Must wear your spirits low: we cannot help it;
But, since you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold, you do so grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;—

[9] Referring to the pile of the velvet patch. See Measure for Measure, Act i. sc. 2, note 3. H.

[10] *Carbonadoed* is "slashed over the face in a manner that fetcheth the flesh with it;" metaphorically from a *carbonado*, or collop of meat.

Enter a gentle Astringer.[1]

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power. — God save you, sir

Ast. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France

Ast. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.

Ast. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king;
And aid me with that store of power you have,
To come into his presence.

Ast. The king's not here.

Hel. Not here, sir?

Ast. Not, indeed
He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!

Hel. All's well that ends well yet,
Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit.—
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Ast. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, sir,

[1] That is, a gentleman falconer, called in Juliana Barnes' Book of Huntyng, *Ostreger*. The term is applied particularly to those that keep goshawks. Cowel, in his Law Dictionary, says that we usually call a falconer who keeps that kind of hawk an *austringer*

Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it:
I will come after you, with what good speed
Our means will make us means.

Ast. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,
Whate'er falls more.—We must to horse again:—
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Rousillon.

The Inner Court of the COUNTESS's Palace.

Enter Clown and PAROLLES.

Par. Good monsieur Lavatch,[1] give my lord Lafeu this letter: I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddied in fortune's mood,[2] and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strong as thou speakest of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.[3]

Par. Nay, you need not stop your nose, sir: I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee further.

[1] Perhaps a corruption of *La Vache.*

[2] *Fortune's mood* is several times used by Shakespeare for the whimsical *caprice* of fortune.

[3] That is, stand to the leeward of me.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh! pr'ythee, stand away: a paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look here he comes himself.

Enter LAFEU.

Here is a pur of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat, (but not a musk-cat,) that has fallen into the unclean fish-pond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal: Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your lordship. [*Exit Clown.*

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratch'd.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a *quart d'ecu* for you: Let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour, to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't; save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than one word then.[4] — Cox my passion! give me your hand: — How does your drum?

[4] A quibble is intended on the word *Parolles*, which in French signifies *words*.

Par O, my good lord! you were the first that found me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets sound.*] The king's coming; I know by his trumpets. — Sirrah, inquire further after me: I had talk of you last night. Though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat: go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III. The same.

A Room in the COUNTESS's Palace.

Flourish. Enter the KING, COUNTESS, LAFEU, *Lords Gentlemen, Guards, &c.*

King. We lost a jewel of her, and our esteem
Was made much poorer by it: but your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation home.[2]

Count. 'Tis past, my liege;
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i'the blaze[3] of youth;
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady,

[1] That is, in losing her we lost a large portion of our esteem, which she possessed.

[2] Completely, in its full extent.

[3] The old copy reads *blade*. Theobald proposed the present reading.

I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say, —
But first I beg my pardon, — the young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife,
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes;[4] whose words all ears took captive;
Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serve
Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear. — Well, call him hither:
We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition.[5] — Let him not ask our pardon:
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion do we bury
The incensing relics of it: let him approach
A stranger, no offender; and inform him,
So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall my liege.
[*Exit Gentleman.*

King. What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highness.

[4] So in As You Like It: "To have seen much and to have nothing, is to have *rich eyes* and poor hands." Those who, having seen the greatest number of fair women, might be said to be the *richest* in ideas of beauty.

[5] That is, the first interview shall put an end to all recollection of the past.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me,
That set him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I am not a day of season,[6]
For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once; but to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way: so stand thou forth;
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repented blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole,
Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals ere we can affect them: You remember
The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege: at first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n;
Extended or contracted all proportions,
To a most hideous object. Thence it came,
That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd:

[6] That is, a *seasonable day;* a mixture of sunshine and hail, of winter and summer, is *unseasonable.*

That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away
From the great compt. But love that comes too late
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, that's good that's gone. Our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave:
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust:
Our own love waking cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.[7]
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:
The main consents are had; and here we'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day.

Count. Which better than the first, O, dear Heaven, bless!
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cesse![8]

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested, give a favour from you,
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come. — By my old beard,
And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this,
The last that e'er I took her leave at court,[9]
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,

[7] This obscure couplet seems to mean that our love awaking to the worth of the lost object too late laments: our shameful hate or dislike having slept out the period when our fault was remediable.

[8] *Cesse* is an old form of *cease;* retained here for the sake of the rhyme. H.

[9] The last *time* that ever *I took leave of her* at court

While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't. —
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen
I bade her,[10] if her fortune ever stood
Necessitied to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave her
Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my lord; she never saw it:
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me[11]
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought
I stood ingag'd; but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd,
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,[12]
Hath not in nature's mystery more science,
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,

[10] I *told* her.

[11] Johnson remarks that Bertram still has too little virtue to deserve Helen. He did not know it was Helen's ring, but he knew that he had it not from a window.

[12] The philosopher's stone. Plutus, the great alchymist, who knows the secrets of the *elixir* and *philosopher's stone*, by which the alchymists pretended that base metals might be transmuted into gold

Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the saints to surety,
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
(Where you have never come,) or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour;
And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out: If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove so;—
And yet I know not:—thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—
[*Guards seize* BERTRAM.
My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little.[13]—Away with him.
We'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [*Exit* BER., *guarded.*

Enter a gentle Astringer.

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

Ast. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not:

[13] The *proofs which I have already had* are sufficient to show that my *fears* were not *vain* and irrational. I have unreasonably feared *too little*

Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath, for four or five removes,[14] come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

King. [*Reads.*] Upon his many protestations to marry me when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me Now is the count Rousillon a widower: his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice: Grant it me, O king! in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone. DIANA CAPILET

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll:[15] for this, I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee. Lafeu,
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors:—
Go, speedily, and bring again the count.
[*Exeunt Astringer and some Attendants.*
I am afeard, the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers!

Re-enter BERTRAM, *guarded.*

King. I wonder, sir, for[16] wives are monsters to you,

[14] *Removes* are *journeys* or *post-stages;* she had not been able to overtake the king on the road.

[15] That is, *pay toll* for him on the purchase. The second folio has *for him* after *toll.* H.

[16] Shakespeare often uses *for* in the sense of *because.* The original

And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry. — What woman's that?

Re-enter Astringer, with Widow and DIANA.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capilet:
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease,[17] without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count: Do you know these women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can, nor will deny
But that I know them: Do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she, which marries you, must marry me;
Either both, or none.

Laf. [*To* BERTRAM.] Your reputation comes too short for my daughter: you are no husband for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: Let your highness

here reads, — "I wonder, sir, *sir*, wives are monsters," &c. The second *sir* is evidently a misprint, and is generally changed to *since*. Mr. Collier took *for* from a manuscript correction in Lord Egerton's copy of the first folio. And he rightly observes that *sir*, as formerly written, with a long *s*, would be easily misprinted for *for*. — *As*, in the next line, means *as soon as*. H.

[17] Decease, die.

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
Till your deeds gain them: Fairer prove your honour,
Than in my thought it lies!

Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord;
And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord: if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price:
Do not believe him: O! behold this ring,
Whose high respect, and rich validity,[18]
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o'the camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis his:[19]
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife:
That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought, you said
You saw one here in court could witness it.

Dia. I did, my lord, but loth am to produce
So bad an instrument: his name's Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber. What of him?

[18] That is, value.

[19] The original has *hit*, which Pope changed to *his*, and was undoubtedly right. H.

He's quoted[20] for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o'the world tax'd and debosh'd,
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.
Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,
That will speak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think she has: certain it is, I lik'd her,
And boarded her i'the wanton way of youth.
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,
Her infinite cunning with her modern grace,[21]
Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring,
And I had that, which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient:
You that have turn'd off a first so noble wife
May justly diet me.[22] I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband,)
Send for your ring; I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

[20] *Quote* was often used for *note, observe*, as in Hamlet, — "I am sorry that with better heed and judgment I had not *quoted* him." H.

[21] Shakespeare frequently has *modern* in the sense of common, ordinary; but here it seems to have the force of *youthful, fresh*. Thus Florio: "Modernaglie, moderne things; also taken for *young* wenches." The meaning, however, may be, that though her beauty be but common, yet her solicitation was such, so artful, as to subdue me. H.

[22] *Diet* appears to have been sometimes used as synonymous with *fast*. Thus in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act ii. sc. 1, Speed tells Valentine, — "You have learn'd to *fast*, like one that takes *diet*." H

Dia. Sir, much like
The same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Enter PAROLLES.

Ber. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you. —
Is this the man you speak of?

Dia. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
(Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off,)
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been an honourable gentleman: tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come; to the purpose: Did he love this woman?

Par. 'Faith, sir, he did love her; but how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He lov'd her, sir, and lov'd her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave. — What an equivocal companion is this!

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know he promis'd me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty. I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her, — for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things that would derive me ill-will to speak of: therefore, I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married. But thou art too fine [23] in thy evidence; therefore, stand aside. — This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor did I buy it

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it, then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of these ways, How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord: she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine: I gave it his first wife.

[23] Too full of *finesse*. So in Bacon's Apothegms: "Your majesty was *too fine* for my Lord Burleigh."

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away: I do not like her now.
To prison with her; and away with him.—
Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,
Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty.
He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't:
I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life!
I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.
[*Pointing to* LAFEU

King. She does abuse our ears: To prison with her!

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail.—[*Exit Wid.*] Stay, royal sir.
The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I 'quit him.
He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd,
And at that time he got his wife with child:
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick:
So, there's my riddle, one that's dead is quick;
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with HELENA.

King. Is there no exorcist [24]
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real, that I see?

Hel. No, my good lord:
'Tis but the shadow of the wife you see;
The name, and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both! O, pardon!

Hel. O! my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring;
And, look you, here's your letter: this it says:
"When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child," &c.—This is done:
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you!
O! my dear mother, do I see you living?

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon.—[*To* PAROLLES.] Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkerchief: so, I thank thee. Wait on me home, I'll make sport with thee: let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow.—

[24] *Exorcist* and *conjurer* were synonymous in the Poet's time Thus in Julius Cæsar: "Thou like an *exorcist* hast *conjur'd* up my mortified spirit." And in Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598 "*Essorcista*, a conjurer, an exorcist."

[*To* DIANA.] If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,
Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can guess, that by thy honest aid
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—
Of that, and all the progress, more and less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express:
All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

[*Flourish*

The king's a beggar, now the play is done.
All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience, then, and yours our parts;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

[*Exeunt*

INTRODUCTION

TO

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW makes the eleventh in the division of Comedies in the folio of 1623, where it was first printed; or, if there were an earlier impression, no copy of it has reached us. In the original the acts are distinguished, but not the scenes. And the text is in general so clear as to leave little room for critical controversy.

No certain contemporary notice of this play having been discovered, we have no external guide to the probable date of the composition. So that here we must make the best we can out of such judgments as come recommended to our hands. Malone at first thought the play was written in 1606, but this opinion did not hold: he says,—"On a more attentive perusal of it, and more experience in our author's style and manner, I am persuaded that it was one of his very early productions, and near, in point of time, to The Comedy of Errors, Love's Labour's Lost, and The Two Gentlemen of Verona." Farmer thought the Induction to be in the Poet's best manner, and a great part of the play in his worst, or even below it; that more than one hand was concerned in it, and that Shakespeare had little to do with any of the scenes where Katharine and Petruchio are not engaged. To which Steevens replies,—"I know not to whom I could impute this comedy, if Shakespeare was not its author: I think his hand is visible in almost every scene, though perhaps not so evidently as in those which pass between Katharine and Petruchio." Mr. Collier, whose judgment in such matters is always deserving of respect, was once of the opinion that it should be set down to 1606; but his later sentence is for 1601, or 1602. We should attach more weight to his judgment herein, had he withheld the reasons thereof One of which is, that in Hamlet Shakespeare used Baptista as the name of a woman, but, before he wrote The Taming of the Shrew, had found out the mistake. He adds,—"The great probability

is, that Hamlet was written at the earliest in 1601, and The Taming of the Shrew perhaps came from his pen not very long afterwards." The other reason is as follows. In "The pleasant Comedy of Patient Grissill," which was written by Dekker, Chettle, and Haughton, in 1599, one of the persons says, — "I will learn your medicines to tame shrews." In July, 1602, Dekker received payment of Henslowe for a play he was then writing, entitled "A Medicine for a curst Wife." From whence Mr. Collier conjectures, "that Shakespeare produced his Taming of the Shrew soon after Patient Grissill had been brought upon the stage, and as a sort of counterpart to it; and that Dekker followed up the subject in the summer of 1602 by his Medicine for a curst Wife, having been incited by the success of Shakespeare's play at a rival theatre." There is much ingenuity, perhaps some force, in these reasons; but surely not enough to stand against the internal evidence of the play; which is too strong to admit of the belief that the whole could have been written by Shakespeare at that time. Mr. Collier is sensible of this, and therefore supposes that some parts of the play must have come from another hand; a supposition for which there is no authority, save that the assigning so late a date renders it necessary. Our persuasion, therefore, is, that the best parts of the play do not relish much of Shakespeare as he was at the period in question; and that none are so bad but they may well enough have been written by him several years before. And we should much sooner think he wrote it at different times, than that he had any help in writing it then.

That no certain contemporary notice of this play should have come down to us, is the more remarkable forasmuch as we have several such of an earlier play, called The Taming of a Shrew, which was first published in 1594, again in 1596, and a third time in 1607. The title-page of 1594 reads thus: "A pleasant-conceited History, called The Taming of a Shrew: As it was sundry times acted by the right honourable the Earl of Pembroke his servants. Printed at London by Peter Short, and are to be sold by Cuthbert Burbie at his shop at the Royal Exchange. 1594." Of this play there are, also, three several entries in the Stationers' Books; and Sir John Harrington in his Metamorphosis of Ajax, 1596, says, — "Read the book of Taming a Shrew, which hath made a number of us so perfect that now every one can rule a shrew in our country, save he that hath her." All which argues the play to have been popular enough. And Shakespeare may have taken the more pains to keep his play out of print, and therefore out of the Stationers' Books, because it was so like one already printed.

The old Taming of a Shrew evidently furnished Shakespeare the plot, order, and incidents of his play, so far as these relate to the Lord, the Tinker, Petruchio, Katharine, and the whole taming process. The scene of the first is at Athens, of the other at

Padua, both of which are represented as famous seats of learning Alphonsus, an Athenian merchant, has three daughters, Kate, Emelia, and Phylema. Aurelius, son to the duke of Sestos, goes in quest of Phylema, Polidor of Emelia: as for Kate, she is such a terrible shrew nobody seems likely to want her; which puts the father upon taking an oath not to admit any suitors to the younger, till the elder be disposed of. Presently one Ferando, hearing of her fame, offers himself as her lover, and proceeds to carry her by storm. The wooing, the marriage, the entertainment of the bride at Ferando's country house, the passages with the tailor and haberdasher, the trip to her father's, and Kate's subdued and pliant behaviour, all follow, in much the same style and strain as in Shakespeare's play. The underplot, however, is quite different. Aurelius and Polidor do not carry on their suits in disguise; though the former brings in a merchant to personate his father, who arrives in time to discover the trick, and lets off plenty of indignation thereat. All the parties being at length married, the play winds up with a wager between the three husbands respecting the obedience of their several wives, and the tamed Kate reads her sisters a lecture on the virtue and sweetness of wifely submission.—The persons and proceedings of the Induction, also, are much the same in both, save that in the first Sly continues his remarks from time to time throughout the play, and finally, having drunk himself back into insensibility, is left where he was found, and upon awaking regards it all as a glorious dream; whereas in Shakespeare this part is not carried beyond the first act.

This close similarity of title, matter, and interest, shows that the Poet had no thought of concealing his obligations; rather, it looks as if he meant to turn the popularity of the old play to the advantage of his company. Nevertheless, excepting a very few lines and phrases imitated or adopted, the dialogue, language, and poetry are all his own: the characters, even when partly borrowed, are wrought out into a much more determinate and specific individuality; and the whole is quickened and permeated with the briskness and vigour of his genius: even in the poorest parts there is a clean evolving of the thought, an energetic directness of style, and a driving right straight at the point, that lift it immeasurably above its model. So that the thing is emphatically a new substance cast in a borrowed mould; and that, too, with as little disturbing as might be of those associations that would be apt to make it tell on the receipts of the theatre. Yet the old play must be owned to have considerable merit: probably few of the English dramas then in being should take rank much before it: it has occasional blushes of genuine poetry, some force and skill of characterization, and a good deal of sound stage-effect; though, upon the whole, the style is very stiff, frigid, pedantic, and artificial and often, in setting out to be humorous, it runs into flat vulgarity and vapid common-place.

There is no telling with certainty when or by whom the old play was written. Malone conjectured it to be the work of Robert Greene, who died September 3, 1592, at the house of a poor shoemaker near Dowgate. The weight of probability bears strongly in favour of that conjecture. An argument of no mean force has been drawn from the title-page to the Orlando Furioso, which is known to have been Greene's, because it was spoken of as such by a contemporary writer. Both were anonymous, were issued the same year, and by the same publisher; and both are called histories. Knight, after stating this point, asks,—"Might not the recent death of Greene, the reputation he left behind him, the unhappy circumstances of his death, and the remarkable controversy between Nash and Harvey, in 1592, 'principally touching Robert Greene,' have led the bookseller to procure and publish these plays, if they were both written by him? It is impossible, we think, not to be struck with the resemblance of these performances, in the structure of the verse, the excess of mythological allusion, the laboured fiuery intermixed with feebleness, and the occasional outpouring of a rich and gorgeous fancy." And he thereupon quotes from the two plays several passages, a comparison of which certainly goes to bear out his view.

To our mind this view has been strengthened by an anonymous writer of our own country, who has pointed out a number of passages in The Taming of a Shrew that were evidently copied or taken from Marlowe's Faustus and Tamburlaine. From these the writer himself infers the play to have been by Marlowe. Against this we could start many arguments; but probably all of them would not weigh so much with considerate readers as the judgment of Mr. Dyce, who, after giving his opinion the other way, remarks as follows: "I find enough in The Taming of a Shrew to convince me that it was the work of some one who had closely studied Marlowe's writings, and who frequently could not resist the temptatiou to adopt the very words of his favourite dramatist. It is quite possible that he was not always conscious of his more trifling plagiarisms from Marlowe,—recollections of whose phraseology may have mingled imperceptibly with the current of his thoughts: but the case was certainly otherwise when he transferred to his own comedy whole passages of Tamburlaine or Faustus."

Marlowe was killed June 1, 1593. Of his Faustus the earliest known edition was in 1604. Henslowe's Diary has several entries concerning it, the earliest of which is dated September 30, 1594. From one of these entries it appears that twenty shillings were paid to Thomas Dekker, December 20, 1597, for making additions to Faustus. The play was also entered in the Stationers' Register January 7, 1601. All which seems to warrant the conclusion that it had not been printed in 1594, when The Taming of a Shrew first came out. So that the author of the latter play, whoever he might be, must have had access to the manuscript of Faustus

And as this was probably written as early as 1588 or 1589, there appears no reason but that the above-mentioned plagiarisms from it may have been made several years before The Taming of a Shrew came from the press. The question, then, rises, who would be more likely to have such a freedom with Marlowe's manuscript, than his admiring friend and fellow-dramatist Robert Greene?

The upshot of all this argument, so far as regards our present purpose, is, that Shakespeare's Taming of the Shrew *may have been* written before Greene's death. If this be granted, (and it can scarce be denied that the internal evidence makes strongly for as early a date,) then we may not unfairly presume The Taming of the Shrew to have been one of the plays referred to in Greene's "Groatsworth of Wit, bought with a million of Repentance." Part of the passage was quoted in our Introduction to The Two Gentlemen of Verona; but the whole is so remarkable, that it may well enough bear to be quoted again. He is exhorting Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele, "those Gentlemen his quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making plays."

"Base-minded men all three of you, if by my misery ye be not warned; for unto none of you, like me, sought those burs to cleave; those puppets, I mean, that speak from our mouths, those antics garnish'd in our colours. Is it not strange that I to whom they all have been beholding, is it not like that you to whom they all have been beholding, shall, were ye in that case that I am now, be both of them at once forsaken? Yes, trust them not; for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that, with his *tigre's heart wrapp'd in a player's hide*, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank-verse as the best of you, and, being an absolute Johannes-fac-totum, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country. O! that I might entreat your rare wits to be employed in more profitable courses, and let these apes imitate your past excellence, and never more acquaint them with your admired inventions. I know the best husband of you all will never prove an usurer, and the kindest of them all will never prove a kind nurse; yet, whilst you may, seek you better masters; for it is pity men of such rare wits should be subject to the pleasures of such rude grooms."

That the "upstart crow" meant Shakespeare, is on all hands allowed. And the general opinion is, that the second and third parts of King Henry VI. are the plays in which the Poet more especially drew upon the labours of Greene and his friends. Yet the originals of those plays are not nearly so much in Greene's manner, as the old Taming of a Shrew. This, to be sure, noway infers but they were among the writings meant; for Greene complains of others' grievances as well as his own. But the passage quoted certainly conveys the impression that the writer had himself suffered by the purloining of his plumes; that his own work had been specially invaded. In case of those he seems to have

had little if any cause to complain on his own account, however he might resent a wrong done to his friends; and it is natural to suspect that Shakespeare had remodelled or appropriated some other work in which Greene had a stronger personal interest, and felt himself more nearly touched.

For our own part, though we cannot quite say we *believe* that Shakespeare's Taming of the Shrew was one of the plays referred to in The Groatsworth of Wit, yet we have to admit there are some pretty strong reasons for believing so. And from the early publication of the older play we are apt to suspect that it may have been in a manner superseded on the stage by Shakespeare's improvement upon it; while in turn the printing of that may have served to discourage the acting of this. It is to be further observed that Henslowe's Diary has an entry showing that "the taminge of a shrewe" was performed at Newington Butts, June 11, 1594. Now Henslowe was notoriously careless in the form of his accounts. So that if it be not certain that this entry related to Shakespeare's play, neither is it at all improbable that such was the case. Henslowe's accounts at the time in question were of performances by "my lord admirell men and my lord chamberlen men." The Lord Admiral was the Earl of Nottingham; the Lord Chamberlain's men were the company to which Shakespeare belonged: and the title-page of the older play in 1594 reads,— 'As it was sundry times acted by the right honourable the *Earl of Pembroke his servants*;" a company quite distinct from both the former.

The most that seems able to be said against so early a date as we have been arguing for, is, that the play was not mentioned by Meres in 1598, and that the express purpose of his list would scarce have allowed him to omit The Taming of the Shrew, had it been in existence then. There is indeed much force in this, as Mr. Collier observes; nor should we well know how to answer it but for the fact that there was then another play, twice printed, well known, with almost the same title, and therefore very liable to be confounded with it. Besides, it were natural enough, in the circumstances, for Meres himself to doubt whether Shakespeare had written any such play, knowing there was one of that name that he did not write. But indeed nothing is plainer than that there might be ever so much mistaking between two performances so alike in title and all the main points of stage-effect.

It hath been already remarked how Shakespeare varies from his predecessor in the matter of the underplot. Here he has been traced to The Supposes, a play translated from the *Suppositi* of Ariosto, by Gascoigne, and acted at Grey's Inn in 1566. There he probably found the names of Petruchio and Licio, and learnt how to make Lucentio and Tranio pass off the Pedant for Vincentio.—There is no likelihood that the Poet went beyond The Taming of a Shrew for the material of his Induction; since all

that any body but himself could have been the author of, is to be found there. The main features of this part, however, were by no means original in that play: it is one of the old stories that seem to be always on the go, being told of divers persons and at sundry times. If it have not travelled all round the globe, it has been to Arabia, and perhaps was born there; as the earliest known traces of it are met with in The Sleeper Awakened, of the Thousand and One Nights, but suspected by Mr. Lane not to be a genuine tale. But the most available version of it is in Goulart's Admirable and Memorable Histories, translated by E. Grimestone in 1607, though it had appeared in English as early as 1570, in a collection of stories by Richard Edwards.

Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, being at Bruxelles, and taking a walk one night after supper with some of his favourites, found a certain artisan lying drunk and sound asleep upon the stones. It pleased him in this artisan to make trial of the vanity of our life, whereof he had before discoursed with his familiar friends. He therefore caused the sleeper to be taken up and carried into his palace; to be laid in one of the richest beds; a rich night-cap to be given him; his foul shirt to be taken off, and one of fine holland to be put on him. He having digested his wine and beginning to awake, there came about his bed pages and grooms of the Duke's chamber, who draw the curtains, make many courtesies, and ask him if it please him to rise, and what apparel he will put on that day. This new *Monsieur*, amazed at such courtesy, and doubting whether he dream or wake, lets himself be dressed, and led out of the chamber. Then come noblemen who salute him with all honour, and conduct him to the mass, where with great ceremony they give him the book of the Gospel, and Pixe to kiss, as they usually did to the Duke. Brought back thence to the palace, he washes his hands, and sits down at the table well furnished. After dinner, cards are brought in, with a great sum of money, and he, a duke in his own fancy, plays with the chief of the court. This done, he is taken to walk in the garden, and to hunt the hare, and to hawk; then back to the palace, where he sups in state. Candles being lighted, the music strikes up, the tables are removed, and the gentlemen and ladies have a dance. Then they play a pleasant comedy, which is followed by a banquet with store of Ipocras and precious wine, so that he is soon drunk again, and falls fast asleep.

The critics have been very warm and unanimous in praise of Shakespeare's Induction, some, however, wondering and regretting that he did not keep it up to the end of the play, others suspecting that he did so keep it up, but that the continuation has been lost. We are otherwise minded, being convinced that in this as in other things the Poet was wiser than his critics. For the purpose of the Induction was but to start an interest in the play; and he probably knew that such interest, once started, would be rather

hindered than set forward by any comings-in of other matter; that there would be no time to think of Sly amidst such a whirlwind of oddities and whimsicalities as he was going to raise. Nevertheless, the regret in question well approves the goodness of the thing; for the better the thing, the more apt men are to think they have not enough until they have too much of it.

As to the Induction itself, we confess with Hazlitt, that if forced to give up this or the play we should be not a little puzzled to choose. But then this, no doubt, is partly because the play, though abounding in well-aimed theatrical hits, is one of comparatively little merit. The Induction is wonderfully stuffed with meat, and that, too, of the most savoury quality: the free, varied transpiration of character crowded into it is literally prodigious for so small a space. And yet how the whole thing swims in a stream of the most racy and delicate humour! and therewithal has a light aerial grace, touched occasionally with the richest colours of poetry hovering over it; all, together, making it one of the most expressive and delectable things we shall any where find.

The two plots of the play, as Johnson observes, are skilfully interwoven, so as to give a wide variety of comic incident, without running into perplexity. And such variety was the more needful here, forasmuch as the interest turns in a very unusual degree upon the incidents; though the thought and speech are every where sprightly and brisk enough. For if the dialogue seldom rise to poetry, it never becomes vapid and flat, these being qualities of which Shakespeare was hardly capable. As to Bianca and the proceedings of her suitors, they seem of little consequence any way save as helping to make up an agreeable variety of matter. Bianca apparently has not force of character enough to do any thing wrong, else she had probably been as naughty as her sister. The play indeed has little depth and vigour of characterization save what is contained in Grumio, Katharine, and Petruchio: these, especially the last, have character enough, are thoroughly compacted of individual life, and are forcibly drawn.

In Kate it was no slight thing to reconcile the demands of truth and of the stage together. For by the design of the piece she was to undergo, at least in appearance, an entire revolution of character in a very short space of time; such a change as could not be supposed to proceed by the methods of growth: so that there was no way but that she must truly be all the while what she at last comes to appear; for it is plain that so great a transformation could not be both natural and real. Accordingly her faults at first are clearly the result of over-indulgence rather than of an ugly and ill-conditioned nature. With a good stock of reason and right feeling, nothing was wanting but a vigorous and resolute hand to discipline them forth into action: by nature proud and wilful, as well-built folks are apt to be, it was for art to bend her will, in which case her pride itself would tend to make her go right; and

until this is done she is perverse, froward, and cross, and gets somewhat in a habit of showing her freedom by putting on unamiable traits. Thus her shrewishness is for the most part assumed, yet with others it passes for real, and so gets her a bad name, which she knows she does not deserve, and yet is too proud to remove the occasion thereof. Her worst conduct is towards her sister, and that, too, at the very time when she most keenly feels the evils such conduct is drawing upon her. For education has wrought with nature to make her crave the honours and comforts of marriage, and her vexation at the prospect of missing them urges her into greater transports of petulance, and those transports fall heaviest, of course, upon her who has what she desires. In some such way as this a true womanhood often instinctively challenges a taming and subduing hand; thus it *dares* a conquering power, because it *wants* to be conquered: there is many a good woman who will not be ruled by her husband, if she can help it, yet will love with all her heart and respect with all her soul the husband that does rule her, provided his government issue from a sterling manhood; that is, if it be because he loves her too well and too wisely to let her have her own way.

Now all this Katharine has in Petruchio, whom Hazlitt aptly describes as "a madman in his senses, a very honest fellow, who hardly speaks a word of truth, and succeeds in all his tricks and impostures; acting his assumed character to the life, with the most fantastical extravagance, with complete presence of mind, with untired animal spirits, and without a particle of ill-humour from beginning to end." His plan is, to drive her out of her humour by becoming just like her, only more so. In pursuance of this, the more wild and absurd his statements, the more he insists upon them, and, out of pure love for her, will not let her rest till she assents to them; so that she has no way but to endorse his maddest assertions, and when she does this his end is accomplished, and he ceases to make them. For she must first be taught to set charity before knowledge, love before logic, and that to live at peace with her husband is worth far more than to have the better of him in argument; and with this view he keeps saying things that no woman in her senses would or could admit, but for the sake of such peace. In all which he does but make his will stand for reason, till her will gives place to reason. At first, indeed, she thinks he is what he seems, and accordingly neither loves nor respects him; but when she perceives that he has but put on this character as an offset and antidote to hers; that it proceeds noway from weakness, but from superabundant strength; that he has perfect control over it, and will not be diverted from it, nor beaten out of it, till his work is done; then she begins to rejoice in the match, and to build her heart upon him, willingly yielding herself to the sway of his stout, manly, generous mind

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

A Lord,
Christopher Sly, a Tinker,
Hostess, Huntsmen, Players,
Page, and other Servants,
} Characters of the Induction.

Baptista, a rich Gentleman of Padua.
Vincentio, an old Gentleman of Pisa.
Lucentio, his Son, in love with Bianca.
Petruchio, a Gentleman of Verona.
Gremio, Hortensio, } Suitors to Bianca.
Tranio, Biondello, } Servants to Lucentio.
Grumio, Curtis, } Servants to Petruchio.
A Pedant, set up to personate Vincentio.

Katharina, Bianca, } Daughters to Baptista.
A Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

SCENE, sometimes in Padua; sometimes at Petruchio's House in the Country.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

INDUCTION.

SCENE I. Before an Alehouse on a Heath.

Enter Hostess and SLY.

Sly. I'LL pheese[1] you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y'are a baggage: the Slys are no rogues look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror.[2] Therefore, *paucas pallabris;* let the world slide. *Sessa!*[3]

[1] This word, variously spelt, feize, feaze, fease, fese, feese, vease, and veze, occurs in several old writers. As in Ben Jonson's Alchemist, Act v. sc. 3: "Come, will you quarrel? I will *feize* you, sirrah;" in a note upon which Mr. Gifford, a West-of-England man, says that in that part of the country the word means, "to beat, chastise, or humble." This accords with what Fuller says in his Worthies of Dorsetshire: "Bishop Turbervil recovered some lost lands, which Bishop Voysey had *vezed;*" and in a note upon *vezed* he explains it to mean, "*driven away,* in the dialect of the West." Likewise in Stanyhurst's translation of Virgil: "*Feaze* away the drone bees;" and again: "We are touz'd, and from Italy *feaz'd.*" And Skinner says, that "*fease* or *feag*, is to lash, to beat with rods." We have the word again in Troilus and Cressida, Act ii. sc. 3: "An a' be proud with me I'll *pheese* his pride: let me go to him." H.

[2] Knight says,—"The tinker was right in boasting the antiquity of his family, though he did not precisely recollect the name of the Conqueror." Doubtless the name is from the same original as our words *sly* and *sleight.* So that there have been Slys ever since there began to be *skilful, cunning* men. Among "the names of the principal actors in all these plays," mentioned in Vol. I. page xvi., we have William Slye. The name is said to have been common in the Poet's native town H.

[3] *Sessa* is for the Spanish *Cessa;* meaning, *cease, be quiet.*—

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst ?[4]

Sly. No, not a denier: Go by, St. Jeronimy;[5] go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy; I must go fetch the headborough.[6] [*Exit.*

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law. I'll not budge an inch, boy: let him come, and kindly.

[*Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep*

Wind Horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with Huntsmen and Servants.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
Brach Merriman — the poor cur is emboss'd,[7]

Paucas pallabris is a tinkerism for *pocas palabras*, also Spanish, meaning *few words*. The phrase was common in Shakespeare's time. See Much Ado about Nothing, Act iii. sc. 5, note 1. H.

[4] *Burst* was anciently synonymous with *break*. H.

[5] Thomas Kyd's play entitled Hieronymo, or the Spanish Tragedy, became a by-word. The phrase, *go by, Hieronymo*, is often quoted and sneered at by the wits of Shakespeare's time. From them our tinker seems to have caught the trick, at the same time confounding Jeronimo with St. Jerome. Such is Mr. Dyce's explanation, which is evidently right. The original has, — "Go by S Jeronimie, goe to thy cold bed," &c.; *S.* being then the common abbreviation for *saint*. Monck Mason, not knowing what to do with *S.*, came to the conclusion that it stood for *says;* which, strange as may seem, has been generally adopted in modern editions, and in the Chiswick among others. Knight thinks "the tinker swears by St. Jerome, calling him St. Jeronimy;" which might indeed pass, but that it does not accord with the common use of the phrase, as Mr. Dyce has abundantly shown. H.

[6] So in all the old copies, but generally changed in modern editions to *thirdborough*, with a view, of course, to make Sly's answer more apposite. The *headborough*, as the name imports, was an officer of the borough; the *thirdborough* was a subordinate answering pretty nearly to our *constable*. The mention of the headborough puts Sly in mind of the thirdborough, and thus starts his wit into play. H.

[7] *Emboss'd*, says Philips in his World of Words, "is a term

And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1 *Hunt.* Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool: if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all:
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 *Hunt.* I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

2 *Hunt.* He breathes, my lord: Were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O, monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies.
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.—
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,

in hunting, *when a deer is so hard chased that she foams at the mouth.*" Skinner has pointed out its most probable derivation from the Italian word *Ambascia* or *Ambastia*, which signifies *difficulty of breathing coming from excessive fatigue;* and which is also used metaphorically, like the English word, for *weariness. Emboss'd* is used in both these senses by Shakespeare and Spenser, as well as in the more common and still usual one of swelling with protuberances. Thus an *emboss'd* stag is a *distress'd* stag *foaming and panting for breath*, like the *brach* or *hound* Merriman in the text. — *Brach* originally signified a particular species of dog used for the chase. It was a long-eared dog, hunting by the scent.

And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 *Hunt.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2 *Hunt.* It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthless fancy.

Then take him up, and manage well the jest: —
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures;
Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet;
Procure me music ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And, with a low submissive reverence,
Say, — What is it your honour will command?
Let one attend him with a silver basin,
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper;
And say, — Will't please your lordship cool your hands?
Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease.
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;
And, when he says he is —, say that he dreams
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly,[8] gentle sirs:

[8] *Kind* was often used for *nature*; *kindly* for *natural* or *naturally*. See Much Ado about Nothing, Act iv. sc. 1, note 4. H

It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.[9]

1 *Hunt.* My lord, I warrant you, we will play our part,
As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him;
And each one to his office when he wakes.—
[SLY *is borne out. A trumpet sounds.*
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:—
[*Exit Servant*
Belike, some noble gentleman, that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.—

Re-enter Servant.

How now? who is it?

Serv. An it please your honour
Players that offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near:—

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Players. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

2 *Play.* So please your lordship to accept our duty?[10]

Lord. With all my heart.—This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son:—
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well.
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally performed.

[9] Moderation.

[10] It was in old times customary for players to travel in companies and offer their service at great houses.

1 *Play.* I think 'twas Soto that your honour means.[11]

Lord. 'Tis very true: — thou didst it excellent —
Well, you are come to me in happy time;
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night;
But I am doubtful of your modesties,
Lest, over-eying of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a play,)
You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile, he grows impatient.

1 *Play.* Fear not, my lord: we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antic in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,[12]
And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing that my house affords. —
[*Exeunt Servant and Players*
[*To a Servant.*] Sirrah, go you to Bartholmew my page,
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
And call him — madam, do him obeisance;
Tell him from me, as he will win my love,
He bear himself with honorable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies

[11] The old copy prefixes the name of *Sincklo* to this line, who was an actor in the same company with Shakespeare. *Soto* was probably the name of a character in some play now lost.

[12] Pope remarks, in his Preface to Shakespeare, that "the top of the profession were then mere players, not gentlemen of the stage; they were led into the *buttery*, not placed at the lord's table, or the lady's toilette." The *buttery* was formerly a place for all sorts of gastric refreshments.

Unto their lords, by them accomplished:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy;
And say, — What is't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady and your humble wife
May show her duty, and make known her love?
And then, with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who for this seven years hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift;
Which, in a napkin being close convey'd,
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this despatch'd with all the haste thou canst,
Anon I'll give thee more instructions. [*Exit Serv*
I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband;
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in to counsel them: haply, my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.

A Bedchamber in the Lord's House.

SLY *is discovered in a rich night-gown, with Attendants; some with apparel, others with basin, ewer, and other appurtenances. Enter Lord, dressed like a Servant.*[1]

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1 *Serv.* Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

2 *Serv.* Will't please your honour taste of these conserves?

3 *Serv.* What raiment will your honour wear to day?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly; call not me — honour, nor lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef. Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometime, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the over-leather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!
O, that a mighty man of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What! would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton

[1] From the original stage direction, it appears that Sly and the other persons of the Induction were to be exhibited here, and during the representation of the comedy, in a balcony above the stage

heath;[2] by birth a pedler, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd,[3] and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot,[4] if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What! I am not bestraught:[5] Here's —

1 *Serv.* O! this it is that makes your lady mourn.
2 *Serv.* O! this it is that makes your servants droop.
Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house,
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O, noble lord! bethink thee of thy birth;
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams:
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays,
[*Music.*
And twenty caged nightingales do sing:
Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,

[2] Barton-on-the-heath was the name of a small village in Warwickshire, and is, no doubt, the place referred to here. H.

[3] That is, *bear-ward;* one who *kept* bears for baiting. H.

[4] *Wilnecotte,* says Warton, is a village in Warwickshire, with which Shakespeare was well acquainted, near Stratford. The house kept by our genial hostess still remains, but is at present a mill.

[5] *Bestraught* is an old word for *distracted.* Thus in A Song to the Lute, given in Percy's Reliques from the Paradise of Dainty Devises, 1596:

"*Bestraughted* heads relyef hath founde,
By musickes pleasaunte swete delightes."

And in Holland's Ammianus: "Some among them, of the baser sort, having their wits and sences dulled by continuall drunkennesse, are ravished and *bestraught* with wild and wandering cogitations" H.

Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walk, we will bestrew the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Serv.* Say thou wilt course, thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.

2 *Serv.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight
Adonis painted by a running brook,
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll show thee Io, as she was a maid,
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 *Serv.* Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds;
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady, far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

1 *Serv.* And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee,
Like envious floods, o'erran her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord, and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep; I see, I hear, I speak:
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:—
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;
And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly.—
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o'the smallest ale.

2 *Serv.* Will't please your mightiness to wash your hands?

[*Servants present an ewer, basin, and napkin.*

O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay,[6] a goodly nap.
But did I never speak, of all that time?

1 *Serv.* O! yes, my lord, but very idle words;—
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hostess of the house,
And say, you would present her at the leet,[7]
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts.
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 *Serv.* Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid,
Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,—

[6] According to some old authorities, Sly here uses a very lady-like imprecation. Thus Cooper: "*By my fay*, used only of women." It is merely a diminutive of *by my faith*.

[7] That is, at the *Court Leet*, where it was usual to present such matters, as appears from Kitchen on Courts: "Also if tiplers sell by *cups* and dishes, *or measures sealed* or *not sealed*, is in quirable."

As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps o' the Green,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell.
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page, as a lady, with Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough. Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord: What is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?
My men should call me lord: I am your goodman.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;
I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well:—What must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else: so lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd,
And slept above some fifteen year or more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me;
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much.—Servants, leave me and her alone.—
Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

[8] Blackstone proposes to read, "old John Naps o'the Green." Probably there is an allusion to some place in Warwickshire, then known by the name of Greece." H

Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or, if not so, until the sun be set;
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long. But I would be loth to fall into my dreams again; I will therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy;
For so your doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy:
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will let them play it. Is not a commonty[9] a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling trick?

Page. No, my good lord: it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see't: Come, madam wife, sit by my side, and let the world slip; we shall ne'er be younger. [*They sit down*

[9] For comedy.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Padua. A public Place.

Enter LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO.

Luc. Tranio, since, for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and haply institute
A course of learning, and ingenious[1] studies
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,[2]
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply,[3] that treats of happiness
By virtue 'specially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves

[1] *Ingenious* and *ingenuous* were used indifferently by old writers.

[2] That is, to fulfil the expectations of his friends.

[3] *Apply* for *ply* is frequently used by old writers. Thus Baret "With diligent endeavour to *applie* their studies." And in Turberville's Tragic Tales: "How she her wheele *applyde*."

A shallow plash,[4] to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. Me perdonato,[5] gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself,
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's ethics,[6]
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd.
Balk[7] logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk:
Music and poesy use to quicken you:
The mathematics, and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en:—
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness,
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay awhile: what company is this?

Tra. Master, some show, to welcome us to town

[4] Small piece of water.

[5] Me being pardoned.

[6] The old copy reads Aristotle's *checks*. Blackstone suggests that we should read *ethics*, and the sense seems to require it.

[7] So in the original: commonly but injuriously changed to *talk*. The proper meaning of *balk* is, to *omit, pass over*, which is just the sense required in the text. Leave out logic with your acquaintance, and use rhetoric in your talk with them. H.

Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, *and* HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO *stand aside.*

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no further,
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know;
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder.
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure

Gre. To cart her rather: she's too rough for me:—

There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

Kath. [*To* BAP.] I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a stale[8] of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

Kath. I'faith, sir, you shall never need to fear
I wis, it is not half way to her heart;
But, if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!

Gre. And me too, good Lord!

Tra. Hush, master! here is some good pastime toward:
That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence I do see
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio!

[8] The expression seems to have a quibbling allusion to the chess term of *stale-mate*. So in Bacon's twelfth Essay: "They stand like a *stale* at chess, where it is no *mate*, but yet the game cannot stir." Shakespeare sometimes uses *stale* for a *decoy*, as in the second scene of the third act of this play.

Tra. Well said, master: mum! and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, — Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca;
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat![9] it is best
Put finger in the eye, — an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent. —
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books, and instruments, shall be my company,
On them to look, and practise by myself.

Luc. [*Aside.*] Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva speak.

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I that our good-will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why, will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd. —
Go in, Bianca. [*Exit* BIANCA
And, for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. — If you, Hortensio,
Or signior Gremio, you, know any such,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men[10]
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing up,
And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit*

[9] Pet, a spoiled child.

[10] *Cunning* has not yet lost its original signification of *knowing, learned*, as may be observed in the translation of the Bible

Kath. Why, and I trust I may go too; may I not? What! shall I be appointed hours, as though, belike, I knew not what to take, and what to leave? Ha! [*Exit*

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are so good, here's none will hold you. Their [11] love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out: our cake's dough on both sides. Farewell:—Yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish [12] him to her father.

Hor. So will I, signior Gremio: but a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brook'd parle, know now upon advice, it toucheth us both,—that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect one thing 'specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil. Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio! though it pass your patience, and mine, to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

[11] It seems that we should read — *Your* love. yt in old writing stood for either *their* or *your*. If *their* love be right, it must mean — the good-will of Baptista and Bianca towards us. — *Blowing the nails* seems to have been a proverbial expression for *doing nothing*.

[12] That is, I will *recommend* him

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, — to be whipp'd at the high-cross every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintain'd, till, by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh. — Sweet Bianca! — Happy man be his dole![13] He that runs fastest gets the ring.[14] How say you, signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed; and 'would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt* GREMIO *and* HORTENSIO.

Tra. [*Advancing.*] I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O, Tranio! till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible, or likely;
But see! while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness;
And now in plainness do confess to thee, —
That art to me as secret, and as dear,
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was, —
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl.
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst:
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now:

[13] A proverbial expression of very common occurrence. — *Dole* is any thing *dealt* out, or assigned. So that the meaning is, — May it fall his *lot* or *portion* to be a happy man. H.

[14] The allusion is probably to the sport of running at the *ring* or some similar game.

Affection is not rated[15] from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so, —
Redime te captum quam queas minimo.[16]

Luc. Gramercies, lad; go forward: this contents;
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly[17] on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O, yes! I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter[18] of Agenor had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how her sister
Began to scold, and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air:
Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance. —
I pray, awake, sir: if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:
Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,[19]
That, till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because he will not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!

[15] Is not driven out by chiding.

[16] This line is quoted as it appears in Lilly's Grammar, and not as it is in Terence.

[17] Longingly.

[18] Europa.

[19] *Curst* is cross, ill-tempered, snappish: *shrewd* is sharp biting; as in Hamlet, — "The air bites *shrewdly*." H.

But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.

Luc. It is: may it be done?

Tra. Not possible; for who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son?
Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his friends;
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

Luc. Basta;[20] content thee; for I have it full
We have not yet been seen in any house,
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,
For man, or master: then, it follows thus;—
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port,[21] and servants, as I should.
I will some other be; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so: Tranio, at once
Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*
In brief, sir, sith[22] it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient;
(For so your father charg'd me at our parting;
"Be serviceable to my son," quoth he;

[20] It is enough, Ital.
[21] *Port* is figure, show, appearance.
[22] Since.

Although, I think, 'twas in another sense;
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves;
And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue. — Sirrah, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been? Nay, how now! where are you?
Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes,
Or you stol'n his, or both? pray what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest;
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried.
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life.
You understand me?

Bion. I, sir? ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth.
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him; 'would, I were so too

Tra. So would I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after, —
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.
But, sirrah, — not for my sake, but your master's, — I advise
You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies:

When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places else, your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go.—
One thing more rests, that thyself execute;—
To make one among these woers: If thou ask me why,—
Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.
[*Exeunt.*[23]

1 *Serv.* My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.

Sly. Yes, by St. Anne, do I. A good matter, surely: Comes there any more of it?

Page. My lord, 'tis but begun.

Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady 'Would 'twere done!

SCENE II. The same.

Before HORTENSIO's House.

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua; but, of all,
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house.—
Here, sirrah Grumio! knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebus'd your worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, sir? why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate;
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

[23] Here in the old copy we have,—"The presenters above speak;" meaning Sly, &c., who were placed in a balcony raised at the back of the stage. After the words "would it were done," the marginal direction is,—*They sit and mark.*

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome: — I should knock you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?
'Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it:
I'll try how you can *sol, fa*, and sing it.

[*He wrings* GRUMIO *by the ears*

Gru. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

Pet. Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah! villain!

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now! what's the matter? — My old friend Grumio, and my good friend Petruchio! — How do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
Con tutto il core ben trovato, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa ben venuto,*
Molto honorato, signor mio Petruchio.[1]
Rise, Grumio, rise: we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges[2] in Latin. — If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service, look you, sir. He bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, sir: Well, was it fit for

[1] Gascoigne in his Supposes has spelt this name correctly *Petrucio*, but Shakespeare wrote it *Petruchio*, in order to teach the actors how to pronounce it. So Dekker writes *Infeliche* for *Infelice*.

[2] That is, what he *alleges* in Latin. Grumio thinks Petruchio has been speaking Latin. Monck Mason thought it strange the Poet should make Grumio mistake Italian for Latin, the former being his native tongue. But of course all the persons, though Italians, speak as Englishmen; and when they use Italian, they do so as foreigners, not as natives. Tyrwhitt, however, ingeniously proposed to read *be leges*, instead of *he 'leges;* in which case the sense would be, — "'Tis no matter what *be laws* in Latin, if this be not a lawful cause," &c. H.

a servant to use his master so; being, perhaps, (for aught I see,) two and thirty, — a pip out? [3]
Whom 'would to God I had well knock'd at first;
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain! — Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate? — O heavens! spake you not these words plain, — "Sirrah, knock me here; rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly?" and come you now with knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience: I am Grumio's pledge.
Why, this a heavy chance 'twixt him and you;
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,
To seek their fortunes further than at home,
Where small experience grows. But, in a few,[4]
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive, and thrive, as best I may:

[3] This passage has escaped the commentators, and yet it is more obscure than many they have explained. Perhaps it was passed over because it was not understood. The allusion is to the old game of *Bone-ace* or *one-and-thirty*. A *pip* is a spot upon a card. The same allusion is found in Massinger's Fatal Dowry, Act ii. sc. 2: "You think, — because you served my lady's mother, are *thirty-two* years old, which is *a pip out*, — you know." There is a secondary allusion (in which the joke lies) to a popular mode of inflicting punishment upon certain offenders.

[4] *In a few* means the same as *in short, in a few words*

Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I, then, come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife? [5]
Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel;
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich: — But thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance,)
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,[6]
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me: Were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas,[7]
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what

[5] *Ill-favoured* has reference, no doubt, to the features of her mind, not of her person. *Shrewd* in the sense of *shrew*. H.

[6] This allusion is to a story told by Gower in the first book of his Confessio Amantis. *Florent* is the name of a knight who bound himself to marry a deformed hag provided she taught him the solution of a riddle on which his life depended. This story may have been taken from the Gesta Romanorum: Chaucer's Wife of Bath's Tale is of a similar kind.

[7] A writer in the Pictorial Shakespeare, in a note upon this passage, says,—"The Adriatic, though well land-locked, and in summer often as still as a mirror, is subject to severe and sudden storms. The great sea-wall which protects Venice, distant eighteen miles from the city, and built, of course, in a direction where it is best sheltered and supported by the islands, is, for three miles abreast of Palestrina, a vast work for width and loftiness; yet it is frequently surmounted in winter by 'the swelling Adriatic seas,' which pour over it into the Lagunes." H

his mind is: Why, give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby;[8] or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses:[9] why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous;
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault, and that is faults enough,
Is, that she is intolerably curst,
And shrewd, and froward; so beyond all measure,
That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's effect.
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;

[8] *Aglet*, or *aiglet*, from the French *aiguillette*, was the end of the point or string used to fasten or sustain dress, — the kind of point referred to in Henry IV.: "Their *points* being broken, — down fell their hose." In the 25th Coventry play, the devil, disguised as a gallant, says he has "two doseyn poyntys of cheverelle, the *aglottes* of sylver feyn." Likewise in Sir Thomas More's Works: "He gyveth always hys old point at one end or other some new *aglet*. But when al his cost is don theron, it is not al worth an *aglet* of a good blewe point." The aglet was sometimes wrought or carved into a figure or image of a person; which may suggest clearly enough what is meant by *an aglet-baby*. H.

[9] The *fifty diseases of a horse* seems to be proverbial, of which probably, the text is only an exaggeration.

And he knew my deceased father well:
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him: She may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves or so; why, that's nothing: an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks.[10] I'll tell you what, sir, — an she stand[11] him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat.[12] You know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee;
For in Baptista's keep[13] my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her withholds from me, and other more
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love;
Supposing it a thing impossible,
(For those defects I have before rehears'd,)
That ever Katharina will be woo'd:
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,
That none shall have access unto Bianca,
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst!
A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

[10] Probably intended as a blunder prepense for *rhetorics*. It may, however, be used for *roguish tricks*, as in Romeo and Juliet we have *ropery* for *roguery*. H.

[11] Withstand.

[12] Mr. Boswell justly remarks, "that nothing is more common in ludicrous or playful discourse than to use a comparison where no resemblance is intended."

[13] *Keep* here means *care* keeping custody.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace,
And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen [14] in music, to instruct Bianca;
That so I may by this device, at least,
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

Enter GREMIO, *and* LUCENTIO *disguised, with books under his arm.*

Gru. Here's no knavery! See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! Master, master, look about you: who goes there? ha!

Hor. Peace, Grumio! 'tis the rival of my love. — Petruchio, stand by a while. [*They retire.*

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous!

Gre. O! very well; I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand;
And see you read no other lectures to her.
You understand me. — Over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largess. — Take your papers, too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd;
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
To whom they go to.[15] What will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As for my patron, stand you so assur'd,
As firmly as yourself were still in place:

[14] To be *well seen* in any art was to be *well-skilled* or *well-reputed* in it. So Spenser's Faerie Queene, B. iv. c. 2:

"*Well seene* in every science that mote be."

[15] This doubling of the preposition, which is quite common in the old writers, has been referred to in As You Like It, Act ii. sc 7, note 10.

Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O, this learning! what a thing it is!

Gru O, this woodcock! what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah!

Hor. [*Advancing.*] Grumio, mum!—God save you, signior Gremio!

Gre. And you are well met, signior Hortensio.
Trow you, whither I am going?—to Baptista Minola.
I promis'd to enquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for fair Bianca;
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man, for learning, and behaviour
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry,
And other books,—good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman
Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress:
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

Gre. Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds shall prove.

Gru. [*Aside.*] And that his bags shall prove.

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well.—
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know she is an irksome brawling scold:
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No! say'st me so, friend? What country man?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days, and long, to see.

Gre. O, sir! such a life, with such a wife, were strange;
But, if you have a stomach, to't, o'God's name!
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wildcat?

Pet. Will I live?

Gru. [*Aside.*] Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to th' ear,
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs.[16]

Gru. [*Aside.*] For he fears none

Gre. Hortensio, hark!
This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind presumes, for his own good, and ours.

Hor. I promis'd we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her

[16] That is, *frighten* boys with *bug-bears*

Gru. [*Aside.*] I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter TRANIO, *bravely apparelled; and* BIONDELLO.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of signior Baptista Minola?

Bion. He that has the two fair daughters? — is't he you mean?

Tra. Even he, Biondello.

Gre. Hark you, sir; you mean not her to —[17]

Tra. Perhaps him and her, sir: what have you to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir: — Biondello, let's away.

Luc. [*Aside.*] Well begun, Tranio.

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go: —
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?

Tra. An if I be, sir, is it any offence?

Gre. No; if without more words you will get you hence.

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,
That she's the choice love of signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of signior Hortensio.

Tra. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,

[17] The original has a dash in this place. As the dialogue here runs in rhyme, the ending of the next verse shows that this was to end with *woo*. Of course Tranio anticipates and interrupts Gremio. H.

Do me this right; — hear me with patience.
Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And, were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;
Then, well one more may fair Bianca have;
And so she shall: Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head: I know he'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tra. No, sir; but hear I do that he hath two;
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me: insooth,
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors;
And will not promise her to any man,
Until the elder sister first be wed:
The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and me among the rest;
An if you break the ice, and do this feat,
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access, whose hap shall be to have her,
Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

[18] So in the original: commonly, but needlessly changed to *feat*. *This* plainly refers to Katharine: if you seek this *one* H

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack; in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive [19] this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;
And do as adversaries [20] do in law, —
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gre. Bion. O, excellent motion! Fellows, let's begone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so: —
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. The same.

A Room in BAPTISTA'S House.

Enter KATHARINA *and* BIANCA.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me:
That I disdain; but for these other gawds,
Unbind my hands, I'll put them off myself,

[19] To *contrive* is to *wear out*, to *pass away*, from *contrivi*, the preterite of *contero*, one of the disused Latinisms. So in Damon and Pithias, 1571: "In travelling countries, we three have *contrived* full many a year."

[20] *Adversaries* here signifies *contending barristers*, or counsellors, not their clients

Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or what you will command me will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest! Is't not Hortensio?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Kath. O! then, belike, you fancy riches more:
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive,
You have but jested with me all this while.
I pr'ythee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

[*Strikes her.*

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence? —
Bianca, stand aside: — poor girl! she weeps: —
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her. —
For shame, thou hilding[1] of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd

[*Flies after* BIANCA.

Bap. What! in my sight? — Bianca, get thee in.

[*Exit* BIANCA.

[1] A *hilding* signified a *base low wretch:* it is applied to Katharina for the coarseness of her behaviour. See All's Well that Ends Well, Act iii. sc 6, note 1.

Kath. What! will you not suffer me? Nay now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband:
I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.[2]
Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit*

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

Enter GREMIO, *with* LUCENTIO *in a mean habit;* PETRUCHIO, *with* HORTENSIO *as a Musician; and* TRANIO, *with* BIONDELLO *bearing a lute and books.*

Gre. Good-morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good-morrow, neighbour Grẽmio. God save you, gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good sir: Pray, have you not a daughter
Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt: go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, signior Gremio: give me leave. —
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, — hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability, and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour, —
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard:
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,

[2] The origin of this very old proverbial phrase is not known. Steevens suggests that it might have been considered a retribution for women who refused to bear children, to have the care of apes in leading-strings after death.

I do present you with a man of mine,
[*Presenting* HORTENSIO
Cunning in music, and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong;
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir; and he, for your good sake:
But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her,
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name, Antonio's son;
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:
Backare![3] you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O! pardon me, signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing. —
Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness myself, that have been more kindly beholding to you than any, I freely give unto you this young scholar, [*Presenting* LUCENTIO.] that hath been long studying at Rheims;

[3] A sort of proverbial check to over-confidence, meaning *go back*. Mr. Collier thinks it may be from *back there*. Thus in the old play, Ralf Roister Doister: "Ah, sir! *backare*, quoth Mortimer to his sow." H.

as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics. His name is Cambio: pray, accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, signior Gremio: welcome, good Cambio. — [*To* TRANIO.] But, gentle sir, methinks you walk like a stranger: May I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, sir; the boldness is mine own,
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request, —
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest:
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa: by report
I know him well. You are very welcome, sir. —
[*To* HOR.] Take you the lute, [*To* LUC.] and you
the set of books;
You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within!

Enter a Servant

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my daughters; and tell them both,
These are their tutors: bid them use them well.

[*Exit Servant, with* HOR., LUC., *and* BIONDELLO

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well, and, in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd:
Then, tell me, if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands,
And in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood, — be it that she survive me, —
In all my lands and leases whatsoever.
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury.
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yields to me;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter HORTENSIO, *with his head broken.*

Bap. How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What! will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hor. I think she'll sooner prove a soldier:
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,[4]
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
"Frets, call you these?" quoth she: "I'll fume with them:"
And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute,
While she did call me rascal fiddler,
And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,
As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench!
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns. —
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

[4] *Frets* are the points at which a string is to be stopped, formerly marked on the neck of such instruments as the lute or guitar.

Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here,
[*Exeunt* BAP., GREM., TRAN., *and* HOR.
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say, that she rail; why, then I'll tell her plain,
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say, that she frown; I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week:
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak

Enter KATHARINA.

Good-morrow, Kate, for that's your name, I hear.
Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing:
They call me Katharine, that do talk of me.
Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom;
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates: and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;—
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,)
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.
Kath. Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd you hither,
Remove you hence: I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable?

Kath. A joint-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you

Kath. No such load as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate! I will not burden thee,
For, knowing thee to be but young and light, —

Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be? should? buz.

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard

Pet. O, slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?

Kath. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.[5]

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i'faith, you are too angry.

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is, then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting? In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?

Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.

Pet. What! with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again, good Kate; I am a gentleman.

Kath. That I'll try. [*Striking him.*

Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Kath. So may you lose your arms:
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

[5] This kind of expression seems to have been proverbial. So in The Three Lords of London, 1590: "Hast no more skill *than take a falcon for a buzzard?*"

Pet. A herald, Kate? O! put me in thy books

Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?

Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Kath. No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.[6]

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

Kath. It is my fashion when I see a crab.

Pet. Why here's no crab, and therefore look not sour.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then show it me.

Kath. Had I a glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?

Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.

Pet. Now, by St. George, I am too young for you.

Kath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you scape not so.

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle
'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous;
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report, that Kate doth limp?

[6] A cowardly degenerate cock.

O, slanderous world! Kate, like the hazle-twig,
Is straight, and slender; and as brown in hue
As hazle-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O! let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O! be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful!

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kath. Yes; keep you warm.[7]

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:
And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms:—Your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me:
For I am he, am born to tame you, Kate,
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable, as other household Kates.
Here comes your father: never make denial;
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, *and* TRANIO.

Bap. Now, signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?

[7] This appears to allude to some proverb. So in Much Ado about Nothing: "That if he has *wit* enough to keep himself *warm*."

Pet. How but well, sir? how but well? It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine! in your dumps?

Kath. Call you me, daughter! now, I promise you,
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus: — yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her:
If she be curst, it is for policy;
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove,
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel,[8]
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:
And, to conclude, we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio! she says she'll see thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night our part!

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself:
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate! —

[8] The story of Griselda, so beautifully related by Chaucer, was taken by him from Boccaccio. It is thought to be older than the time of the Florentine, as it is to be found among the old *fabliaux*

She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss
She vied [9] so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see,[10]
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock [11] wretch can make the curstest shrew. —
Give my thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day. —
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure, my Katharine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say: but give me your hands;
God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, say we: we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu
I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace: —
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o'Sunday.

[*Exeunt* PET. *and* KATH. *severally*

Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you:
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is quiet in the match.

[9] To *vie* was a term in the old vocabulary of gaming, for *to wager* the goodness of one hand against another. Petruchio appears to mean that Katharine played as for a wager with her kisses *vying* or *staking* kiss on kiss with him

[10] This phrase, which frequently occurs in old writers, is equivalent to, *it is a wonder, or a matter of admiration to see.* See Much Ado about Nothing, Act iii. sc. 5, note 3.

[11] *A tame dastardly creature*, particularly a henpecked husband. "A *mecocke* or pezzant, that hath his head under his wives girdle, or that lets his wife be his maister." — Junius's Nomenclator, by Fleming, 1585.

Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter.
Now is the day we long have looked for:
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess

Gre. Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.

Tra. Grey-beard, thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.
Skipper, stand back: 'tis age that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I'll compound this strife:
'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have my Bianca's love.—
Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold:
Basins, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry:
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,[12]
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,[13]
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,

[12] Coverings for beds; now called counter*panes*. Anciently made of patch-work, so that every *pane* was contrasted with a different colour. Hence the change of the last syllable to *pane*.

[13] *Tents* were hangings, *tentes*, French, probably so named from the *tenters* upon which they were hung: *tenture de tapisserie* signified a *suit of hangings*. The following passage shows that a *canopy* was sometimes a *tester*: "A canopy properly that hangeth aboute beddes to keepe away gnattes, sometimes a tent or pavilion, some have used it for a testorne to hange over a bed." — *Baret. in voce.*

Pewter[14] and brass, and all things that belong
To house, or housekeeping: then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

Tra. That "only" came well in. — Sir, list to me
I am my father's heir, and only son:
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old signior Gremio has in Padua;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year,
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure. —
What, have I pinch'd you, signior Gremio?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year, of land!
My land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have; besides an argosy,[15]
That now is lying in Marseilles' road. —
What, have I chok'd you with an argosy?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no less
Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses,[16]
And twelve tight galleys: these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more,
And she can have no more than all I have: —
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

[14] *Pewter* was such costly furniture, that we find in the Northumberland household book *vessels of pewter* were hired by the year.

[15] A large vessel either for merchandise or war. See The Merchant of Venice, Act. i. sc. 1, note 2.

[16] A *galiass, galeazza*, Ital., was a great or double galley. The masts were three, and the number of seats for rowers thirty-two

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise: Gremio is out-vied.[17]
Bap. I must confess, your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her dower?
Tra. That's but a cavil: he is old, I young.
Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?
Bap. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolv'd: — On Sunday next, you know,
My daughter Katharine is to be married:
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to signior Gremio:
And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Exit.*
Gre. Adieu, good neighbour. — Now I fear thee not:
Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and, in his waning age,
Set foot under thy table. Tut! a toy!
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit*
Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten.[18]
'Tis in my head to do my master good: —
I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio
Must get a father, call'd — suppos'd Vincentio.
And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly,
Do get their children; but, in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning
[*Exit*

[17] The origin of this term is also from gaming. When one man *vied* upon another, he was said to be *outvied*.

[18] This phrase, which often occurs in old writers, was most probably derived from some game at cards, wherein the standing boldly upon a *ten* was often successful *To face it* meant, as it

ACT III.

SCENE I. A Room in Baptista's House.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, *and* Bianca.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony:
Then, give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass! that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, or his usual pain?
Then, give me leave to read philosophy,
And while I pause serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong
To strive for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholar[1] in the schools;
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:—
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.

still does, to bully, to attack by impudence of face. Whether *a card of ten* was properly a *cooling card* has not yet been ascertained, but they are united in the following passage from Lyly's Euphues: "And all lovers, he only excepted, are *cooled* with *a card of ten*."

[1] No schoolboy, liable to be whipped

Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

[HORTENSIO *retires*

Luc. That will be never: — tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, madam: —

Hac ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.[2]

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before, — *Simois*, I am Lucentio, — *hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa, — *Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love; — *Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a-wooing, — *Priami*, is my man Tranio, — *regia*, bearing my port, — *celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.[3]

Hor. [*Returning.*] Madam, my instrument's in tune.

Bian. Let's hear. — [HORTENSIO *plays.*

O fie! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it: *Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not; — *Hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not; — *Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not; — *regia*, presume not; — *celsa senis*, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base

Hor. The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars

How fiery and forward our pedant is!
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:
Pedascule,[4] I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

[2] From Ovid's EPIST. HER. Penelope Ulyssi, v. 33. H.

[3] *Pantaloon* was a character that figured on the Italian stage See As You Like It, Act ii. sc. 7, note 13. H.

[4] Pedant.

Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, Æacides
Was Ajax,[5] call'd so from his grandfather.
Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt:
But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you.—
Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.
Hor. [*To* Luc.] You may go walk, and give me leave awhile;
My lessons make no music in three parts.
Luc. Are you so formal, sir? [*Aside.*] Well, I must wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine musician groweth amorous.
Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.
Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.
Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.
Bian. [*Reads.*] Gamut I am, the ground of all accord.
A re, to plead Hortensio's passion;
B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,
C fa ut, that loves with all affection:
D sol re, one cliff, two notes have I:
E la mi, show pity, or I die.
Call you this gamut? tut! I like it not:
Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,[6]
To change true rules for odd inventions.

[5] This is only said to deceive Hortensio, who is supposed to be listening. The pedigree of Ajax, however, is properly made out

[6] One of the ancient meanings of nice was *silly, foolish.* Thus

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up:
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters both; I must be gone. [*Exeunt* BIANCA *and Servant*

Luc. 'Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay [*Exit.*

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant:
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love.
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale,[7]
Seize thee that list: If once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. The same.

Before BAPTISTA'S House.

Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, *and Attendants.*

Bap. [*To* TRANIO.] Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day

in Chaucer's Wif of Bathes Tale: "But say that we ben wise and nothing *nice*." Likewise in Gower:

"A tale of them that be so *nice*,
And feignen them selfe to be wise,
I shall the tell in such a wise."

And in Romeo and Juliet, Act v. sc. 2: "The letter was not *nice*, but full of charge, of dear import." — In the original the next line reads, — "To *charge* true rules for *old* inventions." *Charge* was a frequent misprint for *change*, and was so corrected in the folio of 1632. Theobald changed *old* into *odd*; which is evidently right, as the speaker has just said, — "*Old* fashions please me best." Besides, *old* and *inventions* will hardly go together. H.

[7] A *stale* was a *decoy* or *bait*; originally the form of a bird was

That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law:
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be forc'd
To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen;[1]
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour;
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, yes,[2] and proclaim the banns:
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say, — "Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her."

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too:
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Kath. 'Would Katharine had never seen him though!

[*Exit, weeping, followed by* BIANCA *and others.*

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;

set up to allure a hawk or other bird of prey, and hence used for any object of allurement. *Stale* here may, however, only mean every *common* object, as *stale* was applied to *common* women.

[1] Humour, caprice, inconstancy.

[2] *Yes* was supplied in the folio of 1632. Some such word seems required by the verse; and *yes* is at all events better than *them*, which has been generally adopted from Malone. H.

For such an injury would vex a very saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Master, master! news, old news,[3] and such news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But, say, what to thine old news.

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turn'd; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another lac'd; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt and chapeless; with two broken points:[4] his horse hipp'd with an old mothy saddle, and stirrups of no kindred; besides, possess'd with the glanders, and

[3] *Old news* as added by Rowe, and necessarily, as appears by the reply of Baptista. *Old* is here augmentative, in the sense of *great, huge*. Several instances of the word in this sense have already occurred. See Much Ado about Nothing, Act v. sc. 2, note 7. H.

[4] Dr. Johnson could not imagine "how a sword should have two broken points." The meaning of *points* as here used is explained in Act i. sc. 2, note 8. The having two fastenings of his sword broken would add much to Petruchio's slovenly appearance. — *Chapeless* means without any hook or locket to his scabbard. Thus in All's Well that Ends Well, Act iv. sc. 3: "This is monsieur Parolles, that had the whole theoric of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the *chape* of his dagger." H

like to mourn in the chine; troubled with the lampas, infected with the fashions,[5] full of windgalls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the fives,[6] stark spoil'd with the staggers, begnawn with the bots; sway'd in the back, and shoulder-shotten; near-legg'd before:[7] and with a half-check'd bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather, which, being restrain'd to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots; one girth six times piec'd, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there piec'd with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him

Rion. O, sir! his lackey, for all the world caparison'd like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, garter'd with a red and blue list; an old hat, and the humour of forty fancies[8] prick'd in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a Christian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

[5] That is, the farcins, or farcy, a leprosy, called *fashions* in the west of England.

[6] Vives; a distemper in horses, little differing from the strangles.

[7] The original has *neere leg'd*; which is the way *near* is there usually spelt. The common reading is *ne'er legged*, which Malone explains to mean "foundered in the fore-feet; having, as the jockeys term it, *never a fore leg* to stand on." Of the reading we have given, Lord Chadworth says, — "I believe *near-legg'd* is right: the near leg of a horse is the left, and to set off with that leg first is an imperfection. This horse had, as Dryden describes old Jacob Tonson, two left legs; that is, he was awkward in the use of them; he used his right leg like the left." H.

[8] What *the humour of forty fancies* may have been, is not known. Mr. Collier thinks it might be some ballad or collection of ballads, with that title. Warburton had already put forth a similar conjecture. We see not but it may as well have been some other fantastical contrivance gotten up for the purpose. Such a madcap humourist as Petruchio might easily muster forty fancies into the place of a feather, for a comical display. The words are usually printed as a quotation: in the original they are in the same type as the context. H

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoe'er he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, sir; I say his horse comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by St. Jamy, I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who is at home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd
As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride? —
How does my father? — Gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know, this is your wedding-day
First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie! doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself.

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear;
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress;[9]
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But where is Kate? I stay too long from her:
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at Church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes
Go to my chamber; put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me: thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore have done with words:
To me she's married, not unto my clothes.
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

[*Exeunt* PET., GRU., *and* BION.

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to Church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this.

[*Exit.*

Tra. But, to her love concerneth us to add[10]
Her father's liking; which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,

[9] That is, to deviate from my promise.

[10] In the original *to* is wanting before *love*. Of course *concerneth* is used impersonally, *it* being understood. H.

I am to get a man, — whate'er he be,
It skills[11] not much, we'll fit him to our turn, —
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa,
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised:
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow-schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business.
We'll overreach the greybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint musician,[12] amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio. —

Re-enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio! came you from the Church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroom, say you? 'tis a groom, indeed;
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

[11] It *matters* not much, it is of no importance. Thus in the old phrase book, Hormanni Vulgaria, 1519, "It maketh little matter, or *it skilleth* not whether thou come or not." See Twelfth Night, Act v. sc. 1, note 13.

[12] *Quaint* was formerly used in commendation, as *neat, elegant, dainty, dexterous.* Thus in Act iv. sc. 3, of this play:

"I never saw a better fashion'd gown
More *quaint*, more pleasing, nor more commendable."

We have "*quaint* spirits" in A Midsummer-Night's Dream; and Prospero calls Ariel, "my *quaint* Ariel"

Tra. Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.
Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.
Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam
Gre. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.
I'll tell you, sir, Lucentio: when the priest
Should ask — if Katharine should be his wife,
"Ay, by gogs-wouns," quoth he; and swore so loud,
That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book;
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest:
"Now take them up," quoth he, "if any list."
Tra. What said the wench, when he arose again?
Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd and swore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But, after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine: — "A health!" quoth he; as if
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
After a storm: — Quaff'd off the muscadel,
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;[13]
Having no other reason,
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck,

[13] The custom of having wine and sops distributed immediately after the marriage ceremony in the Church is very ancient It existed even among our Gothic ancestors, and is mentioned in the ordinances of the household of Henry VII. "For the Marriage of a Princess:" — "Then pottes of *Ipocrice* to be ready, and to bee put into cupps with *soppe*, and to be borne to the estates; and to take a *soppe* and drinke." It was also practised at the marriage of Philip and Mary, in Winchester Cathedral; and at the marriage of the Elector Palatine to the daughter of James I. in 1613. In Jonson's Magnetic Lady it is called a *knitting cup;* in Middleton's No Wit like a Woman's, the *contracting cup.* The *kiss* was also part of the ancient marriage ceremony, as appears from a rubric in one of the Salisbury Missals.

And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo:
And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;
And after me, I know, the rout is coming:
Such a mad marriage never was before.
Hark! hark! I hear the minstrels play. [*Music.*

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, *and Train.*

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer,
But, so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible, you will away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come:
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay. —
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife
Dine with my father, drink a health to me,
For I must hence; and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay,
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horses.

Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten the horses.

Kath. Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, not till I please myself.
The door is open, sir; there lies your way;
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green:
For me, I'll not be gone, till I please myself. —
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O, Kate! content thee; pr'ythee, be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry: What hast thou to do?
Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner!
I see, a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command. —
Obey the bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,[14]
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry, — or go hang yourselves:
But, for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own.
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household-stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing:
And here she stands; touch her whoever dare:

[14] That is, *bluster* or *swagger*. So in Tarleton's Jests: "T having been *domineering* very late at night with two of his friends"

I'll bring my action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua. — Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon; we are beset with thieves:
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man. —
Fear not, sweet wench; they shall not touch thee.
Kate:
I'll buckler thee against a million.
[*Exeunt* PET., KATH., *and* GRU.

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones!

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like!

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants
For to supply the places at the table,
You know there wants no junkets[15] at the feast. —
Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place
And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio. — Come, gentlemen, let's go. [*Exeunt*

[15] Delicacies.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A Hall in PETRUCHIO'S Country House.

Enter GRUMIO.

Gru. Fie, fie on all tired jades! on all mad masters! and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so ray'd?[1] was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot,[2] my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me: — But I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla! hoa! Curtis!

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Who is that, calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: If thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. O! ay, Curtis, ay; and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.[3]

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

[1] Bewrayed, dirty.

[2] *A little pot soon hot* is a common proverb.

[3] There is an old popular catch of three parts in these words

"Scotland burneth, Scotland burneth,
Fire, fire; — fire, fire,
Cast on some more water."

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost; but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistress, and myself,[4] fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I,[5] at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

Curt. I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news?

Gru. Why, "Jack, boy! ho boy!"[6] and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of conycatching.[7]

Gru. Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept the serving-men in their new fustian, their white

[4] Grumio calls himself *a beast*, and Curtis one also by inference in calling him *fellow*: this would not have been noticed but that one of the commentators thought it necessary to alter *mys'lf* in Grumio's speech to *thyself*. Grumio's sentence is proverbial "Wedding, and ill-wintering, tame both man and beast."

[5] Curtis contemptuously alludes to Grumio's diminutive size; and he in return calls Curtis a cuckold.

[6] This is the beginning of an old drinking round in three parts The *jack* was a black leathern jug for serving drink. H.

[7] *Cheating* or *deceiving*. This use of *conycatching* probably sprung from the manner of *catching conies*, or rabbits. H.

stockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? Be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without, the carpets laid,[8] and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news?

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [*Striking him.*

Curt. This 'tis to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis called a sensible tale; and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress.

Curt. Both of one horse?[9]

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale:—But hadst thou not cross'd me, thou should'st have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou should'st have heard in how miry a place; how she was bemoil'd; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she pray'd, that never pray'd before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how

[8] The carpets were *laid* over the *tables*. The floors, as appears from the present passage and others, were strewed with rushes.

[9] *Of* was often used where we should use *on*. In modern editions it is usually changed to *on* in this place. H.

her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper; — with many things of worthy memory; which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienc'd to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this? — Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest: let their heads be sleekly comb'd, their blue coats [10] brush'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit: [11] let them curtsey with their left legs; and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear? ho! you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems, that callest for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio?

[10] *Blue coats* were the usual habits of servants. Hence a *blue bottle* was sometimes used as a term of reproach for a servant. A serving-man in Jonson's Case is Altered says: "Ever since I was of the *blue* order."

[11] "Of an *indifferent knit* is *tolerably knit*, pretty good in quality. Hamlet says, 'I am myself *indifferent* honest;' that is *tolerably* honest." So says the Chiswick; but others say, and we are apt to agree with them, that the meaning is, — let their garters be alike. *not different.*

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you; how now, you; what, you fellow, you; — and thus much for greeting. Now my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things is ready. How near is our master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not — Cock's passion, silence! — I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What! no man at door,
To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse!
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip? —

All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!
You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!
What! no attendance? no regard? no duty? —
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt horse drudge!
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i'the heel,
There was no link [12] to colour Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing

[12] Green, in his Mumchance, says, "This cozenage is used likewise in selling old hats found upon dunghills, instead of newe blackt over with the *smoake of an olde link*."

There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in. —
[*Exeunt some of the Servants*
[*Sings.*] "Where is the life that late I led" — [13]
Where are those — ? Sit down, Kate, and welcome.
Soud, soud, soud, soud! [14]

Re-enter Servants, with supper.

Why, when, I say? Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains, when?
[*Sings.*] "It was the friar of orders grey,
As he forth walked on his way:" — [15]
Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
[*Strikes him.*
Take that, and mend the plucking of the other. —
Be merry, Kate: — Some water, here; what, ho!

Enter Servant, with water.

Where's my spaniel Troilus? — Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither: —
[*Exit Servant.*
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with. —

[13] The ballad is lost from which this line was taken. In A Handful of Pleasant Delites, 1584, is "Dame Beautie's replie to the lover late at libertie," set down as in answer to the sonnet, — "Where is the life that late I led?" And in The Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions, 1578, is a song to the tune of the same ballad. H.

[14] A word coined by Shakespeare to express the noise made by a person heated and fatigued.

[15] Dr. Percy has constructed his beautiful ballad, The Friar of Orders Gray, from the various fragments and hints dispersed through Shakespeare's plays, with a few supplemental stanzas.

Where are my slippers? — Shall I have some water?

[*A basin is presented to him.*

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily. —
You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?

[*Strikes him.*

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetleheaded, flap-ear'd knave!
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I? —
What's this? Mutton?

1 *Serv.* Ay.

Pet. Who brought it?

1 *Serv.* I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.
What dogs are these! — Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:

[*Throws the meat, &c., at them.*

You heedless joltheads, and unmanner'd slaves!
What! do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet:
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger:
And better 'twere that both of us did fast, —
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric, —
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow 't shall be mended,
And for this night we'll fast for company.
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber

[*Exeunt* PET., KATH., *and* CURT

Nath. Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour

Re-enter CURTIS.

Gru. Where is he?

Curt. In her chamber,
Making a sermon of continency to her;
And rails, and swears, and rates; that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty;
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,[16]
For then she never looks upon her lure.[17]
Another way I have to man my haggard,[18]
To make her come, and know her keeper's call;
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites
That bate,[19] and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets: —
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend[20]

[16] Shakespeare delights in allusions to Falconry: the following allegory comprises most of its terms. A hawk *full fed* was untractable, and refused the lure. In Watson's Sonnets, 47:

"No *lure* will cause her stoop, she bears *full gorge*."

[17] The lure was a thing stuffed to look like the game the hawk was to pursue; its use was to tempt him back after he had flown.

[18] A *haggard* is a *wild hawk;* to *man* her is to tame her. To *watch* or *wake* a hawk was one part of the process of taming.

[19] To *bate* is to flutter the wings as preparing for flight.

[20] *Intend* is used for *pretend*

That all is done in reverend care of her;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak; 'tis charity to shew. [*Exit*

SCENE II. Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S House.

Enter TRANIO *and* HORTENSIO.

Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.
[*They stand aside.*

Enter BIANCA *and* LUCENTIO.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.

Luc. I read that I profess the art to love.

Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart. [*They retire.*

Hor. [*Advancing.*] Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray, you that durst swear that your mistress Bianca lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. O, despiteful love! unconstant womankind I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion:
Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forswear Bianca and her love forever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court! — Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more; but do forswear her
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Never to marry with her though she would entreat.
Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. 'Would all the world, but he, had quite forsworn her!
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass, which hath as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard:
And so farewell, signior Lucentio. —
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love: — and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.

[*Exit* HOR. — LUC. *and* BIAN. *advance.*

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
And have forsworn you, with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest: But have you both forsworn me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I'faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

Bian. The taming-school! what! is there such a place?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO, *running.*

Bion. O, master, master! I have watch'd so long
That I'm dog-weary; but at last I spied
An ancient angel[1] coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

[1] In regard to this word, spelt *angel* in the old copy, Richardson says, — "Ben Jonson writes *enghle*, and applies the noun to one who has been or may be ensnared, deluded. Shakespeare uses *angle* in the same manner." The word thus occurs in The Poetaster, Act i. sc. 1: "What! shall I have my son a stager now? an *enghle* for players? a gull, a rook, a shot-clog, to make suppers, and be laughed at?" It does not quite appear, though whether in the text the word means the *bait* or the *fish*; and in effect Tranio first gulls the Pedant, and then uses him for the gulling of others, — first *angles for* him, then *with* him. In illustration of the matter Gifford thus refers to Gascoigne's Supposes, from which this part of the plot was taken: "There Erostrato, the Biondello of Shakespeare, looks out for a person to gull by an idle story, judges *from appearances*, and is not deceived: 'At the foot of the hill I met a gentleman, and as *methought by his habits and his looks he should be none of the wisest.*' Again: 'This gentleman being, as I guessed at the first, *a man of small sapience.*' And Dulippo the Lucentio of Shakespeare, as soon as he

Tra. What is he, Biondello ?

Bion. Master, a mercatantè, or a pedant,[2]
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

Luc. And what of him, Tranio ?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir!

Tra. And you, sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest ?

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two;
But then up further, and as far as Rome,
And so to Tripoly, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray ?

Ped Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, sir ? — marry, God forbid !
And come to Padua, careless of your life ?

Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray ? for that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua: Know you not the cause ?
Your ships are staid at Venice; and the duke,
For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,

spies him coming, exclaims, — 'Is this he ? go meet him: by my troth, *he looks like a good soul; he that fisheth for him might be sure to catch a codshead.*'" Singer, however, maintains *angel* to be the right word, as thus explained by Cotgrave: "*An old angel*, by metaphor, a fellow of th' old sound honest and worthie stamp." H

[2] That is, a merchant or a schoolmaster.

Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly.
'Tis marvel; but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, sir! it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this I will advise you. —
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them know you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. [*Aside.*] As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd.
Look, that you take upon you as you should:
You understand me, sir; — so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city.
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

Ped. O! sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good
This, by the way, I let you understand:
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:

In all these circumstances I'll instruct you.
Go with me, to clothe you as becomes you.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. A Room in PETRUCHIO'S House.

Enter KATHARINA *and* GRUMIO.

Gru. No, no, forsooth; I dare not, for my life.
Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.
What! did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty, have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I, who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,[1]
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say, if I should sleep, or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.—
I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.
Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?
Kath. 'Tis passing good: I pr'ythee let me have it
Gru. I fear, it is too choleric a meat.
How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?
Kath. I like it well: good Grumio, fetch it me.
Gru. I cannot tell; I fear, 'tis choleric.
What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?
Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

[1] This line has been strangely left out of modern editions until Knight's. The Chiswick lacks it.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.[2]
Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.
Gru. Nay, then I will not: you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.
Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.
Gru. Why, then the mustard without the beef.
Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave, [*Beats him.*
That feed'st me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go; get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCHIO, *with a dish of meat; and* HORTENSIO.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What! sweeting, all amort?[3]
Hor. Mistress, what cheer?
Kath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.
Pet. Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love; thou seest how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:
[*Sets the dish on a table.*
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What! not a word? Nay then, thou lov'st it not;

[2] This is agreeable to the doctrine of the times. In The Glasse of Humours: "But note here, that the first diet is not only in avoiding superfluity of meats, and surfeits of drinks, but also in eschewing such as are obnoxious, and least agreeable with our happy temperate state; as for a choleric man to abstain from all salt, *scorched*, *dry meats*, from *mustard*, and such like things as will aggravate his malignant humours."

[3] That is, *all sunk* and *dispirited*. This gallicism is frequent in many of the old plays.

And all my pains is sorted to no proof.[4] —
Here, take away this dish.

Kath. Pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.
Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. [*Aside.*] Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me. —
[*To her.*] Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace. — And now, my honey love
Will we return unto thy father's house,
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,[5]
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
What! hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.[6]

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments:

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown. — What news with you, sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;

[4] Is suited to no approbation. *It sorted not* was often used for *it did not answer.* H

[5] Finery.

[6] To *ruffle*, in Shakespeare's time, signified to *flaunt*, to *strut* to *swagger*. In Jonson's Cynthia's Revels, Act iii. sc. 3, Amorphus says: "Lady, I cannot *ruffle* it in blue and yellow." *Ruffling treasure* was therefore obviously the flaunting finery which Petruchio had just enumerated. In the Poet's time women's apparel was usually made by men.

A velvet dish: — fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too
And not till then.

Hor. [*Aside.*] That will not be in haste.

Kath. Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak,
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears:
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break;
And, rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true: it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin,[7] a bauble, a silken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap,
And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay: — Come, tailor, let us see't.
O, mercy, God! what masking stuff is here?
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What! up and down,[8] carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
Like to a censer[9] in a barber's shop. —
Why what, o'devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

[7] A coffin was the culinary term for the raised crust of a pie or custard.

[8] A phrase of the time, meaning *exactly*, something like our *out and out*. See Much Ado about Nothing, Act ii. sc. 1, note 6. H.

[9] These censers resembled our braziers in shape; they had pierced convex covers.

Hor. [*Aside.*] I see, she's like to have neither cap nor gown.

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion, and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir:
I'll none of it; hence! make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint,[10] more pleasing, nor more commendable.
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She says your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O, monstrous arrogance!
Thou liest, thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail!
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou!—
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread!
Away! thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceiv'd: the gown is made
Just as my master had direction.
Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

[10] *Quaint* was used as a term of commendation by our ancestors. It seems, when applied to dress, to have meant *spruce trim. neat.* like the French *cointe.*

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast fac'd many things.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou hast brav'd [11] many men; brave not me: I will neither be fac'd nor brav'd. I say unto thee, — I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: *ergo*, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in's throat, if he say I said so.

Tai. "*Imprimis*, a loose-bodied gown:" —

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown,[12] sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom [13] of brown thread: I said, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. — "with a small-compass'd cape;" —

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. — "with a trunk sleeve;" —

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. — "the sleeves curiously cut."

Pet. Ay, there's the villainy.

Gru. Error i'the bill, sir; error i'the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sew'd up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true, that I say: an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.

[11] Grumio quibbles upon to *brave*, to *make fine*, as he does upon *facing*.

[12] Grumio seems to be quibbling upon *loose-bodied*, as if it meant a *loose woman*. H.

[13] A *bottom* is here used for that which thread or yarn is wound upon. See The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act iii. sc. 2 note 3. H

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill,[14] give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i'the right, sir: 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life! Take up my mistress's gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. O, sir! the conceit is deeper than you think for.

Take up my mistress's gown to his master's use!
O, fie, fie, fie!

Pet. [*Aside.*] Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid:—

Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow
Take no unkindness of his hasty words.
Away, I say; commend me to thy master.

[*Exeunt Tailor and Haberdasher.*

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,
Even in these honest mean habiliments:
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate! neither art thou the worse

[14] Quibbling again; referring to the *bills* used by watchmen foresters and soldiers

For this poor furniture and mean array.
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;
And therefore, frolic: we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house. —
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.
Let's see; I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two,
And 'twill be supper time, ere you come there

Pet. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse.
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it. — Sirs, let't alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so! this gallant will command the sun

[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.

Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S House.

Enter TRANIO, *and the Pedant dressed like* VINCENTIO.

Tra. Sir, this is the house: Please it you, that I call?

Ped. Ay, what else? and, but I be deceived,
Signior Baptista may remember me
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.[1]

Tra. 'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

[1] Shakespeare has here taken a sign out of London, and hung it up in Padua. The *Pegasus* is the arms of the Middle Temple and is a very popular sign.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Ped. I warrant you. But, sir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good, he were school'd.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biondello,
Now do your duty throughly, I advise you:
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut! fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

Bion. I told him that your father was at Venice;
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou'rt a tall[2] fellow: hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptista. — Set your countenance, sir. —

Enter BAPTISTA *and* LUCENTIO.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met. —
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of. —
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son! —
Sir, by your leave: having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And, — for the good report I hear of you,
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him, — to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and, if you please to like
No worse than I, upon some agreement,
Me shall you find ready and willing

[2] That is, a *high* fellow, a brave boy, as we now say. See The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act i. sc. 4, note 5.

With one consent to have her so bestow'd;
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say:
Your plainness, and your shortness please me well
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections;
And, therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where, then, do you hold best,
We be affied,[3] and such assurance ta'en,
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:
Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still;
And, happily,[4] we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then, at my lodging, an it like you:
There doth my father lie; and there this night
We'll pass the business privately and well:
Send for your daughter by your servant here;
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this, — that, at so slender warning,
You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well: — Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened: —
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

[3] Betrothed, affianced.

[4] *Happily*, in Shakespeare's time, signified *peradventure*, as well as fortunately; we now write it *haply*.

Luc. I pray the gods she may, with all my heart!

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer.
Come, sir; we'll better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you.

[*Exeunt* TRANIO, *Pedant, and* BAPTISTA.

Bion. Cambio!—

Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith, nothing; but he has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral[5] of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus: Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then?—

Bion. The old priest at St. Luke's Church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; expect[6] they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: take your assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solùm.*[7] To the Church!—take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses.

[5] That is, the secret purpose.

[6] So in the first folio; the second has *except*. Taking *expect* in the sense of *suspect* or *believe*, it falls in well enough with the context. A singular use of the word, indeed, for the time and place; but the present custom of Yankeedom must have sprung up somewhere and somewhen. H.

[7] These were the words of the old exclusive privilege for *imprinting* a book

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to St. Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her:
It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. A public Road.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, *and* HORTENSIO.

Pet. Come on, o'God's name: once more toward our father's.
Good Lord! how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Kath. The moon! the sun: it is not moonlight now.

Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house: —
Go on, and fetch our horses back again. —
Evermore cross'd, and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:
And if you please to call it a rush candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say it is the moon.

Kath. I know it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lie: it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then, God be bless'd! it is the blessed sun: —

But sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the moon changes, even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;
And so it shall be so for Katharine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways, the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl should run,
And not unluckily against the bias. —
But soft! what company is coming here?

Enter VINCENTIO, *in a travelling dress.*

[*To* VINCEN.] Good-morrow, gentle mistress? where away? —
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face? —
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee. —
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,
Whither away, or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow![1]

[1] That the reader may see how well Shakespeare could make a good thing better, we subjoin the corresponding passage from the old play.

"Faire lovely maiden, young and affable.
More clear of hue, and far more beautiful

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad:
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd,
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That every thing I look on seemeth green:[2]
Now I perceive, thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my sad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire; and, withal, make known
Which way thou travellest: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir, and you, my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me,
My name is call'd Vincentio; my dwelling — Pisa;
And bound I am to Padua, there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.
And now by law as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee — my loving father:
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,

Than precious sardonyx, or purple rocks
Of ametusts, or glistering hyacinth. —
Sweete Kate, entertaine this lovely woman. —
Kath. Fair lovely lady, bright and chrystalline,
Beauteous and stately as the eye-train'd bird;
As glorious as the morning wash'd with dew,
Within whose eyes she takes her dawning beams,
And golden summer sleeps upon thy cheeks;
Wrap up thy radiations in some cloud,
Lest that thy beauty make this stately town
Inhabitable, like the burning zone,
With sweet reflections of thy lovely face."

[2] Another proof of Shakespeare's accurate observation of natural phenomena. When one has been long in the sunshine the surrounding objects will often appear tinged with green.

Thy son by this hath married: Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd: she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio;
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt* PET., KATH., *and* VIN

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this hath put me in heart.
Have to my widow; and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.

[*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Padua. Before LUCENTIO's House.

Enter on one side BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, *and* BIANCA; GREMIO *walking on the other side.*

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir, for the priest is ready

Luc. I fly, Biondello; but they may chance to need thee at home; therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the Church o'your back, and then come back to my master as soon as I can.

[*Exeunt* LUC., BIAN., *and* BION

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, *and Attendants.*

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house
My father's bears more toward the market-place;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go:
I think I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.
[*Knocks*

Gre. They're busy within; you were best knock ouder.

Enter Pedant above, at a window.

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is signior Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What, if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself: he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you your son was beloved in Padua. — Do you hear, sir? — to leave frivolous circumstances, — I pray you, tell signior Lucentio that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest: his father is come from Pisa, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. [*To* VINCEN.] Why, how now, gentleman! why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain: I believe 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. I have seen them in the Church together: God send 'em good shipping! — But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio! now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. [*Seeing* BION.] Come hither, crack-hemp

Bion. I hope I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue: What! have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What! you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old, worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir: see where he looks out of the window

Vin. Is't so, indeed? [*Beats* BION.

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*

Ped. Help, son! help, signior Baptista! [*Exit, from the window*

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*

Re-enter Pedant below; BAPTISTA, TRANIO, *and Servants.*

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir? — O, immortal gods! O, fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a

copatain hat![1] — O, I am undone! I am undone while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman Why, sir, what 'cerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father? O, villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir; you mistake, sir: Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three yea- old, and his name is Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murder'd his master! — Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name. — O, my son, my son! — tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer.

Enter one with an Officer.

Carry this mad knave to the jail. — Father Baptista, I charge you, see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the jail!

[1] "A suger-loaf hat, a *coppid-tanke hat;* galerus accuminatus." *Junius Nomenclator,* 1585. This kind of hat is twice mentioned by Gascoigne: "A *coptankt* hat made on a Flemish block." Again in his epilogue: "With *high-copt* hats and feathers flaunt-a flaunt." — "Upon their heads they ware felt hats *copple-tanked* a quarter of an ell high or more." *Comines, by Danet.*

Gre. Stay, officer: he shall not go to prison

Bap. Talk not, signior Gremio: I say he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be conycatch'd[2] in this business: I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou darest.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard! to the jail with him!

Vin. Thus strangers may be hal'd and abus'd:—O, monstrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, *with* LUCENTIO, *and* BIANCA.

Bion. O, we are spoil'd! and yonder he is: deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. [*Kneeling.*] Pardon, sweet father.

Vin. Lives my sweet son?

[BION., TRA., *and Pedant run out.*

Bian. [*Kneeling.*] Pardon, dear father.

Bap. How hast thou offended?—Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio,
Right son to the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.[3]

[2] That is, deceived, cheated. See Act iv. sc. 1, note 7.

[3] This is probably an allusion to Gascoigne's comedy, entitled *Supposes*, from which several of the incidents are borrowed. Gascoigne's original was Ariosto's *I Suppositi*. The word *supposes* was often so used. Thus in Drayton's epistle of King John to Matilda: "And tell me those are shadows and *supposes*."—To *blear* the eye anciently signified to *deceive*, to *cheat*. The reader will remember Milton's 'Spells of power to *cheat the eye* with *blear* illusion."

Gre Here's packing,[4] with a witness, to deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles: Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arrived at the last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss.
What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to;
Then, pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the jail.

Bap. [*To* Luc.] But do you hear, sir? Have you married my daughter without asking my good will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you: go to; but I will in, to be reveng'd for this villainy. [*Exit.*

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt* Luc. *and* Bian.

Gre. My cake is dough;[5] but I'll in among the rest,
Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*

Petruchio *and* Katharina *advance.*

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

[4] Plottings, underhand contrivances.

[5] An old proverb, repeated on the loss of hope or expectation It has been suggested that a cake which comes out of the oven in the state of dough is utterly spoiled.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What! art thou asham'd of me?

Kath. No, sir, God forbid; but asham'd to kiss.

Pet. Why, then let's home again. — Come, sirrah, let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well? — Come, my sweet Kate,
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in LUCENTIO's House.

A Banquet set out; enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, *the Pedant*, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, *and Widow* TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, *and others, attending.*

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree;
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown. —
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with selfsame kindness welcome thine. —
Brother Petruchio, — sister Katharina, —
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house:
My banquet[1] is to close our stomachs up,

[1] The *banquet* here, as in other places of Shakespeare, was a refection similar to our modern *dessert*, consisting of cakes, sweetmeats, fruits, &c. According to Baret, "banketting dishes brought at the end of meales were junkettes, tartes, marchpanes." Yet from the same authority it appears that a *banquet* and a *feast* were also then synonymous, and the word is often used by Shakespeare in that sense also.

After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down:
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.

[*They sit at table.*

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow

Wid. Then, never trust me, if I be afeard.

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense:
I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.

Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me! — How likes Hortensio that?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale

Pet. Very well mended: Kiss him for that, good widow.

Kath. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round: —
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you

Kath. And I am mean indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate!

Hor. To her, widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer: — Ha' to thee, lad.
[*Drinks to* HORTENSIO

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head and butt? an hasty-witted body
Would say your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bian. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter[2] jest or two.

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you draw your bow. —
You are welcome all.
[*Exeunt* BIAN., KATH., *and Widow.*

Pet. She hath prevented me. — Here, signior Tranio;
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not:
Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. O sir! Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift[3] simile, but something currish

Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself:
'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. O ho! Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;

[2] The old copy reads *better*. The emendation is Capell's.

[3] Beside the original sense of speedy in motion, *swift* signified *witty, quick-witted*. So in As You Like It, the Duke says of the clown, "He is very *swift* and sententious."

And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say no; and therefore, for assurance
Let's each one send unto his wife;
And he, whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content. What is the wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns

Pet. Twenty crowns!
I'll venture so much of my hawk, or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred, then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match! 'tis done

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I.
Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go. [*Exit.*

Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.

Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one, too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope better.

Hor. Sirrah, Biondello, go, and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit* BION

Pet. O ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come.
Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now, where's my wife?
Bion. She says you have some goodly jest in hand;
She will not come: she bids you come to her.
Pet. Worse and worse: she will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endur'd!
Sirrah, Grumio, go to your mistress;
Say, I command her come to me. [*Exit* GRUMIO.
Hor. I know her answer.
Pet. What?
Hor. She will not.
Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end

Enter KATHARINA.

Bap. Now, by my holidom, here comes Katharina!
Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?
Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?
Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.
Pet. Go, fetch them hither: if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands.
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.
[*Exit* KATHARINA.
Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.
Hor And so it is: I wonder what it bodes.
Pet Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
An awful rule, and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not that's sweet and happy
Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio!

The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter KATHARINA, *with* BIANCA *and Widow.*

See, where she comes, and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion. —
Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[KATHARINA *pulls off her cap and throws it down.*

Wid. Lord! let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Bian. Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?

Luc. I would your duty were as foolish too.
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

Bian. The more fool you for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these head-strong women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking: we will have no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say she shall: — and first begin with her.

Kath. Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor.
It blots thy beauty, as frosts do bite the meads;

Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;
And in no sense is meet, or amiable.
A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee
And, for thy maintenance, commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband,
And, when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she, but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?—
I am asham'd, that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions,[4] and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason, haply, more
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown;

[4] That is, the gentle qualities of our minds.

But now I see our lances are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
That seeming to be most, which we least are.
Then, vail your stomachs,[5] for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench! — Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad, for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed. —
We three are married, but you two are sped.[6]
[*To* LUCEN.] 'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;[7]
And, being a winner, God give you good-night!
[*Exeunt* PET. *and* KATH.

Hor. Now go thy ways; thou hast tam'd a curst shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so. [*Exeunt.*

[5] That is, *let down*, *abate* your *pride*, your *spirit*.

[6] That is, the fate of you both is decided; for you both have wives who exhibit early proofs of disobedience.

[7] The *white* was the central part of the mark or butt in archery Here is also a play upon the name of *Bianca*, which is *white* in Italian.

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